THE LITERARY DIGEST

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PUBLIC OPINION, *New York*, and CURRENT OPINION, *New York*, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST
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"VICTORY IS HIS HABIT—THE HAPPY WARRIOR, ALFRED E. SMITH"

—*Franklin D. Roosevelt at Houston.*

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TOPICS ▾ OF ▾ THE ▾ DAY

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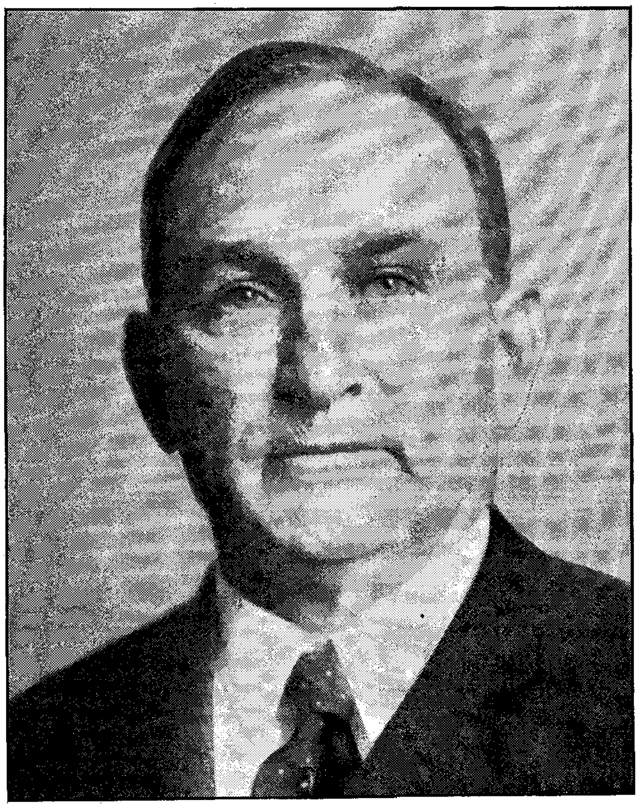
THE DEMOCRACY'S NEW LEADER

A NEW POLITICAL ERA DAWNS as Governor Alfred E. Smith, a product of Tammany, an avowed foe of Prohibition, a devout Catholic, comes from the sidewalks of New York to become the national standard-bearer of the Democratic party, and many political writers note, at the same time, that the control of the Democratic party passes from the farm and the small town to the great cities, from the South to New York, from the followers of Bryan and McAdoo to those of the Eastern leaders of the party. The change is seen the more complete in view of the practical unanimity with which the Houston convention made Smith its candidate and accepted his leadership. That this triumph of the New York Governor was deserved and inevitable is admitted by papers of all political faiths, tho naturally many Republican dailies find him no match for their own candidate. With the long-expected Hoover-Smith contest now under way, editors look forward to a campaign more closely contested and more exciting than any we have had for several quadrenniums, a campaign which the New York *World* (Dem.) thinks "ought to revive faith in the American party system." For each candidate is "in his own way a man of great distinction, of fine intelligence, and unimpeachable character."



International Newsreel

JOSEPH T. ROBINSON

Democratic Candidate for Vice-President.

"Amazing," as the Boston *Post* (Dem.) looks back on it, is Governor Smith's personal triumph in the Democratic convention. No one, it is convinced, "could make a stronger appeal this year to the independent voter—if Smith can not win, no other Democrat would have come within hailing distance of victory." The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* (Ind. Dem.) feels that the New York Governor "is the Democrat whom Republicans most fear," and the Brooklyn *Eagle* (Dem.) agrees that the best testimony to his strength "comes from Republican sources." "The prestige which he has won, and the influence which he has conquered have come to him, not as the gift of a party machine, but as the result of his unexampled record as a faithful and fearless executive," asserts the New York *Times* (Dem.). In the words of the Philadelphia *Record* (Dem.), Alfred E. Smith's "outstanding capacity for government blazons itself from the housetops." The Smith candidacy seems to the Wilmington *Every Evening* (Dem.) to represent undoubtedly "the serious and sober judgment" of the great majority of his party. And the Charleston (W. Va.) *Gazette* (Dem.) considers the nomination "as near the voice of the whole Democratic party as was the nomination of Wilson in 1916." Another West Virginia Democratic daily, the Wheeling *Register*, tries to answer those who ask what sort of a President Al Smith will make:

> "He will bring to the office proven executive ability. He will bring proven ability to keep politics clean, even in a place where politics are prone to become dirty. But more important than either of those things, he will bring absolute honesty, the kind that is not satisfied merely to refrain from lying, but insists upon speaking when there is something that ought to be said. He has the confidence of both the rich and the poor, both of big business and of the plain people; and last, but not least, he has a sense of humor—and those qualifications come pretty near meeting the most rigid possible specifications for a Chief Executive."

How Alfred E. Smith, who has never held office outside his own State, and whose candidacy was so completely blocked by the McAdoo faction at the 1924 convention, has within four years become the almost unanimous choice of his party for the Presidency, is a question several Democratic papers have been trying to answer. The eclipse of McAdoo by Smith may, reflects the New York *World*, be due in part to the fact that Mr. McAdoo has been out of office these past seven years, while Governor Smith "has been very much in public office and scored triumph after triumph at the expense of his Republican opponents in New York." Moreover,

> "There is the fact that the Democratic party outside of New York has won few successes and developed little leadership since 1924.
>
> "There are other factors in addition to these which have entered into the situation. The important question is whether among these factors there is one of genuine significance that touches a fundamental spot in the structure of the Democratic party—namely, a real conversion of a formidable section of the party to the principles which Governor Smith has represented in New York for the better part of the last decade."

Governor Smith, continues this consistent Democratic supporter of his candidacy, "will go to the people as a man who has demonstrated that he can exercise power in accordance with the best liberal traditions of the American people and to the satisfaction of the overwhelming majority of men and women of all parties in his own State." Quoting further:

> "The kind of government he has given New York, he will offer to the nation. They can search his record and find out whether he knows how to deal with grafters. They can search his record and find out whether he is free of entanglements with special interests. They can search his record and find out whether he knows how to choose able men. They can search his record and find out whether he knows how to protect the State against the demands of political machines. They can search his record and find out whether he has the dignity, the poise, the judgment, and the intelligence to hold office under popular government."

With such a panegyric we may well couple a passage from the eloquent speech made by Franklin D. Roosevelt in nominating his fellow New Yorker at Houston. After pointing out that his candidate possesses leadership, experience, honesty, and the ability to interest people in government, Mr. Roosevelt continued:

> "It is possible with only these qualities for a man to be a reasonably efficient President, but there is one thing more needed to make him a great President. It is that quality of soul which makes a man loved by little children, by dumb animals; that quality of soul which makes him not merely admired, but loved by all the people—the quality of sympathetic understanding of the human heart. Instinctively he senses the popular need because he himself has lived through the hardship, the labor, and the sacrifice which must be endured by every man who struggles up from obscurity. Between him and the people is that subtle bond which makes him their champion and makes them trust him.
>
> "Because of his power of leadership, because of his unequaled knowledge of the science of government, because of his uncompromising honesty, because of his ability to bring the government home to the people, there is no doubt that our Governor will make an 'efficient' President; but it is because he also possesses, to a superlative degree, this rare faculty of sympathetic understanding I prophesy he will also make a great President, and because of this I further prophesy that he will again place us among the nations of the world as a country which values its ideals as much as its material prosperity; a land that has no selfish designs on any weaker Power, a land the ideal and inspiration of all those who dream of a kinder, happier civilization in the days to come."

Passing to the Democratic press of sections not so intimately acquainted with the Smith personality, we find the Dayton *News* (Dem.) in Ohio pointing out how by virtue of his "vital personality and of public duty, simply but with striking efficiency done," Smith has grown upon the national mind these four years "until he stood forth the overshadowing figure in his party." This paper, owned by the Presidential candidate of 1920, feels that the party "has nominated a man who, if he is elected, can be depended upon to make one of the country's great Presidents. The man who is conceded by men of all parties to have made for four terms the greatest Governor our greatest State ever had could certainly be counted upon to give the country one of its greatest Presidential administrations." In the heart of the farm belt, the Davenport *Democrat and Leader* congratulates the party upon nominating the "strongest personage" in its ranks, and another Iowa daily, the Dubuque *Telegraph-Herald and Times-Journal* (Dem.), calls upon the Democracy to stand united behind him in the campaign. Still farther west, the Anaconda (Mont.) *Standard* calls Governor Smith a candidate with a "mighty appeal" in the Northwest, an idea which the Helena *Independent* in the same State expands somewhat:

> "While from an entirely different environment, Governor Al Smith fascinates people of the Northwest even as Theodore Roosevelt did in his day, because he speaks their language, says the things they are thinking, and stands for personal liberty.
>
> "They believe he keeps his promises, fears not to fight the great or the small for what he believes to be right, stays by his program with a grim determination, and uses brutal force or diplomacy to attain the ends and ideals of his party, pushing behind him intolerance and bigotry.
>
> "Farmers of the Northwest have confidence in him, and feel that he will not praise their cause in the abstract and crucify it in the concrete."

"Smith's nomination means a rebirth of the Democratic party, which four years ago tottered on the brink of the grave," we read in *The Post-Gazette* of Houston, the convention city:

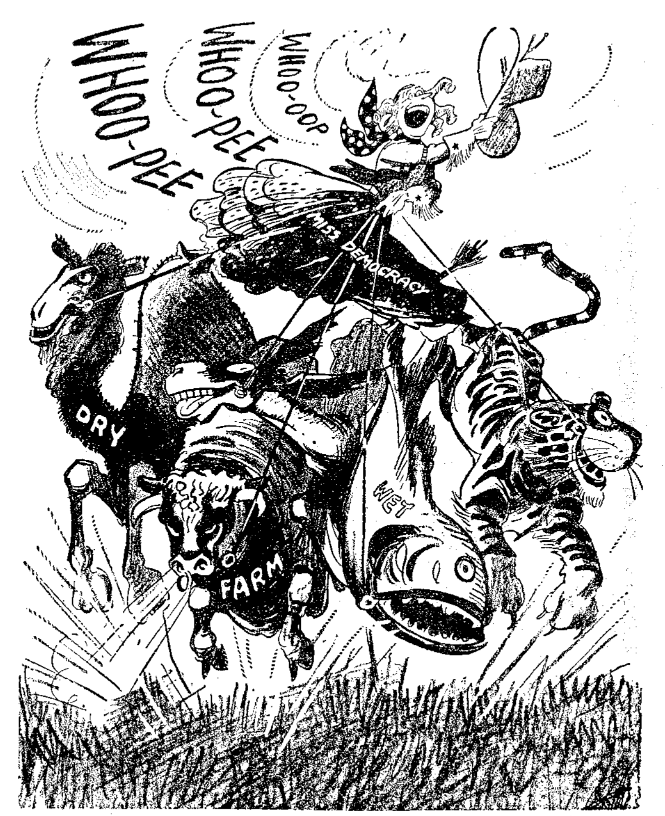
> "It was brought about by Smith's dominant personality, which surmounts apparently insurmountable obstacles; by Democratic weariness at the preachings of bigots and fanatics in Jeffersonian ranks, and by the unshamed thievery of the Republican bosses. Smith looms as a pivotal figure of democracy, perhaps, measuring up to the cycle of Jefferson, Jackson, Cleveland, and Wilson."

It was "because destiny could not be denied" that Governor Smith was nominated, declares the Little Rock *Arkansas Gazette* (Dem.), and another Southern paper, the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* (Dem.) says:

> "No matter what happens to Alfred Emanuel Smith in the election four months hence, the Democratic party will have won. The party may lose the election, but no defeat next November can deprive it of the spiritual victory of this June. By this victory, the party repudiates the doctrine that ancestry, class, or religion are proper tests to be applied to the filling of public offices."

Nor does the praise of the Democracy's choice all come from within the party ranks. The independent New York *Journal of Commerce*, for instance, calls it the natural and inevitable "recognition of genuine ability and service as the head of the most conspicuous State in the country." The Democratic party, says the Washington *Post*, a strong supporter of the last two Republican administrations, now has "a leader whose character has been tested and whose ability to win popular favor has rarely been equaled in American history." In nominating "New York's counterpart of a Western log-cabin candidate," the delegates at Houston have, in the opinion of the Indianapolis *News* (Ind.) served their party well. Governor Smith deserved the nomination, argues the Springfield *Republican* (Ind.), which believes that he carries with him "a promise of a militant aggressive leadership." In the Scripps-Howard newspapers—which months ago came out for Hoover, if nominated, otherwise Smith—appears on the eve of the Smith nomination an editorial reading in part:

> "Smith's exceptional ability and personal honesty are attested by all. Only two charges have been made against him—charges that until now have barred him from his rightful leadership of the party.
>
> "He is accused of being a Catholic and a wet. He proudly replies in the affirmative.
>
> "Why will this party, which is perhaps predominantly dry Protestant, choose such a leader? Because he is a great American and a great Democrat.
>
> "Because, as a great American, he understands and practises



RIDE 'EM, COWGIRL!

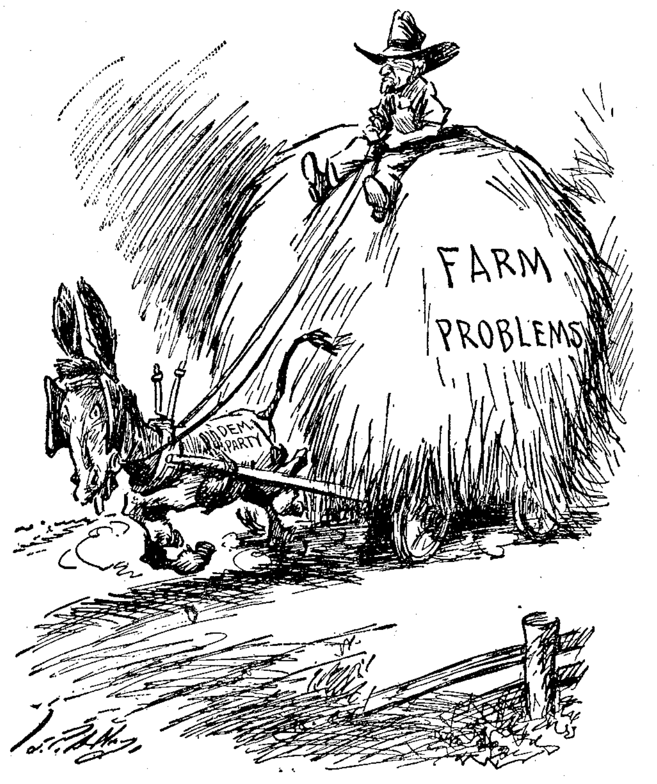
—Costello in the Albany *News.*

his religion as that which can never divide his allegiance to his country, but which does strengthen his consecration to civil duty.

"He will be chosen because, as a great American and Democrat, he recognizes the Prohibition amendment and law, while exercising his Constitutional right and duty to strive openly for legal modification of those provisions which he believes violate fundamental principles of Americanism and democracy."

On the Pacific coast the Sacramento *Bee* (Ind.) waxes enthusiastic over the way in which Smith "has remained a real Democrat; his head has not been turned, he has maintained the common touch." This, we are further told, is certain:

"Should Alfred E. Smith be elected to the Presidency, there will not be the slightest doubt as to his attitude toward the 'power trust' and kindred financial Rob Roys. He would fight them to a finish. There will be no Andrew Mellon in the Treasury, concocting financial policies for the benefit of the favored few at the expense of the unfavored many."



A COMBINATION THAT OUGHT TO WORK

—Alley in the Memphis *Commercial Appeal.*

Governor Smith's prestige and attractive personality are frankly conceded by the Republican Manchester *Union* in Republican New Hampshire, and *The Ohio State Journal,* of Columbus, comes to the conclusion that "the country is given its choice this year between two great candidates for the Presidency."

But other Republican newspapers are of the opinion of the Los Angeles *Times,* which says that Governor Smith, while able and likable, is not Presidential timber:

"Smith is not Presidential timber, because he knows nothing of national affairs and national problems. He is an expert on New York City and State, and adept in machine politics, but Tammany is the most local of local organizations, so wrapt up on the problems of the metropolis that it knows nothing of and cares nothing for what is west of the Hudson. If Smith should be elected he would have to spend the most of his term in learning the elements of matters which are to Hoover so familiar that they are part of his personality."

The same idea occurs to the Minneapolis *Tribune* (Rep.) and Kansas City *Star* (Ind.), which contrast what they consider the local experience of Governor Smith with the wider range of Mr. Hoover's activities. And then there are a number of Republican papers that, with the South Bend *Tribune,* find it "difficult to picture the American people putting a Tammany beneficiary in the White House." "Tammany has finally and successfully asserted its dominance of the Democratic party in the nation," says the Seattle *Times* (Ind.). This Pacific coast daily thinks the American people will give much sober thought to this point, which the Omaha *Bee-News* (Rep.) figuratively expresses this way: "The cat has been set to watch the cream, the tiger to guard the lamb; Tammany has won its way one step, at least, to the domination of the nation."

So the editorial writers, Republican, Democratic, Independent, size up the Democracy's new leader. Most of them find it too soon to make any close estimates of his chances of victory. One writer who touches on this question, W. W. Jermane, Washington correspondent of the Seattle *Times,* feels that Governor Smith will make such a good run as to "check the movement to place our politics under religious control," but that his chances of winning are not quite as good as Hoover's. Some of the reasons for this conclusion are the fact that the Democratic party is normally a minority party; that Hoover is credited with an exceptional grasp of national economic problems, and that Hoover's election will be looked on as a continuation of the universally popular Coolidge policies. Mr. Jermane, however, takes no stock in the notion that any Southern States will refuse to give their electoral votes to Smith: "The farm States will give their electoral votes to Hoover, and the South, with the possible exception of one or two States—will give its to Smith."

A Republican journal, the New York *Herald Tribune,* admits that the Democratic party "has a strong personality" as its candidate, but insists that it has "no issue of corresponding size upon which to elect him."

In our opening paragraph mention was made of the feeling that the Smith nomination opens a new political era. This idea has been clearly stated by William Allen White in his dispatches to the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"The old democracy which came riding out of the West; the Populism of the middle 'nineties; the democracy which made moral crusades out of economic issues, and strest government as an agency of human welfare, is passed.

"The embattled and whiskered Populist is as remote from this merry spectacle as Cromwell's men at the Restoration. Here is the urbanite in control.

"A new leader controls Democracy—the city lad, with Irish cast of face (the second generation Irish, of course); caring little for economic issues, and nothing for social legislation except for the enjoyment of the taxes necessary to the inauguration of social reform.

"The old philosophy of Protestantism, with its individual conscience and with individual liberty of action, which has dominated both parties in America from the beginning, is passing as the dominant philosophy of the Democratic party.

"From the cities and towns of the North—not merely New York and Boston, but from Kansas City, from Detroit, from Minneapolis, from Seattle, from Butte, from San Francisco, from Pittsburgh—come new city-bred leaders fired with the new creed.

"Out of this new second generation of Celts with their gay philosophy, with their continental Sabbaths, with their belief in authority for conduct in the Church rather than in the State, come Smith and his kind. The Irish have splendid executive talent, Irish idealism, and Irish vigor renewed in the American soil. These new forces will enter American life, making new issues, new alinements, propagating new causes."

It is impossible to escape the Prohibition issue in connection with the Smith candidacy, but space will not permit more than this brief survey of the general aspects of the new leadership in the Democratic party. In a succeeding issue will appear a review of press opinion on the Prohibition plank and the attitude of the Democratic candidate in connection with the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Law, as well as a discussion of other pronouncements in the Democratic platform on such controversial issues as farm relief.

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. Where is the island of Bali? (p. 24).
2. Is it better to be called "ladies" or "women"? (p. 19).
3. What second band of "pilgrims" recently visited this country? (p. 29).
4. What is a garimpeiro? (p. 46).
5. What European countries have failed to adopt or resume the gold standard since the war? (p. 14).
6. What is an Æolian harp? (p. 26).
7. What is the cause of the latest Jugoslavian disturbance? (p. 16).
8. Is the Fundamentalist-Modernist controversy growing or fading? (p. 30).
9. Who does "Madame Tschaikowsky" purport to be? (p. 37).
10. What outside nation, in the rôle of keeper of the peace, may involve China in a new war? (p. 13).
11. What was the price paid for the original MS. of "Alice in Wonderland"? (p. 24).
12. In G. B. S.'s opinion, what constitutes "Socialism"? (p. 18).
13. Who drew up the Declaration of Independence? (p. 25).
14. Who became a millionaire from a $17 grubstake to two penniless miners? (p. 42).
15. How many years has a person of seventy spent in sleep? (p. 20).
16. Who is considered "the representative man of his generation"? (p. 18).
17. Do men of other faiths vote on revision of the Anglican Prayer-Book? (p. 28).
18. Who is the "dark horse" who recently conquered Bobby Jones? (p. 52).
19. How many musical vibrations per second can be heard by the human ear? (p. 26).
20. Who was Giulia Grisi? (p. 27).
21. What is the Skupshtina? (p. 16).
22. In what country is a diamond rush now going on? (p. 45).
23. How many millions of people live in Europe? (p. 21).
24. How many records were broken at the Poughkeepsie regatta? (p. 48).
25. Is death instantaneous for all parts of the body? (p. 23).

BUSINESS COURTS FOR BUSINESS ROWS

ON HIS DEATH-BED, so we read, the lawyer tells his family, "Don't litigate—it's costly; compromise." Also, litigation consumes time, and one editor declares: "Probably never in the history of this country have our courts of law been held in lower esteem than now. Endless delays, expensive motion and counter-motion, fourteenth-century balm applied to twentieth-century wounds, Sinclair verdicts with Brother Blackmer thumbing his nose—all these have contributed to the loss of respect for our judicial system."

The above sentences are from an editorial appearing in the Baltimore *Post*, which runs on: "The courts seem powerless to lift themselves from their own bog. And so business has taken the matter into its own hands, preferring to build again its machinery for settling business disputes rather than undertake to unwind the red tape that binds our judiciary."

As we are told further, "the American Arbitration Association, an agency formed for public service and not for profit, is now, almost unnoticed by the rank and file, settling annually disputes involving millions of dollars. It is maintaining more than 3,000 arbitrators, scattered in all sections of the country, whose services are available to its own members and the public, too. These 'courts' operate on business lines. Results are speedily obtained. Expense is reduced to a minimum."

According to a report recently issued in pamphlet form by the Arbitration Association,

> "In the following industries, commercial arbitration has found a foothold or a well-established place: Automotive industry, boot and shoe trade, bottlers' trade, clothing and dry-goods trade, confectionary, construction industry, cotton and by-products, financial institutions, florists' trade, food industries, fuel, furs, grain and hay, hardware, heat, light and power, imports and exports, leather, hides and skins, lumber and allied trades, music industries, paints, oils and varnish industry, paper and pulp industry, printing and engraving trades, real estate, rubber industry, silk industry, transportation and shipping, warehousing, wool, amusement and theatrical industry, the zinc industry and various branches of manufacturing.
>
> "Other important industries, such as the aeronautical and electrical industries, the furniture trade, and the great retail organizations, have the matter under consideration. It should be noted, however, that in New York City the Electrical Board of Trade has ably demonstrated the value and practicability of arbitration in the electrical field."

As the Salt Lake *Telegram* informs us, the theater and motion-picture interests have found arbitration especially advantageous:

> "Last year claims totaling $4,269,752 were arbitrated by the motion-picture industry. This represented the settlement of 15,451 controversies which otherwise would have gone to litigation—an increase of 2,885 cases over the figure of 12,566 cases for 1926. Many of these controversies would have consumed years if sent through the red-tape processes of court fights, whereas they were settled in days by arbitration. Damaging friction was also prevented, and good-will promoted in the industry."

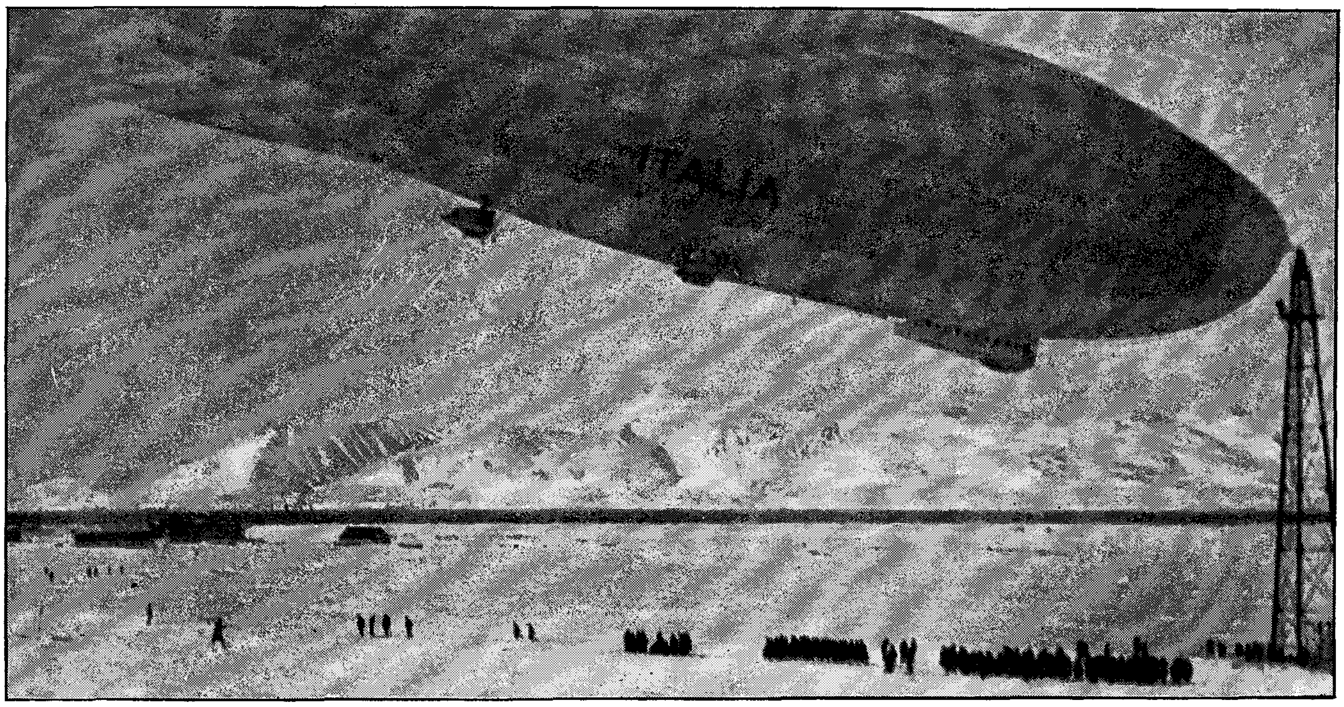
The press in general warmly commends the campaign undertaken by the American Arbitration Association, tho the Dayton (Ohio) *News* reminds us that, while "arbitration will speed up court procedure to a certain extent by clearing some of the cases off the calendar," there "remains a more insidious and malignant clogging of the wheels. The long and tortuous records of the Teapot Dome trials show that wealth is sufficient to hamper justice indefinitely. Who will rid us of that monkey-wrench?" Nevertheless, arbitration is widely credited with a genius for alacrity in settling business disputes—and with a genius for fair dealing, too. According to the Watertown (N. Y.) *Times*, "in nine cases out of ten the arbitrators are more likely to be right than a jury."

For example, there was the dispute over the thickness of wood pulp. In this instance—

> "The case was settled satisfactorily by men who knew the technical points of a technical matter. Now a jury of barbers, plumbers, retired business men, and so on and so forth, knowing nothing about the technical points involved, would have arrived at a verdict which would have been guesswork and nothing else. Both parties to the dispute would have spent considerable money in fees; the chances are that the lower would have appealed the case. The seller of the pulp would have lost a good customer. As it happened the buyer of the pulp placed a verbal order for more of the pulp from the seller with whom he had the dispute. That certainly is better than dragging a case through the courts for five or six years."

There are further advantages in arbitration, contends the editor:

> "A lawsuit seems to engender hard feelings, no matter what the outcome may be. A commercial arbitration does not. Perhaps psychology has something to do with this. It probably does. A lawsuit involves a threat, and no one likes to be threatened."



International Newsreel photograph

THE *ITALIA* AT HER MOORING MAST IN THE ARCTIC

TRAGEDY AND HEROISM IN THE WRECK OF THE "ITALIA"

AFTER WEEKS OF SILENCE and uncertainty, while hope alternated with despair, the world learned by radio that the dirigible *Italia*, in command of Gen. Umberto Nobile, had been wrecked on the ice north of the Spitsbergen (Svalbard) group, one of the crew killed, and the sixteen survivors separated into three parties. Thus an undertaking that promised to be one of the greatest triumphs of Arctic exploration was transformed into tragedy. The Italian dirigible, after a successful 2,000-mile voyage from her King's Bay base to Lenin Land and return, left on her last voyage early in the morning of May 24. She reached the North Pole that night, cruised about for two hours, dropt a cross and some flags, and set out upon her return in the face of a strong head wind. All went well, it seems, until she was within approximately 225 miles of her hangar at King's Bay. Then radio messages ceased.

The weeks of suspense that followed remind American newspaper editors of the silence—almost despair—that followed the forced landing of Commander Rodgers and the crew of the Navy seaplane that first essayed the "hop" from California to the Hawaiian Islands several years ago. Others recall the wreck of the *Shenandoah*. In the opinion of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, the brightest ray that illuminates the *Italia* disaster is the nobility which marked the immediate attempts of numerous individuals and at least six European governments to rescue the aerial castaways. Soviet Russia, France, Italy, Norway, Sweden, and Finland sent war vessels, sealers, and ice-breakers to the Svalbard area. On board, in some instances, were their most efficient sea- and land-planes and their most brilliant aviators. Other and larger planes followed from the mainland. One of these machines, piloted by Captain Guilbaud, of France, and carrying Roald Amundsen and Lieutenant Deitrichsen, of Norway, failed to negotiate the 600 miles between Norway and King's Bay. It was Major Maddalena, of Italy, guided to the Nobile camp on the ice by the remnants of the *Italia's* wireless, who discovered the Nobile party after they had been adrift on the ice for nearly a month.

The large seaplane of the Italian officer, however, was unable to land on or near the drifting floe on which Nobile and his five companions were marooned, and the task of alighting on the jagged surface fell to a youthful Swedish airman, Lieut. Einar Lundborg. This, says the New York *Herald Tribune*, "was one of the most daring feats in the history of aviation." The difficulty is perhaps best illustrated by the fact that on the second attempt the plane "cracked up." But General Nobile, we are told, was safely ashore where he could aid in the international plans for rescue; wireless, the discovery of Marconi, one of his countrymen, had brought the airplane, of American origin, piloted by a Swedish aviator. In fact, observes the Wichita *Eagle*, radio and the airplane "have served in this crisis to emphasize the tremendous strides science has brought about in both travel and communication since the days of Peary, Shackleton, and Stefansson." For months at a time, these earlier explorers were lost to the world; now, notes the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, "the explorer flies over the top of the world in the morning, and tells us 'about it in the afternoon." Without radio apparatus saved from the *Italia*, points out the Baltimore *Sun*, the whereabouts of the Nobile party would not have been known. And, it adds, "without the airplane, direct contact with them could not have been established in time to save their lives."

Since the successful flight of Major Maddalena, observes the San Francisco *Chronicle*, "the world has followed, by radio, these unfortunate beings in their daily driftings, seen the storms rage over them, and the dense fogs hinder the search by plane. Never before have we been spectators at such a stirring drama; never before have castaways in the Arctic been under the daily observation of the world." To the St. Paul *Pioneer Press:*

> "The fierce struggle being enacted on the frozen seas of the Far North is as thrilling a drama of life as imagination could conceive, with its varied phases of adventure, heroism, modern science, and human emotions. Nobile and Amundsen were associates two years ago in the first dirigible expedition over the Pole. Out of events in that wonderful journey grew bitter feelings and personal controversy between the two men. They were no longer friends and shipmates, but enemies.
>
> "Strong in anger, Amundsen becomes stronger in brotherly love, in desire to serve and sacrifice. When Nobile crashed against an iceberg a month ago, and eventually was able to tell the world by wireless of his accident, the Norwegian explorer volunteered for the rescue, and started off with five companions in a powerful French airplane. Since he sailed from sight five

days ago, no word has come. Somewhere in the icy North he is down, but there is strong hope of his ability to come through.

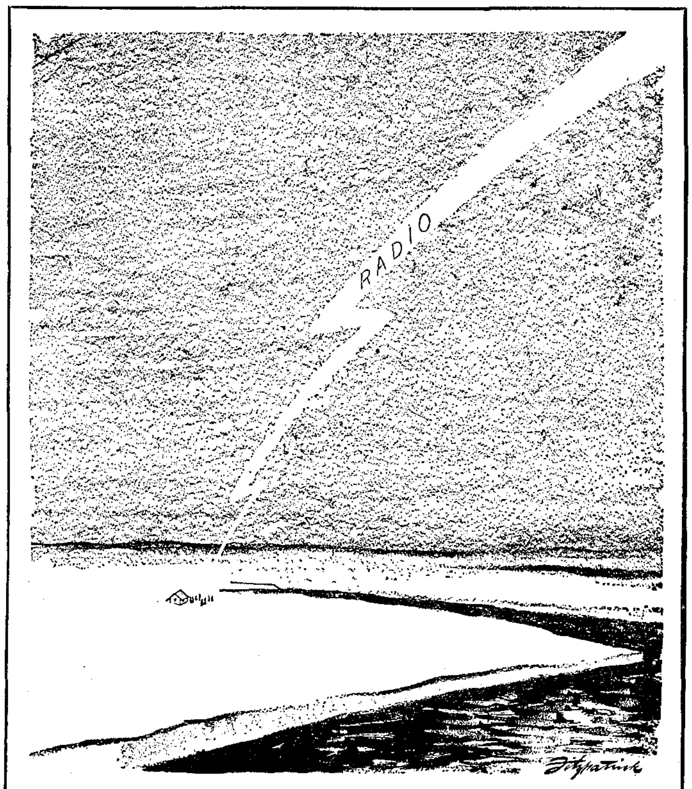
"Nobile, with his radio, sends out faint messages and helps guide other daring aviators to his floating field of ice. They pass him by repeatedly, but finally spot his camp. They can not land on the rough surface, but flying low drop him supplies and encouragement. Ships of all kinds plunge vainly at the ice barriers to reach him. Bigger planes approach and search for safe spots to land that they may carry back to Spitsbergen or to the relief ships the survivors of the stranded group.

"When the *Italia* bumped an iceberg and had its cabin torn off, the great bag sailed off with the wind to the unknown, carrying seven men of the crew, while Nobile and eight others were thrown out on the floe with some supplies and the wireless apparatus. Three of the hardiest started afoot toward land to seek succor. They have been swallowed up in ice and snow. So have the unfortunate seven that quickly passed from sight in the drifting, helpless gas-filled bag of the great ship.

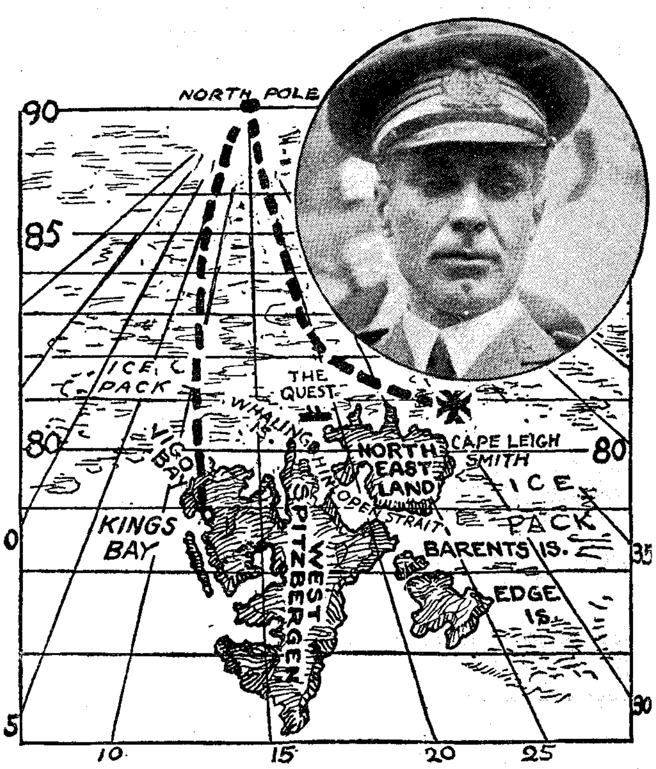
"On the Arctic ice is graven a graphic picture, a panorama of life at its height of tragedy and suffering. Six men from a dirigible airship huddling on a floating berg that is gradually breaking, communicating with the world through that tiny marvel of science, the radio, while daring flyers in that other wonder of invention, the airplane, circle overhead seeking means to rescue. Seven others of the party were swept into space. Three tramped to almost certain death. The brave Amundsen, seeking to save his enemy, disappears with his crew. Six alive, but not yet rescued. Sixteen lost, but not yet given up. The age of adventure, the days of daring deeds, the events of romance and tragedy have not passed!"

It is the strange irony of fate, remarks the Schenectady *Union-Star*, "that Nobile should be found, and the man with whom he is not on good terms be lost." Surely, adds this paper, "if it is sublime to lay down one's life for his friend, how much greater is it to lay it down for an enemy." It is to Amundsen's credit, agrees the New York *Sun*, "that he forgot any and every grievance that he ever had against Nobile, and made a gallant effort to aid his former shipmate." The task of finding Amundsen and the two Nobile parties "still looms as an immense undertaking" to the Philadelphia *Inquirer:*

"The three men who started to make their way over the ice to Northeast Land have no radio or sextants, and if they have been swept away from the land by the moving ice their plight is well-nigh hopeless. Even more desperate is the condition of those who were carried away with the wreckage of the *Italia*. They have food and weapons, but neither radio for communication purposes nor navigational instruments with which to learn where they are and guide a course to safety.



THE *ITALIA'S* LIFE-LINE
—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*



From the New York *Herald Tribune*

THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE *ITALIA*

This map of the region between Spitsbergen and the North Pole shows roughly the course of the *Italia* on her last voyage, and the approximate point where she was wrecked. The insert is a photograph of her commander, General Umberto Nobile.

"The search for the *Italia's* survivors, partially successful after a month of endeavor, has really just begun."

How will this grim drama of the North end? In the opinion of the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot:*

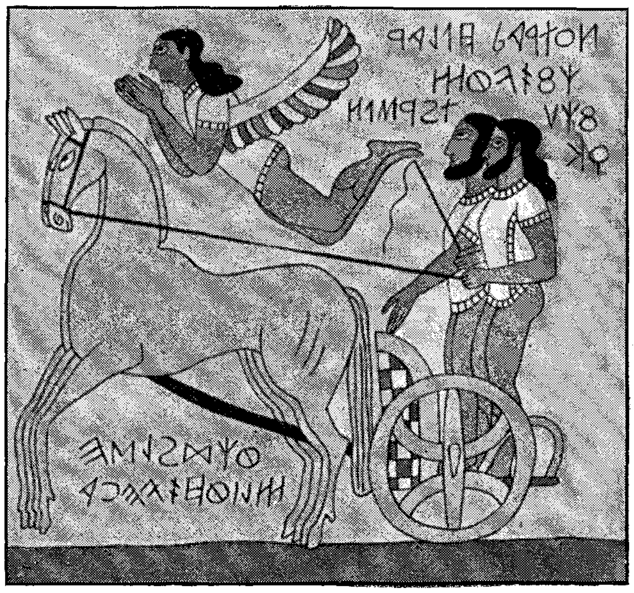
"No one may say. The prevailing note is cruel suspense. But while the strain and uncertainty continue, there are aspects of the drama that lift up one's heart. There is the spectacle of Amundsen (whose North Pole flight with Nobile in the *Norge* ended in reciprocal recrimination), forgetting the petty differences of a year ago, and rushing off to his rescue. There is the picture of brave men from France and Italy, from Norway, Sweden, Finland, and Soviet Russia, daily risking their lives that other lives might be saved. Where Nature and Machinery enter the play there are blind cruelty, suspense, mishap, and perhaps Death. Where man's spirit enters the play there are only courage, unselfishness, and sacrifice.

"It is a spectacle that renews one's faith in the essential nobility of Mankind."

The "log of the *Italia*" might be summarized as follows: On April 17 she was flown from Milan to Stolp, Germany. Battered by a storm and head winds, the *Italia* did not leave for Spitsbergen until May 3. She reached Vadsoe, Norway, the next day, where storms delayed the flight northward. A few days later the Italian dirigible landed at her hangar at King's Bay. She left on her first Arctic flight May 16, and reached the vicinity of Lenin Land the next day. She returned to Svalbard (Spitsbergen) on the 18th, reporting no new discoveries of land. Early in the morning of May 24, General Nobile set out for the North Pole, and reached it soon after midnight. At the end of two hours, the return journey was begun, and on the 26th came the first intimation by weak radio signals that the *Italia* was down on the ice and needed help. The plans for rescue were formulated the next day by Norway, and the other nations—Italy, France, Russia, Sweden, and Finland—quickly followed suit.

FINER FEATHERS FOR THE DOVE OF PEACE

MANKIND'S "AGE-LONG ASPIRATIONS for universal peace," thinks Secretary Kellogg, are being "brought nearer to realization than ever before in the history of the world." This he announces in a covering note accompanying his new draft of the treaty discust and explained in issues of THE LITERARY DIGEST for April 14, May 5, 12, and 26, and June 2. It is now submitted for the approval of fifteen governments—Australia, Belgium, Canada, Czechoslovakia, France, Germany, Great Britain, India, the Irish Free State, Italy, Japan, New Zealand, Poland, South Africa, and the United States. The revisions, as numerous papers point out, are confined to the preamble, which, in its new form, "gives express recognition to the principle that, if a State resorts to war in violation of the treaty, the other contracting parties are released from their obligations under the treaty to that State." It also provides for participation in the treaty by all parties to the treaty of Locarno.



ETRUSCAN INSCRIPTIONS, WHICH HAVE BAFFLED SCIENTISTS, BEING DECIPHERED AT LAST

A painted terra-cotta slab bearing the newly deciphered inscription: "Agrios and Lati, our delegates to the meeting of the League of the World which abolished and outlawed war from the earth for all time, return home." The slab dates from the fifth century B. C.

—Ralph Barton in *Liberty*.

The New York *Times* assures us editorially that "this notable peace proposal of the United States bids fair to add another luminous page to the history of the efforts of the great American industrial democracy to make an end of needless or unjust resort to war." Foreign governments, notably those of France and Great Britain, look with favor upon the revised treaty, if correspondence published in various American newspapers rightly reflects opinion overseas, but the Brooklyn *Eagle* informs us that certain foreign commentators "are cynical enough to relate the eagerness to win Europe's acceptances of its proposal to our national election." As the Brooklyn paper goes on to say, "that may be a factor. Possibly Mr. Kellogg's desire to score some outstanding success before he retires from office is another element in the situation." Meanwhile, the New York *Herald Tribune* complains that the amended draft—

> "Leaves to each signatory the right to interpret renunciation as it sees fit—and to that extent deprives the judgment of the other signatories of genuine moral weight. The new draft remains, therefore, as dangerously vague and shadowy as the old one. Mr. Kellogg admits in his covering letter that many reservations must exist, whether put into the treaty or not. If they exist, why not have the treaty take note of the fact? Better yet, why not have the treaty itself recognize them and proclaim them to the world, so that there can be no clash of contrary interpretations hereafter?
>
> "It is not clear whether the Secretary invites the other Powers to formulate their reservations for incorporation into the treaty. It is to be hoped that they do so and offer them as definite conditions to the agreement, of equal force with any other part of it. Otherwise the nations which sign the treaty will be making merely a virtuous pledge, capable of individual interpretation and leaving what constitutes the use of war as 'an instrument of national policy' as much a mystery as it was before."

As the Springfield *Union* observes, the treaty makes no reference to the Monroe Doctrine of the United States, and, we are told, "Secretary Kellogg perhaps believes that, inasmuch as France may safeguard its national interests under the treaty by interpreting it to its own advantage, the United States and Great Britain may do likewise, altho such interpretation may have perils. Under it, the treaty would be shortly nullified." As skeptical, the Washington *Post* remarks:

> "If the nations wish to abandon war, they can do so by adhering to the Kellogg treaty. But if they wish to reserve the right to employ war as a matter of policy, either singly or through the League of Nations, they can not honestly sign the Kellogg treaty. The United States is ready to renounce war whenever the other great Powers concur, but it does not propose to sign a treaty which, while pretending to renounce war, merely facilitates the making of war by nations in combination."

The Baltimore *Sun* favors the treaty because it will establish the principle that "resort to war is shameful and in advance condemned." Says the Maryland paper:

> "A few years of this alteration in view-point and emphasis is certain to result in far-reaching changes in the popular attitude toward war. For, once the treaty is signed, the chauvinists will be immediately placed in the invidious position of running counter to the policy of their governments. And the advocates of disarmament and other logical adjuncts of a stable peace will be as definitely alined in the support of a considered national policy. In every nation the emphasis, in schools, in colleges, in churches, in every forum of public opinion, will be on peace.
>
> "And it is idle to suppose that such an alteration will not, in time, have very vital effect in turning the thought of civilization to final elimination of the evil of war."

Particularly enthusiastic is the approval exprest by the Troy *Record*, which declares:

> "The result of such a covenant binding upon fourteen governments is difficult to realize, and the value can not be measured. It will not only conserve and preserve the life and property which would be sacrificed in warfare, but will eventually reduce armies, navies, and armaments. This will lessen national budgets or permit larger expenditures for public improvements and the promotion of general welfare. In time the Great War pension items will also be eliminated, and war debts will be only memories. This might be an optimistic view, but is now warranted by the attitude of the fourteen nations entertaining the treaty draft."

Abroad, so the Springfield *Republican* reminds us, the treaty "has been taken more seriously than in the United States, and even some of its critics, who at first regarded it only as an empty gesture, have come over to the view that a bare declaration against the use of war to promote national ends is an important step." The editorial runs on:

> "In the revised text, Mr. Kellogg does his best to meet the doubts and objections exprest by the five great Powers to which the first draft was submitted, but leaves the way open for any further changes that may seem necessary. The body of the treaty is not affected, the changes being made in the preamble and in the covering letter. Some of the points at issue are merely questions of interpretation, and for some of these an explicit understanding on the part of the signatories may suffice, while others might appear so controversial that an interpretation of them ought to be incorporated into the treaty. If there is agreement about the substance, the form should present no serious difficulties."

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WAR-CLOUDS IN MANCHURIA

THE MOST DIFFICULT international situation which our State Department has had to face this year, thinks *The Christian Science Monitor*, is brought about by the Japanese ultimatum that there must be no fighting in Manchuria between the victorious Nationalists of China and the followers of the late Chang Tso-lin, Manchurian war-lord and dictator. If necessary, says the recognized spokesman for Japanese interests in Manchuria, Japanese troops will fight to keep the new rulers of China from carrying on military operations in the three provinces that go to make up Manchuria. By issuing this ultimatum, say a number of American editors, Japan comes dangerously near establishing a protectorate over Chinese territory. For Manchuria was recognized as integrally a part of China by the Washington treaty of 1922. In that treaty, eight Powers, including Japan, agreed to respect the sovereignty and administrative integrity of China, and the United States, we are reminded, was chiefly instrumental in bringing about this accord. As the Boston paper points out:

"The United States has always endeavored to be, and on the whole has been, one of China's best friends. It has stood for the open door, and has used its influence to prevent the partition of China into spheres of influence dominated by Great Britain, France, and Japan.

"The 'administrative integrity of China' is now threatened. China, not Japan, is the legitimate administrator of Manchuria, and it is her sovereign right to wage war at any time and at any place on her own territory, save in those areas where foreign Powers have obtained concessions. Therefore, if Chinese troops should attempt to march, still fighting, north of the Great Wall, where the Japanese have drawn their line of demarcation, Secretary Kellogg would face a very serious issue.

"The factors on the other side are these:

"Manchuria is vital to Japan. It has not been and is never likely to be an outlet for her surplus population, but it supplies raw materials and food, which are perhaps more important.

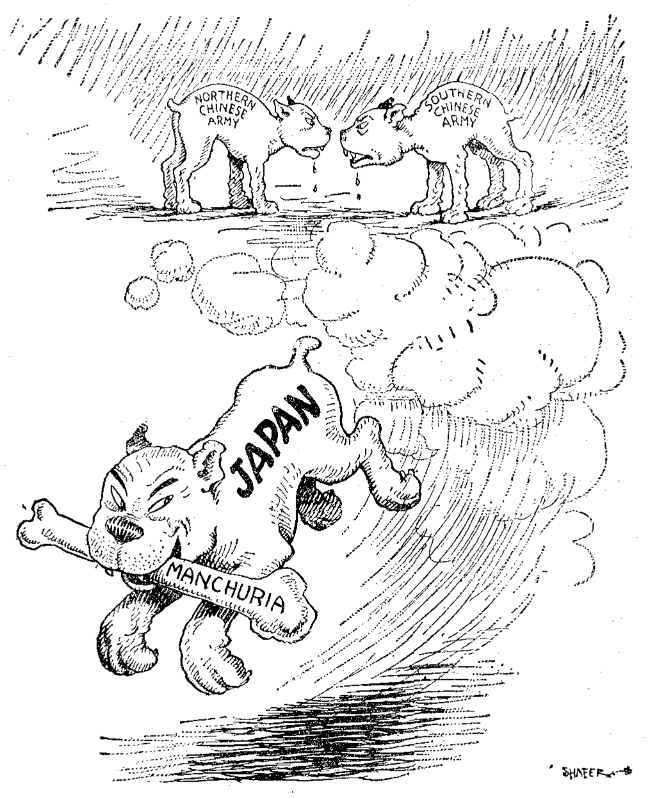
"Japan seeks success and prosperity through trade, not war, and to this end, for years to come, must anticipate business with her eastern neighbors in increasing volume and profits. It follows that Tokyo will do everything possible to avoid the effects of that kind of protracted commercial boycott which the Chinese so well know how to use. The confidence and good-will of the Chinese is worth so vastly much to Japan, in an economic sense alone, that the Mikado's Government certainly will be not merely reasonable in this crisis but patiently forbearing."

Nevertheless, declares the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, "there is fear and suspicion in Manchuria lest Japan announce a protectorate, which might lead in time to annexation." Armed resistance to Japan by Nationalist China, writes William Philip Simms, in the Washington *News*, "would be suicidal. Moreover, it would play directly into Japan's hands. She would then have an excuse for war, and for eventually establishing a protectorate over Manchuria." Japan is already overcrowded, and Manchuria offers a most tempting opportunity for expansion, observes the Manchester *Union*. Another New England daily, the Boston *Globe*, thus summarizes the situation:

"Are Japan and China moving toward a head-on collision over Manchuria?

"During the past three months the dispute between the Chinese Nationalists and the Government of the Mikado's Empire has been growing on this issue. Since the fall of Peking to the revolutionists, the quarrel about Manchuria has assumed aspects of bitterness and belligerency on both sides. To the Chinese, Manchuria's three provinces are historic Chinese territory. The population is overwhelmingly Chinese. Of some 15,000,000 inhabitants, more than 14,500,000 are of the same blood and tradition as the armies now camped about Peking. The Japanese in Manchuria represent approximately 175,000 in all.

"To Japan, on the other hand, Manchuria represents the focal point of an Asiatic policy developed during more than a generation. Control of this region is the objective toward which she has been moving ever since she emerged victorious from her war with the China of the Manchus, back in 1894, and set to work to carve out an empire for herself. At that time she seized Southern Manchuria; but the European Powers, jealous of any newcomers in the business of exploiting China, compelled her to give up the territory and accept an indemnity instead. Thereupon, Russia swept into Manchuria with an army, occupied it, and prest on toward Korea until, in 1904, her approach brought a declaration of war from Japan and a sharp, effective attack, which left Russia out in the cold, but reaffirmed Japan's influence in the disputed provinces. Fixing firm grip on the Chinese government of Manchuria the moment the first Chinese revolution upset the Manchu dynasty and threw China into chaos, Japan has maintained her hold there ever since.



THE WAY IT LOOKS FROM HERE
—Shafer in the Cincinnati *Times-Star*.

"Japanese interest in Manchuria is both economic and political. In Manchuria, with its fertile 382,000 square miles of land, she found a bonanza. It has served as a profitable field for industrial and financial investment.

"Its political significance is equally outstanding. For Manchuria constitutes the buffer between Japan and Russia, and Japan prefers not to permit that buffer to fall again under Russian influence. Russia's interests in Manchuria are strong, too.

"The widening gulf between revolutionary China and the Japan of to-day was long expected by those who have taken the trouble to follow events in Asia. It is a far more dangerous situation in its possibilities, so far as the rest of the world is concerned, than the Chinese revolution itself has been in even its most provocative phases. It involves not alone China and Japan, but Russia. It concerns American banking loans to Japanese industrials in Manchuria, and touches British interest sharply.

"Presumably Japan might reach agreement with China, and thus remove the political dispute from the stage by allowing for cooperation with a Chinese régime in Manchuria. But Japan, in her present frame of mind, is not spending much time on conciliatory moves. Japan is embarking upon a policy which may, if persisted in, throw the new Chinese Republic into the arms of Communistic Russia.

"Japan may be able to hold off the now-wakened Chinese giant temporarily. But for Japan, in addition, to hold off Soviet Russia, is a much larger contract."

China, declares the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "can not be bluffed or coerced. Her Oriental patience matches Japan's. Finally, Japan needs China as a trade outlet far more than China needs Japan."

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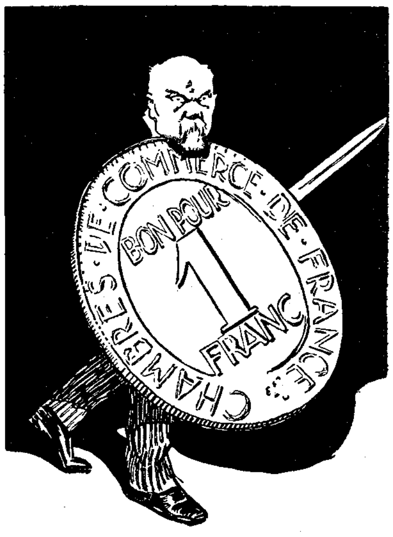
FRANCE RETURNS TO GOLD

THE FINAL IMPORTANT STEP in the recovery of Europe from the financial scourge of inflation and currency disruption that followed the World War is seen by the New York *Herald Tribune* in the announcement that France has returned to a gold-currency basis. To the Springfield *Republican* and a number of other representative American dailies, this action of the French Government in stabilizing the franc is an event of great national and international importance, even tho it involves no startling change in the existing state of things, for the franc has been under control for more than a year. The net result of officially setting its value at approximately 3.93 cents, compared to the prewar value of 19.3, points out the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, is to clear the financial sky and restore the money market.


BON POUR
1
FRANC
CHAMBRES DE COMMERCE DE FRANCE

POINCARÉ'S ARMOR

—*De Groene Amsterdammer.*

The fight for stabilization, say Paris dispatches, was won almost single-handed by Premier Poincaré, who has insisted for years that the franc should be brought back as far as possible without disastrous economic results. In the opinion of the Indianapolis *News*, he has displayed "financial statesmanship of the highest order in rescuing the currency of his country from total destruction by inflation." True, four-fifths of the purchasing power of the franc is gone, but this, we are told, was inevitable.

That the recent stabilization order is rather hard on French investors who hold bonds purchased in other days is not denied. Says the Nashville *Tennessean:*

> "Giving the franc a legal value of almost four cents, instead of approximately nineteen cents, its prewar value, will of course be in effect a repudiation of vast sums of internal debt. But France lacks the economic resources and the earning power to meet its war obligations at the old standard of value. The nation now owes 350,000,000,000 francs of internal debt and an undetermined amount of foreign debt. At prewar valuation of the franc, this would mean an internal debt of $70,000,000,000, or nearly three times the debt of the United States in 1919 immediately following the close of the war. It would involve a strain upon the resources of France beyond the capacity of that nation to endure. Even with the loss that will be charged off through the depreciation in the value of the franc, the internal debt of France will approximate $15,000,000,000 and to this must be added several billions of foreign indebtedness."

Ever since the war, explains the Philadelphia *Record*, "it has been apparent that the franc must be revalued to conform to the fact that a vast part of the national wealth had been consumed. But the public clung persistently to the belief that the franc could be stabilized above four cents." However, observes the New York *World:*

> "To fix the legal value of the franc above the price at which it has been 'pegged' for many months would cause the Government substantial loss. The Bank of France now holds a huge volume of foreign currency which it has purchased by issuing its own notes. Any enhancement in the value of the franc thus involves a corresponding increase in the liabilities of the bank and represents a loss. At the same time this would give the speculators their long-awaited chance to reap huge profits. It was to prevent this sort of speculation that the Bank of France accumulated its great store of foreign funds, and stabilization of the franc at an increased value would make much of its past operations count for nothing. But the fundamental objection to stabilization at a higher figure is the wide-spread business depression which would almost certainly follow."

With the return of the larger European countries to the gold standard, remarks the New York *Evening Post*, "a new impetus should be given to the economic prosperity of Europe." England, recalls this paper, maintained its strong financial position following the war, and soon returned to the gold standard, but Germany went through financial disaster before it could get on its feet. The League of Nations came to the rescue of Austria and Hungary. Italy has fixt the lira, Belgium the Belgian franc, and Greece the drachma. Roumania, we are told, is planning similar action with the lei during the next few months, and Jugoslavia is appealing for a stabilization loan from the Powers to enable her to follow suit. As the New York *Herald Tribune* notes in greater detail:

> "One by one the major belligerents have turned back to the gold standard, reestablishing the latter on an even firmer footing perhaps than it stood before the upheaval of 1914 as the symbol of international monetary stability. Russia was the first to bring its monetary unit back into definite relationship with gold, taking action in 1922. Austria and Germany followed in 1923, Great Britain in 1925, Belgium in 1926, and Italy in 1927. Nearly all of the neutrals and the smaller nationalities have pursued the same course during this period, with the result that to-day Spain, Jugoslavia, Portugal, Roumania, and Turkey remain the only countries on the Continent of Europe that have failed to adopt or resume the gold standard since the war. Switzerland is to all intents and purposes a gold-standard country.
>
> "Three courses have been followed by those countries which have returned to gold. England, which financed itself in the war preponderantly through taxation and whose currency as a result never declined as much as 50 per cent. in terms of gold, adopted the method of complete restoration of the pound sterling to prewar parity. Belgium and Italy 'revalorized' their currencies at new arbitrary levels, the former at about 14 per cent. of prewar value, the latter at about 27 per cent.; while Germany and Austria, that had carried inflation to its logical conclusion, resorted to complete repudiation of the prewar currencies, and set up new monetary units based on gold in their stead.
>
> "France has chosen the middle course of revalorization pursued by Belgium and Italy, its new unit being established at a gold weight working out to about 3.92 cents in American money, or almost exactly 20 per cent. of the prewar franc. Stabilization at that level comes about two years after the currency seemed definitely headed for extinction and repudiation, a fate from which it has unquestionably been saved only by the vigorous financial and political administration of Premier Poincaré.
>
> "When the Poincaré ministry took over the reins of government it found the financial situation one bordering on panic. The new Premier at once applied himself to balancing the budget through the imposition of additional taxation. A year and a half ago *de facto* stabilization was accomplished, and since that time, through the funding of the internal debt and the building up of gold balances throughout the world, the way has been carefully prepared for the return to the gold standard. How adequate those preparations have been is evidenced by the fact that France, presumably with the approval of the world's financial authorities, has been able to take this important step without recourse to foreign credits such as were advanced to England, Belgium, and Italy."

But the French Premier who has labored so hard to stabilize the franc does not escape a certain amount of censure at the hands of the Baltimore *Sun*. Says this paper:

> "It was Poincaré who, by his fatal decision to occupy the Ruhr, did most to depress the franc. In six months of his Premiership at that time its value fell from 7.4 cents to 5.8 cents. None can say to what extent the collapse of the franc was due to the French themselves, but certainly some of it must be divided between the administrations of Millerand, Leygues, Briand, Poincaré, Herriot, and Painlevé."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

FUNNY nobody ever goes in for a marathon plowing contest.—*Dallas News.*

THE Republicans built a solid platform without a single bolt.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

PRIMO DE RIVERA has decided not to get married. He will continue as dictator himself.—*Dallas News.*

WOMEN'S stockings may not be more durable than men's socks, but they have a longer run.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

TEN athletic events constitute a decathlon, says a contemporary. Our idea of a fine example is undressing in an upper berth.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

ONLY rival campaign managers understand how the wet issue is going to help the Democrats and assist the Republicans.—*Detroit News.*

THE wets and drys are so far apart that the bootleggers have plenty of room to pass between.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

A LOT of things that once were supposed to result in disgrace now result in a movie contract.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

ACCORDING to the ads in the health magazines, obesity seems to be the mother of invention.—*New Brunswick (Ga.) Pilot.*

IT is said that wool is now being made from pine needles. It has always felt that way to a sensitive epidermis.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

NOW it appears what is needed is a rescue party to rescue rescue parties that get lost trying to rescue rescue parties.—*Macon Telegraph.*

THE newspaper which exprest the wish that somebody would take Gene Tunney's set of Shakespeare away from him is hereby delegated as a committee of one to do it.—*Lynchburg News.*

UNDER our immigration laws a hundred Yaps have the right to enter this country. But only one has taken advantage of the situation. Maybe those folk think there are too many yaps here now.—*Portsmouth Times.*

BRULE may be pronounced "Brool" or "Broolay," says THE LITERARY DIGEST, but in any event the u is as oo in choose.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

IF the colleges are going in for intellectual championship contests, some provision should be made for the lightweight class.—*Springfield Republican.*

FIVE new Dollar Line ships are to be built. However, our sea voyaging is deferred until something happens in the five- and ten-cent line.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

A PROFESSOR says there are 200,000 useless words in the dictionary. But perhaps even these come handy in framing a political platform.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

A WOMAN flies from the United States to Europe, and then telephones back about it. If that doesn't epitomize the present era, what does?—*Christian Science Monitor.*

THE Democrats may profess to be fond of the farmers, but what a time they are going to have trying to make the Tammany tiger look at home in the barnyard.—*Detroit Free Press.*

WE are intensely interested in Senator Curtis and his Kaws.—*Ohio State Journal.*

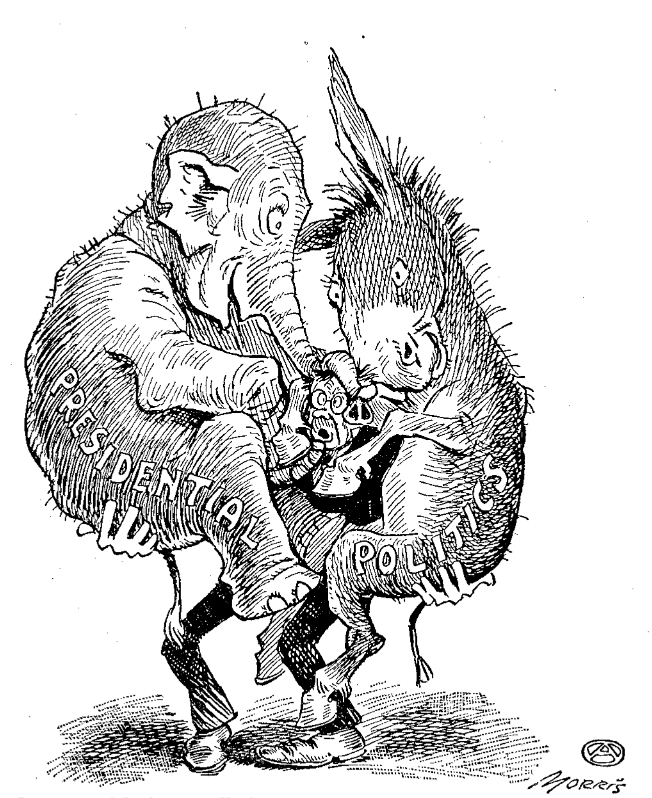
IT'S easy to pick out the best people. They'll help you do it.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

THE new mahout of the G. O. P. elephant probably expects to go tiger-hunting.—*Mobile Register.*

WE believe that eventually the entire Arctic region will be explored by hunting for explorers.—*Detroit News.*

LYNCHING has decreased considerably in America, we read. And yet they still have a number of saxophonists over there who are simply asking for it.—*Punch.*

DETECTIVE stuff: When you pass a house and smell a cake burning, it's a sign the house is on a party line.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*



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THERE WILL BE NO VACATION
THIS SUMMER FOR THE VOTER

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

THE new Italian tennis champion is Gasolini. How do you suppose he ever survives a match?—*Jackson News.*

THE politicians will never get around to the Prohibition issue as long as they can get around it.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

A BARGAIN sale is an arrangement whereby a woman can ruin one dress and buy another.—*Greenville Piedmont.*

WHEN a Mexican candidate doesn't win the office he's running for, he keeps right on running, if possible.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

AN explosive 30 per cent. more powerful than TNT has just been discovered and is expected to revolutionize Chicago elections.—*New York Evening Post.*

AN American has made more than $1,000,000 on lead pencils in Soviet Russia. This convinces us that at last the Bolsheviki are seriously undertaking to figure it out.—*Portland Oregonian.*

AN expert says that not one American woman in ten can pass a beauty test, and apparently as a result of that situation not one in ten can pass a beauty parlor.—*New York Evening Post.*

AT one time codfish formed the currency in Iceland. We are very glad that we didn't have to go round with the plate in church.—*Punch.*

CHINA, a history professor tells us, hasn't awakened yet, but she evidently is doing fairly well in the matter of walking in her sleep.—*Jackson News.*

WE read that Americans are sinking $1,000,000,000 a year in dubious financial schemes. The principal one of which is keeping up with the neighbors.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

HERBERT HOOVER is a peanut hound. He buys several bags a day. Which may explain the ease with which he made the elephant eat out of his hand.—*New York Sun.*

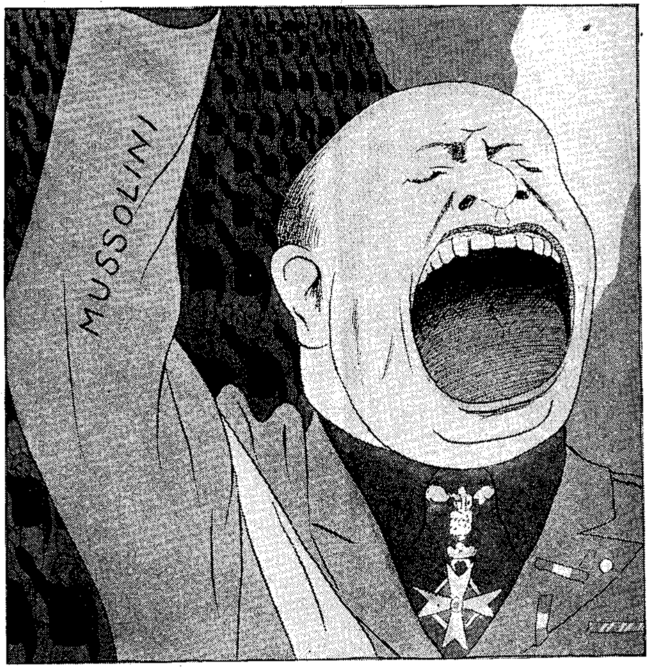
MR. HOOVER is responsible for supplying the new dictionaries with a verb, but unfortunately its school generation isn't old enough to get revenge at the polls.—*Dallas News.*

THE beekeepers of the State will meet here next month. There should be interesting reports on how the bees survived the Kansas City and Houston conventions.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

WHAT ALL THE SHOOTING WAS FOR IN JUGOSLAVIA

TREATIES AS SIGNS OF PEACE between nations are a recognized tradition, perhaps, but in the stormy Balkan region this tradition would seem to be contradicted. Thus, when the Jugoslav Government decided to submit to the Skupshtina—as the Jugoslav Parliament is known—certain Italian-Jugoslav treaties, called the Nettuno Pacts, it happened that Punica Ratchitch, a Montenegrin Deputy of the government party, decided to end opposition to the Cabinet by assassinating two leaders of the Croatian Peasant party and wounding four other Opposition deputies, one of them the fiery peasant chief, Stefan Raditch, during the full assembly of the session of Parliament. Zagreb (Croatia) press dispatches to the New York *Times* relate that by way of reprisal a crowd of 3,000 students, members of the Croatian Peasant party, attacked the café which is the headquarters of the Serbians in that city, and that in the student demonstrations 3 were killed, 40 wounded, and almost 200 arrested. Associated Press dispatches from the same city report that the trouble arose from demonstrations against Father Anton Koroshetz, Minister of the Interior, who is blamed by the rioters for all the bloodshed in the country, including the Belgrade assassination, and we read:



A GERMAN SLAM AT MUSSOLINI

"The gate of the Temple of Janus is again open."

—*Simplicissimus* (Berlin).

"Students and workmen joined in the demonstrations, and fought the police shoulder to shoulder when attempts were made to disperse the crowds. The police used their weapons freely.

"The students, assisted by some of the workmen, cut the power lines. A good part of the city was in darkness, adding to the confusion and general terror inspired by the continuous shooting. The whole city is in an uproar, and martial law will be proclaimed.

"To-night's disturbances began about 9 P. M. in front of the Corso Café, which is frequented by officials and politicians. The students and workmen smashed all the windows, threw the furniture into the street, and attacked the police with clubs, bricks, and revolvers. The police fired, killing three rioters and wounding many others.

"The rioters then rushed through the streets shouting imprecations. They attacked the Jagerhof Café, which also is patronized by government officials. The smashing of this establishment caused another battle with the police."

All Jugoslavia was thrown into mourning, according to Belgrade dispatches, which tell us further that the newspapers appeared in black borders, many stores, theaters, moving-picture houses, and cafés were closed, and tram-cars and trains temporarily ceased running. At the same time it is recorded that on recovering from the first shock of horror over the shooting in the Jugoslav Parliament, the entire nation was ready to make amends for the wild act of one of its legislators. Standing beside the body of her husband, we are informed, Mme. Paul Raditch sounded a note which is said to be finding an echo in all quarters. She declared: "Let Paul's life be the last sacrifice in the pacification of the Croats and Serbs." The Nettuno Pacts, the attempt to ratify which brought on all this bloodshed, are described by the semiofficial *Politika* of Belgrade as being designed "to settle many political, legal, administrative, and economic problems raised by the peace treaties and by the several conventions signed by Italy and Jugoslavia since the war." The settlement of these problems was not an easy one, this newspaper goes on to say, and therefore the ratification of the pacts was allowed to drag, "but they could not be permitted to remain in the air indefinitely, and that is why the Jugoslav Government made up its mind to submit them to Parliament for ratification." An Italian explanation of Jugoslavia's desire to ratify the Nettuno Pacts is given by the Rome *Tribuna*, which in a lengthy editorial explains that most of Jugoslavia's troubles are due to the fact that the Belgrade governments expected too much from France, received very little in actual support, and were forced to fall back on the next strongest Mediterranean Power, namely Italy. We read then:

"In Belgrade France had many friends who felt grateful for the support given them during the war. However, after the war, Jugoslavia needed a loan of $250,000,000, and France could not supply it. The Jugoslavs tried other markets without any greater success. They turned to London, but even there the French market made its opposition felt. It was France that helped create the incidents between Jugoslavia and Albania, Jugoslavia and Italy, Bulgaria and Greece, with the sole object of preventing the floating of the Jugoslav loan in London. This being the case the Jugoslavs now are bound to turn to London both financially and politically, and this is fully in accordance with Italian policy."

That the Jugoslav Nationalists do not fully agree with the above statement of the Italian paper was plainly shown as soon as the Nettuno treaties were submitted to the Belgrade Parliament. As seen in Greek eyes, the Athens *Eleftheron Vima* gives the following account of what happened in the Serbian capital when the decision of the Government became known:

"The Nettuno Pacts, allowing too many liberties and a very large measure of self-government and cultural independence to the Italian minorities living on Jugoslav territory, created a general protest throughout the new provinces of Jugoslavia. The students of Belgrade University being always the first to rise in any Nationalist movement, held a meeting in their club, in which they denounced the treaties and ended with the cry: 'Down with Mussolini! Down with Fascism, Long live Istria! Long live Jugoslavia!' The police tried to prevent the students from starting a parade, and it was then and there that the mounted police charged against them, only to be greeted by such shouts as 'Down with the Mussolini police! Down with the blind tools of Fascism. Down with Mussolini!'

"For a moment pandemonium reigned supreme. The students, having the crowds with them, yelled against the police, the gendarmes charged them with their swords, women shrieked, everything was in uproar. Among the cries heard in that night, one heard: 'Down with the police! Down with you grafters, . . . bandits, agents of Mussolini. . . . Go to Rome to get your decorations. . . . Down with Koroshetz [the Slavonian Minister of the Interior]. He is the gravedigger of Jugoslavia! Long live King Alexander!"

Four students were killed and five policemen, during those troubles. One might think that the more serious aspect of these events was over, when on the following day, at the opening of the session of the Skupshtina, the entire Opposition was up in arms. But we read again in the *Eleftheron Vima:*

"As soon as the Minister of Justice entered the Chamber, the Opposition greeted him with such cries as:

"'Down with the murderers! Where is the Premier? We are going to hang him right now. . . . Down with the grafters,' shouted the Croatians of Stefan Raditch. 'You have killed our boys. Parliament will not sit to-day. We all must go to the funeral of the boys. You have killed our patriotic youth. You are delivering Dalmatia to the Italians. Long live Jugoslavia. Long live Jugoslav Istria!'"

It was during the repetition of a similar scene that three deputies, including Paul Raditch, nephew of Stefan Raditch, were killed, while the old Croat leader himself was wounded seriously. While the above gives a fairly good idea of Jugoslav animosity against Italy, *Critica Fascista*, a Fascist organ, explains the entire problem from the Italian view, as follows:

"In a population of nearly eleven million people, there are more than three millions of non-Jugoslavs who live in that same territory. This is therefore the situation. We have on one hand three million Serbians, who are forced to keep on fighting in order to maintain their hegemony over four millions of Croats and Slovenes. And when this is the case of kindred populations, one may figure out for himself the lot of the other three million minorities, who refuse to amalgamate with the rest of the Jugoslav elements."

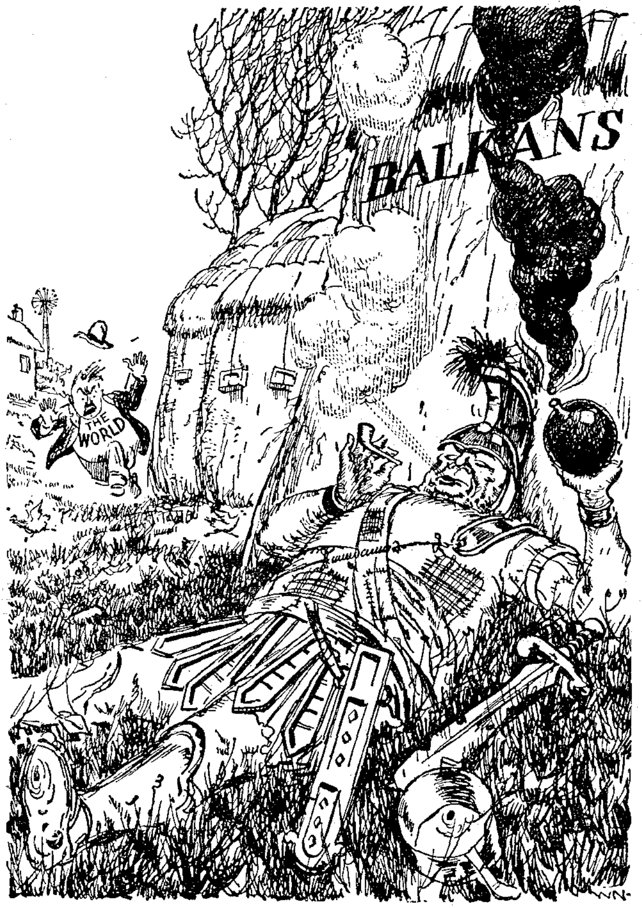
This paper then goes on to argue that "present-day Jugoslavia is divided into three zones, the first, Mediterranean and Adriatic, the second, Central European, and the third, strictly Balkan. Dalmatia with Montenegro forms the first of these zones. The second, containing the territories of old Serbia as constituted by the Berlin Treaty, forms the Central-European zone. The third, which is formed around the valley of the Vardar, is the Balkan zone." It adds that "the union of Dalmatia with Jugoslavia is antigeographic, and militates against history; that the Balkan section of Jugoslavia is the least progressive of the entire State; that Fiume is not the logical outlet of Jugoslavia, but the natural port of Hungary; that Saloniki is the normal outlet of nearly one-third of all Jugoslav territory, and that the other communications of Jugoslavia are through the waterways of the Danube and the Save rivers." We read then:

"From a political point of view, the Croats and the Slovenes dominate in the Central-European zone of Jugoslavia; and these populations are opposing the centralizing influences of Serbia. For the same reasons the Albanians of the west and the Bulgaro-Macedonians of the East are fighting their way out of the Jugoslav State. And the same holds true of the southern Macedonians, who are gravitating toward Greece. This being the case it is only natural that the Dalmatians are following the fortunes of the Adriatic, that is to say of Italy."

The chief hope for improvement, thinks the London *Saturday Review*, lies in negotiations, which are proceeding between France and Italy, and in the possibility that a settlement of the outstanding differences between those two great Powers may lead to a complete clearing up of the Italian-Jugoslav situation. And it is further observed that:

"A heavy responsibility lies, too, on England. No one who has been in Italy lately can have failed to observe that the one European Power which has any influence on Fascist policy is England. Hitherto that influence has been wisely used in the cause of peace, but it has been used in such a tactful way that the Fascist rank and file are firmly persuaded that Italy enjoys the full diplomatic support of this country. There are many questions in the Adriatic that cry for urgent settlement, and have been allowed to drift. There is some ground for believing that more energetic British action in Rome would be the best means of effecting an amelioration in Italo-Jugoslav relations. Much as one may admire the achievements of the Duce, there is nothing to be gained by closing one's eyes to the fact that Italian imperialism constitutes the greatest menace to European peace to-day."

The really dangerous feature in the "feud" between Jugoslavia and Italy, in the view of the London *Economist*, is its interlocking with the problem of Franco-Italian relations. This issue, we are told, has for its arena the whole basin of the Mediterranean from the Balkan Peninsula to Tangier, and it extends to such grave matters as the naval competition between the two Mediterranean Powers; their rivalry for influence in the Iberian Peninsula as well as in the Balkans; and the perpetual incidents arising out of the presence of Italian emigrants—and *emigrés*—in formidable numbers in territories under the French flag, both in North Africa and European France itself. *The Economist* proceeds as follows:



NO PLACE TO PLAY WITH FIRE

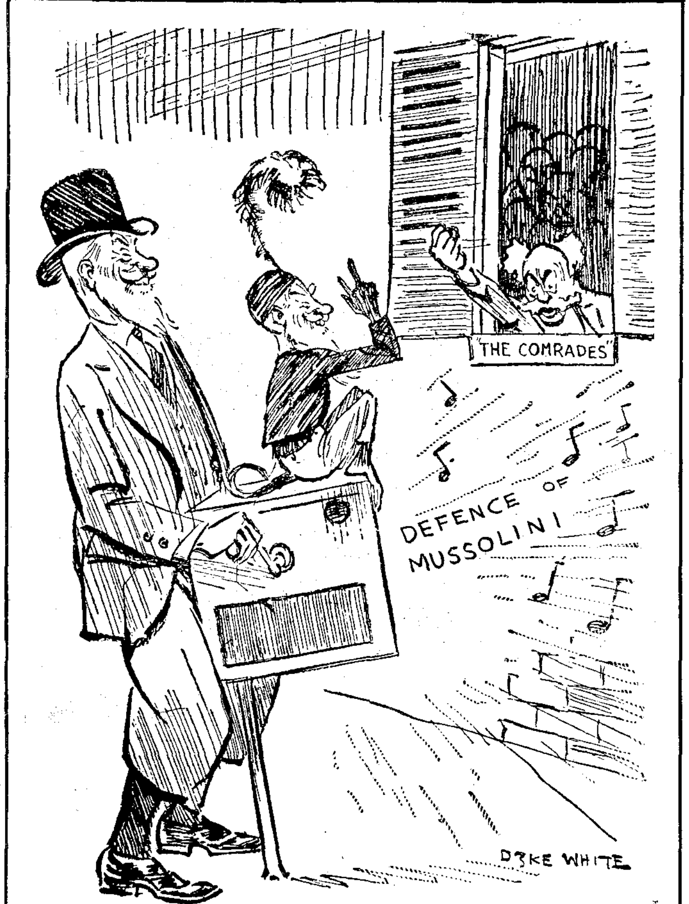
THE WORLD: "Hey, you——! Get out of there! Want to set the whole place ablaze again?"

—*The Bulletin* (Glasgow).

"It is these wider ramifications of the controversy between Italy and Jugoslavia which make any increase in the tension between those two States alarming. Happily there are also strong forces at work in favor of a *détente*. For example, Signor Mussolini's bark has hitherto invariably proved worse than his bite. Then, again, the Jugoslav Government is evidently bent on conciliation—a fact which has to be set against the passionateness of the anti-Italian feeling which unfortunately seems to be prevalent among the Jugoslav people. A third force that is working in favor of peace is the statesmanship which the French Government has steadily displayed—a statesmanship which in this case has been admirably supported throughout by the self-restraint and the good sense of the French people."

G. B. S. AS WOMAN'S GUIDE

THE REPRESENTATIVE MAN of his generation is what George Bernard Shaw is called by some of his admirers, who say that his big book on Socialism, on which he has worked for several years, is an event in the history of our time, and they speak of him as being in our day what Voltaire and Ibsen were in theirs. As these predecessors, they claim, he has had the good fortune to say, with wit and logic, throughout a well spent and combative youth, at first to a scornful and negligent world, what men were at last willing to believe before his hair was white. The preface to the latest literary production of Mr. Shaw, "The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism" (Brentano's), is described as "a foreword for American readers," in which we find these characteristic Shavian remarks:



WHEN SHAW PRAISED MUSSOLINI

SOCIALIST VOICES FROM THE WINDOW: "Take your confounded monkey and organ out of this!"

—*Daily Record and Mail* (Glasgow).

"I have been asked whether there are any intelligent women in America. There must be; for politically the men there are such futile gossips that the United States could not possibly carry on unless there were some sort of practical intelligence back of them. But I will let you into a secret which bears on this point. By this book I shall get at the American men through the American women. In America as in England every male citizen is supposed to understand politics and economics and finance and diplomacy and all the rest of a democratic voter's business on the strength of a Fundamentalist education that excites the public scorn of the Sioux chiefs who have seen their country taken from them by pale-faced lunatics. He is ashamed to expose the depths of his ignorance by asking elementary questions; and I dare not insult him by volunteering the missing information. But he has no objection to my talking to his wife as to one who knows nothing of these matters: quite the contrary. And if he should chance to overhear—! ! !"

What was not good enough for the intelligent man is now served up by Mr. Shaw for the intelligent woman, observes with sarcasm the London *Morning Post*, which recalls that H. G. Wells unkindly described the Fabian Socialists—of whom Mr. Shaw has long been noted as an able spokesman—as being "a very small group of pedants who believe that fair ends may be reached by foul means." The description, according to this famous Unionist London daily, is "characteristically ill-mannered," and it adds that it would prefer to say, "at least of one Fabian, that he believes that the fair sex may be reached by false logic." We read then:

"In particular we have that favorite fallacy, always used to disarm the simple-minded, which confounds all collective or national enterprises with Socialism, and argues that because the Post-office has not brought utter ruin to the country, Socialism is reasonable and possible. The Post-office, as the intelligent man would at once reply, is not Socialism. It was created, in the first place, out of money made by private enterprise, which it is used to facilitate; it is run on the principle of unequal rewards for unequal services, which Mr. Bernard Shaw condemns as the negation of Socialism. What Mr. Shaw desires to set up is something entirely different from the collective enterprises of a 'capitalist' society; he proposes to appropriate by law the whole wealth of the country and divide the income equally among all; it is this, and not nationalization, which he must prove to be possible. All his attempts to prove it rest on the fundamental fallacy that the wealth which has been created and maintained upon one system would continue to exist and would be available for division under another. The truth is that wealth does not continuously exist; it is continually wasting (as he recognizes) and continually being recreated by 'private enterprise'; by the application of brains, capital, and labor; by industry and organization, in a struggle against nature and against other men; so that if the conditions of its creation were to be changed, as Mr. Shaw proposes, the wealth would run like water into the earth and disappear, and leave us all face to face with starvation."

In this stout volume of nearly 500 pages, notes the London *Daily Mail*, Mr. Shaw addresses to the woman voter the gospel he has preached all his life. It is impossible not to admire the consistency Mr. Shaw has maintained through changing circumstances, it is asserted, and he is entitled to his "proud apologia," from which this newspaper cites the following:

"You had better know whom you are dealing with. I am a landlord and capitalist, rich enough to be supertaxed; and in addition I have a special sort of property called literary property, for the use of which I charge people exactly as a landlord charges rent for his land. I object to inequality of income not as a man with a small income but as one with a middling big one.

"But I know what it is to be a proletarian, and a poor one at that. I have worked in an office; and I have pulled through years of professional unemployment, some of the hardest of them at the expense of my mother. I have known the extremes of failure and of success. The class in which I was born was the most unlucky of all classes: the class that claims gentility and is expected to keep up its appearances without more than the barest scrap and remnant of property to do it on.

"I intrude these confidences on you because it is as well that you be able to allow for my personal bias. The rich often write about the poor, and the poor about the rich, without really knowing what they are writing about. I know the whole gamut from personal experience, short of actual hunger and homelessness, which should never be experienced by anybody. If I cry sour grapes, you need not suspect that they are only out of my reach; they are all in my hand at their ripest and best."

As has been noted above, the doctrines that Mr. Shaw expounds are those of the Fabian Society, and *The Daily Mail* comments that this is not "Socialism in our time" but Socialism by slow and ordered stages. To quote Mr. Shaw: "Nothing is ever done and much is prevented by people who do not realize that they can not do everything at once." He abhors revolution, we are told, and by way of illustration this journal quotes Mr. Shaw's observation that:

"A monarchy may be changed into a republic, or an oligarchy into a democracy, or one oligarchy supplanted by another, if the people who favor the change kill enough of the people who oppose it to intimidate the rest; and when the change is made you may have factions fighting instead of voting for the official posts of power and honor until, as in South America in the nineteenth century, violent revolutions become so common that other countries hardly notice them; but no extremity of fighting or killing can alter the distribution of wealth or the means of producing it."

In a labor weekly, the London *New Leader*, H. N. Brailsford reminds us that it is fifty years since the Fabian gospel was first preached, and he adds that while most of us are familiar with Mr. Shaw's approach to Socialism, in this book for the first time he has worked it out as a connected system, and we read:

"It plainly is, in its origins, a revolt against poverty. The indignation at the spectacle of this massive poverty around us has long ago ceased to be an emotion: it has stimulated a searching analysis of the foundations and assumptions of the industrial system, on which has been built a prescription and a tactic for the new order. This description may possibly offend Mr. Shaw, who believes himself to be, above all else, a reasoning being. 'Do not' (he abjures us in one revealing passage) 'let your mind be disabled by excessive sympathy.' But whether he writes about poverty or about vivisection, one suspects that Mr. Shaw is at bottom a deeply emotional being. He is English enough (tho he was born an Irishman) to be shy and ashamed of emotion. It is none the less invariably with him the starting-point in the creative process which ends in an essay, or a discussion-play, from which almost every trace of feeling has been stript.

"But men never reason so well as Mr. Shaw can reason, unless emotion goads them on. And here and there, in this book, the mask of cold rationalism is dropt, and the real Shaw flashes out. One detects him when he tells us that we must learn 'how one fashionably drest woman may cost the lives of ten babies.' Rationalism does not use this concrete language. The instinctive man speaks as simply and as well, when he writes about prostitution.

"In this ethical approach Mr. Shaw carries on the tradition of the eighteenth-century reformers. A nation has only to understand that poverty is an evil, and presently its brains can be cudgeled into adopting Mr. Shaw's formula, that salvation lies in an equality of incomes. On this, inevitably, is based a constitutional tactic. It may be that Mr. Shaw and the Fabians are in this approach so characteristically English, that they have hit upon the only method which fits our historical preparation. Mr. Shaw is well aware of the risk that a privileged directive class may, even in England, resist the equalization of incomes by violence, but he answers, as most of us do, that even in that event we are resolved to restrain our own violence to the defensive."

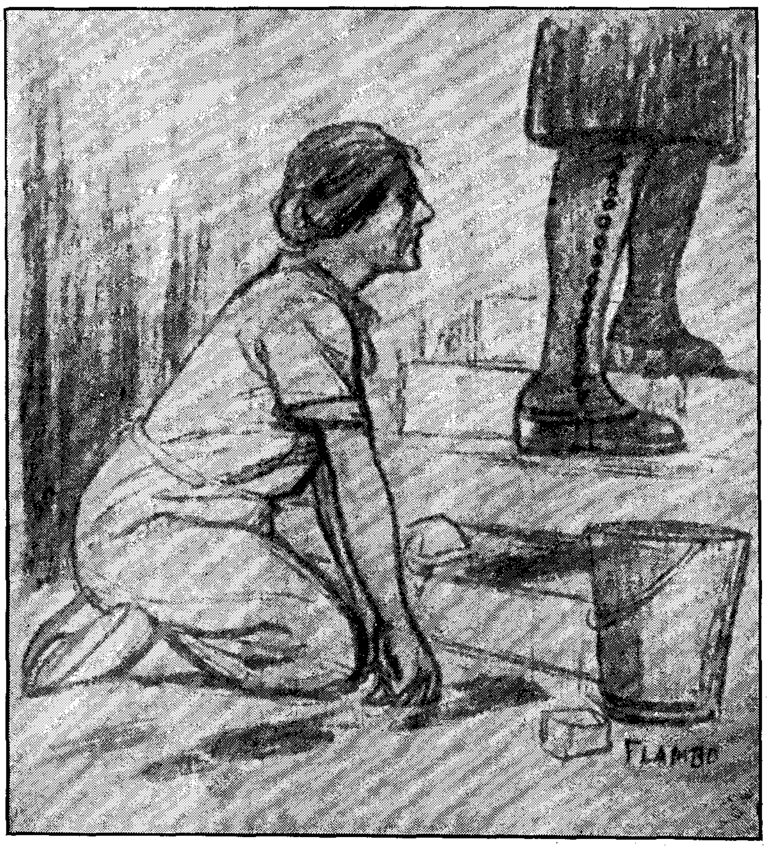
Many readers of Mr. Shaw will recall that some months ago he gave utterance to his admiration for Mussolini, with the result that he was subjected to caustic criticism by those who differed from him in their estimate of the Italian Premier. He makes frequent allusion to Mr. Mussolini in his book, chiefly by way of illustration, and perhaps the following will serve to show his appraisal of the reason for being Italy's dictator:

"Signor Mussolini, a Socialist, has overridden Parliament in Italy, his followers having established what is called a reign of terror by frank violence.

"These repudiations of constitutionalism in Spain and Italy have been made, not to effect any definite social change, but because the Spanish and Italian governments had become so unbearably inefficient that the handiest way to restore public order was for some sufficiently energetic individuals to take the law into their own hands and just break people's heads if they would not behave themselves. And it may quite possibly happen that even if the most perfect set of Fabian Acts of Parliament for the constitutional completion of Socialism in this country be passed through Parliament by duly elected representatives of the people; swallowed with wry faces by the House of Lords; and finally assented to by the King and placed on the statute book, the capitalists may, like Signor Mussolini, denounce Parliament as unpatriotic, pernicious, and corrupt, and try to prevent by force the execution of the Fabian Acts."

AN EAST INDIAN PROBLEM OF ETIQUETTE

WHEN A WOMAN'S A WOMAN and when she's a lady, is an old-time question that has been brought to renewed attention by the Calcutta *Statesman*. It seems that one of its readers, having noticed in the report of a street accident a reference to "a European woman," wrote to inquire whether *The Statesman* would like "our wife or sister to be called a 'woman' in print." This Calcutta journal frankly ventures to declare that "our female relatives as well as ourselves would bear up under this presumably accurate description."



ONE OF BERNARD SHAW'S QUESTIONS

"What is the comparative value to the community of an Archbishop and a charwoman?" —*New Leader* (London).

At the same time it calls attention to the fact that this letter is evidence of the strong persistence of custom, and it goes on to say:

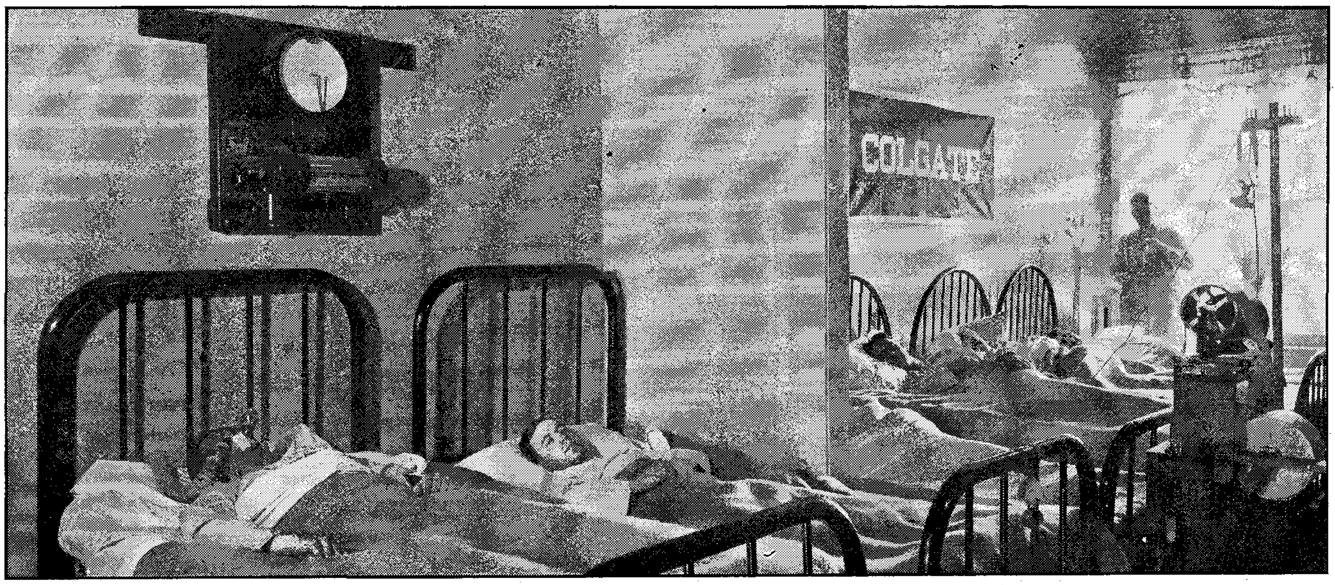
"There was a time when people liked to be described as ladies and gentlemen, but even before Queen Victoria died there were those who disliked it, and we should have thought that they had for some time been a majority. Not many years ago, it is true, *The Statesman* received a solicitor's letter demanding compensation to the tune of Rs. 25,000 from an aggrieved 'gentleman' who had been inadvertently referred to as a 'man.' [An East Indian rupee is normally worth thirty-two cents.] He received an apology for being so incorrectly described, but whether he saw the point is doubtful. The bright young things of to-day seem to think that even Mr., Mrs., Miss, and Esq. are superfluous verbiage, survivals of ancient hypocrisies, and many prefer to use only their name. There is something to be said for this practise.

"Gilbert uttered the last word of wisdom on the too general use of honorifics:

"Where cloth of gold's the only wear
Up goes the price of shoddy.
Where everyone is somebody
There no one's any body.

"When the charwoman became the charlady, there was no longer any special point in being a lady. So women of sense, including charwomen, who are nearly all sensible, now prefer to be just women."

SCIENCE AND INVENTION



Photographs by courtesy of Science Service, Washington, D. C., and Prof. Donald A. Laird

SLEEPING FOR SCIENCE: SCENE IN THE SLEEP LABORATORY

The instrument on the wall is a recording psychrometer for charting automatically the temperature and humidity of the sleeping chambers every minute of the night. The face of the sleeper on the bed to the left is covered with a mask for collecting breath exhaled from his lungs, which is immediately analyzed by technicians in the room just back of the bed to determine the rate at which the sleeper burns energy.

HOW WE SLEEP

THAT A BED MAY BE TOO SOFT; that early sleep is soundest; that most of us sleep too little; that a sudden loud noise may alter a sleeper's blood-pressure, tho it does not awaken him—these are some of the things discovered by Dr. Donald A. Laird, of Colgate University, in his "sleep laboratory" in a long series of experiments in which his students have aided, both as subjects and as observers. Writes Dr. Laird in Science Service's *Science News-Letter* (Washington):

"Rip Van Winkle slept for twenty years. This record is surpassed by the average man who lives out his allotted three score years and ten, for the seventy-year-old person has spent more than twenty-five years in sleep.

"Sleep overtakes an individual at the close of his day's work, and after about eight hours it releases its hold. Beyond this the average person and most scientists know little. Scientific workers who have devoted their time to intensive studies of sleep number scarcely a dozen since the beginning of the scientific era; while in contrast there are at the present moment more than a hundred scientists working on how to make the face more attractive by surgical procedures.

"At the Psychological Laboratory of Colgate University we have been trying to find out all we can about sleep, especially what is practical and best.

"Beginning three years ago at Colgate, volunteer subjects slept in quarters that the fraternity houses loaned us for temporary use. The investigation has grown and expanded from that beginning, until next year an entire ten-room house will be used for the sleep laboratory.

"Since the field has been practically untouched it has been necessary to plan and construct much apparatus for studying what goes on in people while they sleep, and how sleep can be made most restful.

"Some of the apparatus is constructed so that time is measured not merely in seconds or tenths of seconds, but in thousandths of seconds.

"In measuring muscular relaxation, which appears to be of paramount importance in restful sleep, we have had to devise other instruments which will tell us the effect a single twitch of a finger has upon the total muscular relaxation of the sleeper's body.

"We have had to develop special methods to measure the exact amount of bodily energy expended when doing work after sleep of various kinds and amounts.

"The greatest difficulty in the experimental work is in the loss of sleep it demands from those being experimented upon and those doing the experimenting. It is somewhat of a lark to stay up unusually late one night. But when the experimenters request that you get along with six hours of sleep every night for a month in place of the eight you have been accustomed to having, the fun disappears the second night about ten o'clock. Nevertheless, we were able to get some students to make this sleep sacrifice without credit or pay three years ago.

"We have also had our 'human guinea pigs' sleep with a gas-mask glued to their faces for a half year of nights at a time so that we could make chemical analyses of the expired air the whole night long. In this particular case the more severe hardship fell upon those making the experiments, since they had to keep wide awake all night to make accurate determinations of the energy expenditure of those enjoying sleep. Two subjects sleeping peacefully with gas-masks will keep ten others awake making the chemical analyses of exhaled breath collected through the masks.

"Other cruel and inhuman practises are essential in order to discover the what and why of sleep. Imagine yourself, for instance, being awakened at four o'clock this morning and put through strenuous tests for an hour and a half on this incomplete amount of sleep; tests which range from how much electricity is needed to shock you, to lifting weights with your middle finger every second until you are exhausted and unable to lift even an ounce.

"Then further imagine that you are awakened for the same work at three o'clock two mornings later, then at two o'clock, and so on until all the hours of your sleeping period have been tabulated and charted. It takes considerable determination to stick through a job like that when you also have your regular work to do during the daytime, when sensible people work exclusively. But you can never fully appreciate the complete pleasure of a long Sunday morning sleep until you have been through a semester or two of such work.

"It comes to many people as somewhat of a surprize to find that another hardship is changing from a medium-soft, comfortable bed to a hard and sagging bed. This demands more will power in some cases than to cut down on one's hours of sleep. But sleeping in uncomfortable beds is just another of the cruel and inhuman things we require of our subjects from time to time, altho there are thousands of people complacently sleeping on beds far from comfortable or right, and blissfully ignorant of the fact. Since our boys have slept around on different combinations of mattresses and springs in the laboratory, they have found that differences in the restfulness of two beds may be as marked as changes in the weather.

"The best bed combination to sleep upon to obtain most restfulness seems to be a medium-soft bed with a large number of vertically placed coil springs. A bed which sags keeps muscles under tension, and does not allow for a desirable amount of restfulness.

"We were somewhat astonished to find that a bed can be too soft, especially for the person of above average weight. In some of the tests seven hours' sleep on some beds gave a recovery equal to eight hours on other beds. The type of spring and mattress found in practically all college dormitories gives a poor sleeping combination. A praiseworthy charity to undertake on a national scale is to replace these, since a poorly rested person is the weak-willed person."

PROFESSOR LAIRD

Conducting the investigation of slumber.

Dr. Laird and his students find that the old idea that sleep is deepest the first few hours expresses the truth. It does not matter whether the first two or three hours come before or after midnight. More noise is necessary to awaken a person during the first hours of his sleep. If he is awakened it is harder for him to keep awake. Intense bodily rebuilding activities are taking place. And recovery of ability to do strenuous tests appears more marked after the first two or three hours' sleep than during the following six hours. He continues:

"It is probably fortunate that we can not do away with the first two hours' sleep. Otherwise some people trying to cheat nature might do as the Irishman who enlisted in the Army and found that his blanket was so short that when it covered his feet it did not reach to his chin. So he cut six inches from the bottom of his blanket and sewed it to the top.

"We have also found that if you cut down on sleep you will probably have to pay a price for it. After the loss of even two hours' sleep we have found that difficult mental work is adversely affected, and almost invariably more calories of bodily energy are required to do the work than were needed when the regular amount of sleep had been maintained.

"Napoleon is sometimes cited as having got along on unusually small amounts of sleep. But we must remember he was a broken man at the age most men are in their prime. Regarding the small amount of sleep Thomas A. Edison is said to take, Harvey Firestone says he has a good laugh every time he hears the story. Edison has always taken innumerable catnaps during the day, and altho his night sleep may have been short, his total daily amount was that of the average man.

"There are indications that the average person is not getting enough sleep to fill nature's requirements. This is evidenced by the need of alarm clocks to get many people started on the day's work, and by the wide-spread popularity of getting caught up on sleep on Sunday mornings.

"Many changes unknown to the individual take place during sleep. When a noisy taxicab passes a sleeper's window, for instance, there is a change in his blood-pressure caused by the noise, altho the sleeper is not awakened at the time. Between four and six o'clock in the morning, when sleep is light, these disturbances, which we do not consciously sense, are responsible for the predicament of many persons who wake and toss about restlessly. The crash of a garbage can onto a paved alley or the passing of the milkman have caused many worries about 'what's the matter with me that I always wake up at five o'clock lately?'

"With each question about sleep we have answered, the answer has raised a dozen new questions which are important and which can be answered in turn only by experiments. We have discovered, for instance, that during the first two hours of sleep there are some rather intense body rebuilding activities taking place. What these are we do not know, and moreover this is a question to be answered by the chemist. Chemists working in the United States Public Health Service and at the University of Chicago have not found what this chemical rebuilding is.

"A race which does without sleep, however, is well on the road to a race of mentally disordered people, probably within the first generation, for sleep is not merely a great restorative, but its dreams are often a safety valve for sanity. So when such a pill appears, if ever, I would warn you still to take no substitute for real sleep, lots of it, under the best conditions, and dream pleasantly to your heart's content."

THE EARTH'S POPULATION LIMIT

THIS IS YET FAR DISTANT, asserts Dr. Bader, in *L'Ere Nouvelle* (Paris), relying on the calculations of two German geographers, who estimate that, altho Europe is 80 per cent. full, the earth as a whole could support a population of, at least, five times its present size. We read:

"Some time ago Prof. Albert Penck, a Berlin geographer of wide repute, demonstrated, in the course of a series of scientific lectures, using authoritative statistics, that the fear of the approaching overpopulation of our planet, often exprest, is entirely without foundation. In fact, the earth to-day has but a fraction of the population that it is able to shelter and feed.

"At the present time the earth is inhabited by 1,800 millions of human beings. Penck concludes that, taken together, the continents offer the means of subsistence to 8 billions of persons at least. The present population of the globe would, therefore, only be about one-fifth of the maximum.

"Another German geographer, also an eminent authority on this subject, Prof. Alois Fischer, declares that according to his own calculations the earth's population could never exceed 6,200 millions. Thus, even accepting these more modest figures, we see that the earth is still very far from overpopulation.

"We must admit, however, that for some of the continents, considered separately, conditions are quite different. So far as Europe is concerned, Penck and Fischer agree in declaring that, in the relatively near future, the population there will reach the critical limit. According to Fischer, Europe can feed 560 millions of people, at best. Now it already has 460 millions—about 80 per cent. of its capacity even now! Conditions are infinitely more favorable for the other continents. Asia could support 1,500 millions, according to Fischer; 1,700, Penck says. Its actual population is 1,030 millions, or about 70 per cent. of its capacity.

"In America, conditions differ in North and South America. South America could support an increased population of 1,200 millions beyond the present total. In North America the situation is less favorable. The present population, which is 145 millions, would stand an increase of 800 millions, on Fischer's estimate, or 1,100 millions, on Penck's.

"Africa and Australia offer the greatest possibilities in the way of increased population. Penck calculates that Africa is able to support 2,300 millions of souls, while it now has only 140 millions. Fischer puts the maximum at 1,560 millions.

"Australia has now only 9 millions of inhabitants and could support 450 millions more!

"Altho old Europe is filled up to 80 per cent. of her total capacity, Africa and Australia have reached respectively only 7 and 2 per cent. The perspectives opened for the human race are thus more reassuring."

BUILDINGS BURNED TO TEST SAFES

TWO BUILDINGS, ONE FIVE STORIES HIGH, in the heart of Washington, and within less than a mile of the White House, were burned to the ground on Sunday, June 17, while firemen stood by and watched. No effort was made to save the buildings, tho they contained large amounts of lumber and other material, as well as thirty-five safes, filled with records. The fire was started by S. H. Ingberg, Bureau of Standards scientist, but, altho police were present, no effort was made to arrest him for arson. Says Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

"This unusual fire was made as a scientific experiment, part of a series made by the fire-protection section of the Bureau of Standards, of which Mr. Ingberg is in charge. Previous tests have been made in a large concrete chamber of the Bureau, but never before has it been possible to make a careful study of conditions at a full-sized fire, for which preparation had been made months in advance.

"With the demolition of many old buildings in Washington, in the triangle south of Pennsylvania Avenue, in order to make way for the Government's extensive building program, the idea was conceived of burning one or more as an experiment. Thus the expense and trouble of wrecking them by the ordinary means was saved, and at the same time data of great value to manufacturers of safes, engineers, and architects have been obtained.

"The two buildings were at 1007 and 1009 Little B Street, opposite the north side of the National Museum, and between the Capitol and the White House. One was two stories high, 22 feet wide, and 75 feet deep, while the other was five stories high and 30 by 75 feet. Both had brick walls, and open-joisted wood floors, about an inch thick, and very few partitions. The elevator shafts were open, and the stairways inadequately protected. According to the Bureau officials they were typical of the non-fire resistive type of structure built some years ago, and still very common in American cities. Until last fall they had been used as warehouses.

"All the surrounding buildings had been completely demolished several months ago. The two under test were loaded with waste lumber and such material, the weights varying from 7½ to 30 pounds per square foot of floor area. Thirty-five safes, submitted by various manufacturers, were placed at different locations in the buildings. These were numbered inside the doors to permit of identification. They were filled with useless records, so as to determine the degree of protection that they afforded. Each safe also contained a thermometer to record the highest temperature within during the fire, and a clock arranged to stop with a heavy jar. These give records of the time at which each safe fell through the burned-out floor to the ground below.

"Mr. Ingberg and his associates observed the fire from a 'dug-out' in an old boiler-room near by. By means of thermocouples placed in open spaces at fifty advantageous points within the burning buildings, and at forty-five points in the débris, connected by wires with instruments in the dugout, the temperatures were measured electrically.

"Tho this conflagration had been planned since last December, no public announcement was made beforehand, in order that there would be no crowds of spectators to hinder the work, and possibly be in danger. Only newspaper men, firemen and policemen, and others immediately concerned with the work, were admitted. As the fire was started at five o'clock on Sunday morning, most Washingtonians were still asleep while it was taking place, and did not learn of it until it was over. The alarm had been received by the fire department long before it started, so companies, with apparatus, were stationed at several points near by to prevent any possibility of other fires being started."

Photograph by Science Service

"A SCIENTIFIC FIREBUG"

S. H. Ingberg, chief of the fire protection section of the U. S. Bureau of Standards, who set fire to the two buildings burned to test fireproof safes, surveying the scene of the fire.

SKY-SCRAPER SCARES UNWARRANTED

OUR SKY-SCRAPERS, BUILT AROUND STEEL skeletons, are both safe and durable, concludes an editorial writer in *The Scientific American* (New York), despite recent criticisms from over the water. Periodically, he says, some one feels called upon to warn America that its towering sky-scrapers lack permanence, and are doomed to a rather early decay. He goes on:

"The latest warning comes from the other side of the Atlantic, and from no less an authority than Sir Edwin Lutyens, one of the most eminent of British architects. He tells us that we 'build for to-day without any thought of the future,' and goes on to say that 'it is difficult for an outsider to understand why American builders give ironwork so little protection, leaving it exposed to atmospheric penetration. They will not, in fact,' says he, 'stand more than forty years at the outside, because their supports will be so badly weakened by rust and disintegration.'

"Talk such as this is so far from the truth as to be perfectly ridiculous, and we wondered where this critic had obtained his information, until on a second reading of his criticisms, we found that he mentioned certain rust-eaten ironwork of Madison Square Garden which was revealed when that building was found, after forty years of life, to be in very fine condition. The rusted ironwork was some unprotected steel framework in the tower which was exposed to the weather and had been completely neglected.

"As a matter of fact, the modern steel-and-masonry American tower building should, if properly cared for, measure its life by centuries. We say the 'modern' building, because the steel framework of some of the very first sky-scrapers was not protected with the meticulous care with which it is safeguarded to-day, but even in the case of those early buildings, when they came to be torn down after nearly half a century of use, it was found that the steel work was in good condition.

"American architects have developed the masonry-steel office building to meet the conditions of our commercial and industrial life. Its great and apparently still-increasing height is not due to any spirit of vainglory—on the contrary, we have carried these buildings to such daring heights on well-considered commercial grounds. Concentration around bank, municipal, and Federal buildings was desirable, and the only way to keep fairly close was to go very high. So much for that."

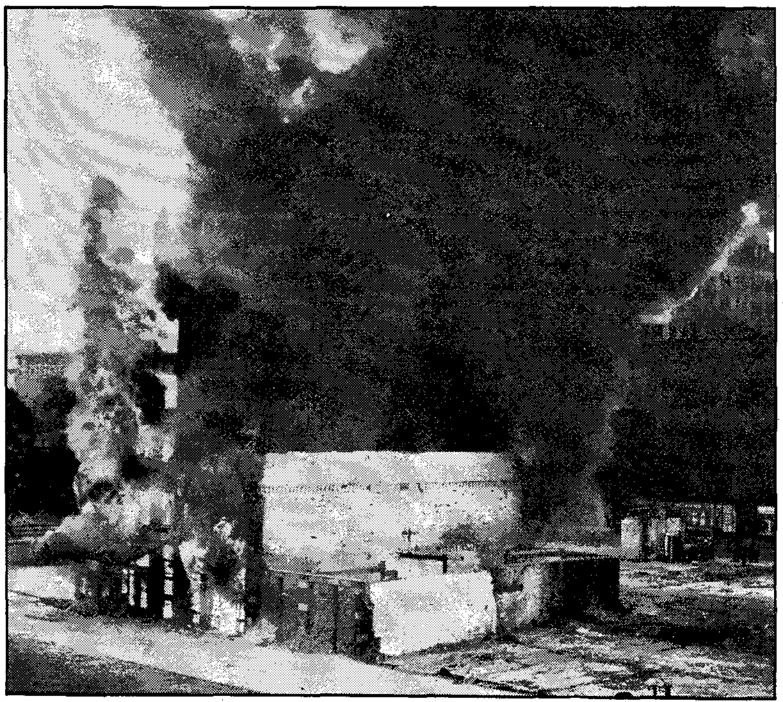
If Sir Edwin Lutyens had taken the trouble to look into the matter, the editor goes on to say, he would have found that tall buildings have many advantages:

"Thus, there is an exact knowledge of the loads and the consequent stresses throughout the structure, including those bending stresses which are due to storms. Again there is an exact knowledge of the strength of the fabricated steel; the calculated loads are carried by material of which we know the elastic limit and the crushing strength.

"The principal loads are static, and the horizontal wind pressures are so small compared with the vertical loads that even they may be considered as more static than dynamic. There can never be such a thing as failure by fatigue of the steel in such a building; for its maximum loading is far below the elastic strength of the steel and, therefore, can never curtail its useful life. So far as failure of the steel due to atmospheric action is concerned, this can be ruled out at once in considering any first-class modern steel and masonry building. The steel shapes are painted at the shops, painted again as they are being built into the office building frame, and then they are thoroughly enclosed with atmosphere-resisting material, such as terra-cotta or fine concrete."

THE VOICE OF THE INAUDIBLE

THE LATEST PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION of the sensitivity of plants, given in London by Sir Jagadis Bose, Hindu plant-physiologist, are described in *The Spectator* (London) by F. Yeats-Brown under the above title. Mr. Yeats-Brown does not agree with the eminent American botanist who calls the Bose experiments unscientific. He sees in them a proof of the unity of living forces throughout creation, and believes that they "have intellectual and philosophical, as well as purely medical, consequences of the greatest importance." His account of the electrocution of a mimosa plant, which is quoted in part, below, has a touch of the epic. Mr. Yeats-Brown chants:



Photograph by Science Service

AT THE HEIGHT OF THE BLAZE

The two buildings burned by the Bureau of Standards in Washington to test fire-proof safes. A stranger who arrived in Washington at this juncture thought that the whole city was on fire, and was even more alarmed when he arrived at the scene and found firemen calmly watching it, and playing water everywhere but on the blaze.

"In the heart of trees and plants runs a rhythm as planned, as orderly, as susceptible to the shudder of fear or to the jubilance of life as the pulse that beats in our own veins. Sir Jagadis Bose has told us that the stream of thought which has enriched mankind throughout the centuries flows toward unity and interdependence in all creation.

"Our senses can not record these hidden things of the field and forest, but they exist none the less. New types of super-sensitive recorders, magnifying more than a million times, which Sir Jagadis has recently evolved, are now revealing the profundities of plant life. We need not understand plant physiology in order to follow the drift of his thought.

"Beyond the world of our senses, we have always been told of paradisal fields. In plant physiology, exploration leads us to altitudes beyond which we may not go, but they do not seem so chilly. We may see the heart-beat of a frog, or the peristalsis of a plant, or the death-struggle of a mimosa in the electric chair. They widen our consciousness and stretch our imagination. When you have seen the shuddering twitch of cellular contraction that takes place in the electrocuted mimosa, you will realize the range of your own ignorance of what happens on this earth, above and below our 'numbed conceiving.'

"The martyr mimosa is now being strapped in its death-chair, with moist bands of linen to heighten the flow of current that will kill it. An S-shaped ray of light on the screen shows us her quiescent cells, living their lives as best they may. Now a feeble current is sent through the body, and the atomic universes of which the mimosa is composed are swayed by a new impulse.

"Watch the cataclysm. A high-voltage current drones through the machine like the thunders of a tiny Apocalypse. We hear the destroying voice. We see the S on the screen being jerked leftward as she dies. It is dark in the hall. There is the growl of the destroyer—Electricity. There is Bose with a billiard cue, pointing silently to the light of the mimosa's life, twitching away. It is off the screen now. One more growl. Another convulsion—the light has run right round to the back of the hall—to the back of beyond, if I may use so convenient and unscientific a phrase. The switch is unmade. We probe the plant again. It is still, with the stillness of eternity. Once more the current is passed through its cells, but the voice of death has spoken. There is no response from the luminous record of the mimosa. A little universe has gone. Has it suffered in its passing? Who can say?

"'There has been a prevailing idea,' says Bose, 'that plants are inexcitable and insensitive to blows from outside.' That world of delusion has now been dispelled. We are at the brink of great discoveries, he tells us, regarding the properties of drugs, whose action can be studied very conveniently on plants, now that the general similarity of their response to that of animals has been proved. There is a range of Indian plants with medicinal properties hitherto unsuspected awaiting experiments which these new instruments have made possible.

"He has invented a 'Resonant Cardiograph' which is a miracle of skilful design, but too complicated to explain in detail here. Very briefly, the heart-beat of an animal or the similar contractile rhythm that propels sap in a plant or tree is tuned to a writing instrument in such a manner that not only is every delicate and infinitesimal movement recorded, but the errors of friction and adjustment are eliminated. Thus the different phases of pulsation can be observed and studied with an unprecedented accuracy.

"What results shall we achieve by such inquiries? The possibilities are many. Obviously, researches such as these have intellectual and philosophical as well as purely medical consequences of the greatest importance.

"'Out of the imperfections of his senses,' says Bose, 'man has built himself a raft of thought to adventure into the seas of the Unknown. Where visible light ends, he still follows the invisible; where the note of the audible reaches the unheard, even there he gathers the tremulous message.' We know little of the Afterwards, except what we see of the Present. We see more now than ten years ago. Before I die, perhaps I shall track a little further to the lair of life the spirit of that mimosa whose reflection flicked off the screen and passed behind me."

LIVE HEARTS IN DEAD BODIES—A new proof that the human body usually dies piecemeal, one organ at a time, instead of at any single instant of death, has been uncovered by two German physicians, Dr. P. Martini and Dr. J. Sckell, says Dr. E. T. Free's *Week's Science* (New York). We read:

"To the bodies of eighteen persons lying at the point of death these experimenters attached the terminals of the instrument called the electro-cardiograph, a device which records the tiniest quivers of the muscles of the heart, even those which are too faint to constitute an actual heartbeat. Watching with this electric recorder the heart actions of their eighteen doomed unfortunates, Dr. Martini and Dr. Sckell found their hearts still alive many minutes after the individual showed every sign of being dead. On the average the hearts of the eighteen subjects lived for nine and two-thirds minutes after their owners had died. Individual muscle fibers of the hearts probably lived much longer still; dying slowly, and one by one, as the stoppage of their blood supply gradually deprived them of the oxygen which all living cells of the human body must have to live. This ability of the heart to live on for some minutes after its beats have ceased probably explains the occasional successes of physicians in reviving persons apparently dead by injecting powerful stimulants like adrenalin directly into the heart. Being still alive, altho inactive, the heart sometimes can be induced to begin beating again and to take up its abandoned duty of keeping the blood in motion."

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LETTERS - AND - ART

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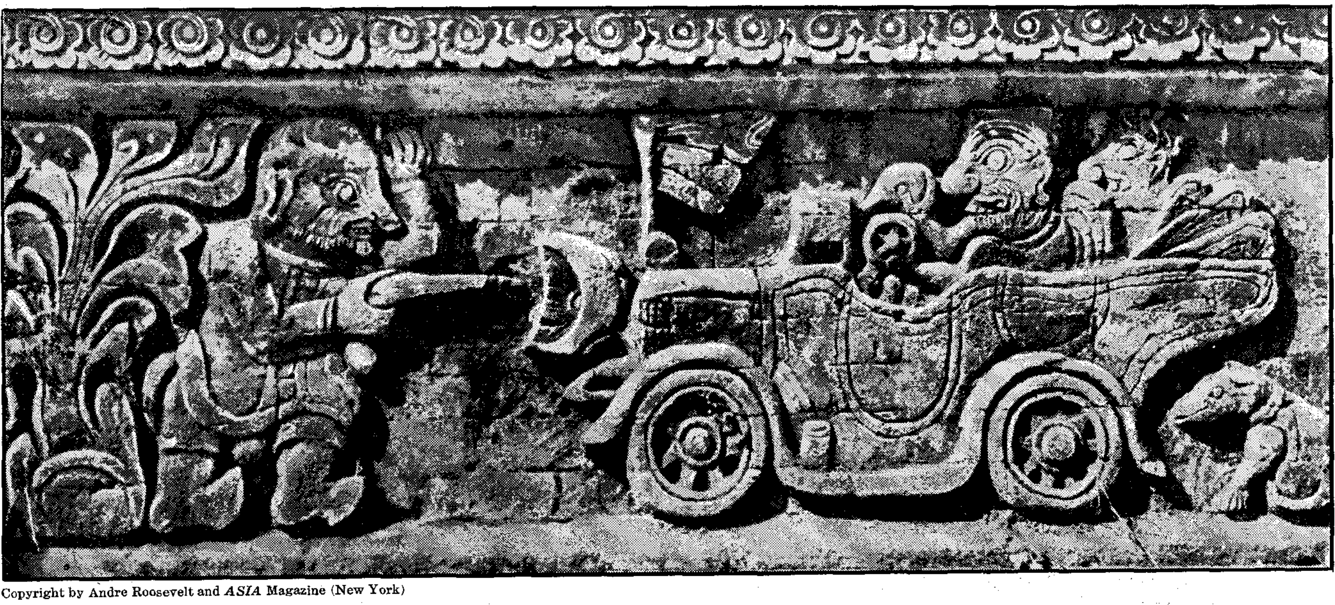

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WESTERN HABITS TURNED EAST BY THE FILMS

A Bali Temple showing a motorist held up by a bandit, evidently a reflection of the American movies.

WHAT THE MOVIES CAN DO TO SCULPTURE

A CURIOUS EXAMPLE of what the movies may accomplish is seen on temple walls in the distant Dutch East Indies. The figures, the decorations, are of the remotest past, but the action is of to-day. The bicycle, the motor-car, and the bandit are straight out of an American film, but when it comes to man only the demigods of the past serve as models. Bali, an island where these strange decorations are found, lies east of Java. The accompanying illustrations are taken from photographs made by André Roosevelt, and published in *Asia* (New York). The explanatory note reads:

> "Astonishingly modern are these two bas-reliefs carved on temples at Djagaraja and Kubutambahan, in northern Bali. But, except for three buildings discovered only a few years ago, Balinese temples—and there are thousands on the island—all date from comparatively recent times. So soft is the brick or the 'parras,' a sort of tufa, or sandstone, of which the temples are built, that it crumbles away with the assaults of time.
>
> "Again and again, therefore, the Balinese villagers leave their work in the fields and build temples to their gods. Since in Bali a temple is not a covered structure, but a series of three walled-in courts containing several small buildings or open sheds, its construction offers no problems. In the carving of the stone, which, being soft and porous, lends itself readily to decorative purposes, the Balinese village craftsmen display their real art."

Another writer, who signs himself "Nomad" in the Boston *Transcript*, evidently has not heard of these figures, yet he gives testimony to their modernity, and makes sardonic game of our sculptors for not seeing that the horse is outmoded as a sculptural base for a great man:

> "Sculptors have almost ceased to make equestrian statues, but the Nomad has not yet heard of an automobile public statue to take their place. Logically they are called for, in the case of the memorials of great men who have lived since 1900, rather than equestrian statues. The trouble with an equestrian statue, as a memorial to a man, is that the horse is always more important than the man. General Hooker at the State House, for example, distinctly plays second fiddle to the horse, just as Colleoni does at Venice. It might be the same way with a statue of a man in an automobile. The difficulty as to the selection of the kind of car that would be represented in the motor statue would of course be obviated by the selection in all cases of the kind of car actually driven by the hero.
>
> "The idea that the horse may become more important than the man, in an equestrian statue, is not altogether a fantastic one. This has already taken place in the case of the Hooker statue in front of the State House. None except students of Civil War history now know anything about Hooker. Not one out of a hundred of those who pass the statue daily could tell anything about him, or could distinguish Hooker from Snooker. But everybody casts a possibly admiring glance at the high-stepping horse. This reminds the Nomad of the Iowa man who, finding himself in Burlington, Vermont, on a commercial errand, hired a cab and took a drive around the beautiful city. The driver paused before the equestrian statue of Ethan Allen which decorates one of the squares. The Iowa man looked languidly at the work of art. 'Who's that?' he presently asked. 'Ethan Allen,' said the driver. The Iowan looked interested at once. 'Oh, yes,' said he. 'I saw him trot once at our county fair!' He had never heard of Vermont's founder, and he really thought that the statue commemorated the noble horse 'Ethan Allen,' which trotted a mile in 2.14."

SELLING OUT "ALICE"—Some weeks ago the world read of the fabulous price paid at auction for the manuscript copy of "Alice in Wonderland." That such a transaction could happen only once does not seem to dawn on many. Efforts to ride on the high wave of "Alice" values are recorded in a London dispatch to the New York *Times:*

> "LONDON, June 21.—Editions of 'Alice in Wonderland' flew as fast at Sotheby's salesroom to-day as the cards which tumbled above *Alice* in the immortal story and woke her from her dream.
>
> "They were chiefly presentation copies brought into the auction market by the sensational sale of the manuscript for $77,000. Few of them—nearly 100 that went on sale—brought more than $500 apiece."

HISTORY IN "THE LITERARY DIGEST"

OUR COVER THIS WEEK presents the first of a series of historical pictures dealing with America, which we will bring forward at monthly intervals. The first one naturally deals with "The Drafting of the Declaration of Independence," by J. L. G. Ferris, whose work the entire series will represent. As a historical note to make clearer the picture, the artist has furnished us the following:

"At first there were naturally great divergences of opinion between the various Provincial Congresses regarding our relation to England, and many conflicting interests involved. The word 'Independence' does not occur in the paper of instruction of the Assembly, but 'reconciliation' is prominent; on June 24, however, the Conference of Pennsylvania declared plainly for Independence; a committee was formed and Jefferson asked to prepare a declaration. His manuscript was submitted to Franklin and Adams, who advised some alterations. Washington and Mason had already evolved the essential ideas of the Declaration two years before. Franklin made eleven changes in it, and others were adopted. The paper was then read in a meeting of the committee, and was accepted. This is the whole history of the production of the Declaration of Independence.

"Nicholas Biddle writes that Jefferson, when charged with the task, repaired to his lodgings and set to work. These lodgings were in a house on the outskirts of the city, almost the last to the westward, where he was the sole boarder. It was owned by a bricklayer named Graaf, who had built it. Jefferson says, 'I rented the second floor, a parlor and bedroom, ready furnished. In that parlor I wrote habitually, and in it I wrote this paper particularly.'

"The house stood on the corner of Seventh and High streets, two squares from the State House, and Jefferson took his meals at Smith's City Tavern on Second Street. While there, Randolph, the joiner, made him a writing-desk from Jefferson's own design. This desk, on which the Declaration was written, Jefferson presented in 1825 to Joseph Coolidge, Jr., husband of his granddaughter. The house was a familiar sight to the writer in his youth. He regrets to tell that he saw it torn down, and no hand raised to preserve it."

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THUS THE EAST CONTEMPLATES THE WEST

Another Balinese Temple decoration made by workers of the paddy-field.

Following our custom, we give our readers a sketch of the painter's life, furnished by himself, and extending beyond our customary limits, due to the educational importance of this series:

"I was born in Philadelphia in 1863; my father was Stephen James Ferris, the portrait-painter and etcher. My mother, Elizabeth Moran Ferris, sister of the three brothers Moran, all artists—Peter, an animal painter; Edward, the seascapist; and Thomas, our greatest American painter of epic landscape. I am no believer in direct heredity of talent, but I am sure that an early association and familiarity with the best art can be no disadvantage to one who elects to follow it as a vocation.

"My first teacher was my father, and what success I may have had in depicting the human face and expression is owing to his instruction and advice. He knew more about good pictures, past and present, and the fundamental principles of their production, than any artist I have ever met.

"In 1881 I went with him to Spain—he was fired with the astounding genius of Mariano Fortuny, and desired to see the country which had produced such an artist. We spent that summer in Cadiz, Seville, Granada, and Malaga. In Granada, while my father was painting a portrait of the Marquesa de Heredia, that lady bought one of my Spanish sketches, which, as nearly as I can recall, was the first I had ever sold. I went to Paris in 1884, and entered the Académie Julian. While there, J. L. Gérôme (for whom my father had named me) offered me his most valuable personal criticism, and it was by his encouragement then and a good many years later, that I confined my attention to historical painting. His axiom was, that one would paint best that with which he was most familiar, and he strongly discouraged the habit of so many American artists to imitate blindly European methods and subjects.

"In 1888 I went again to Europe, this time to England and Belgium. I was making studies of the seventeenth century, its architecture, customs, dress, etc., always with the idea in view of a series of paintings of our country's history. Previously, and until 1897 or thereabouts, I had been painting genre pictures, which were practically only studies in technique from the living model, simply to acquire facility of execution, with no subject worthy of mention.

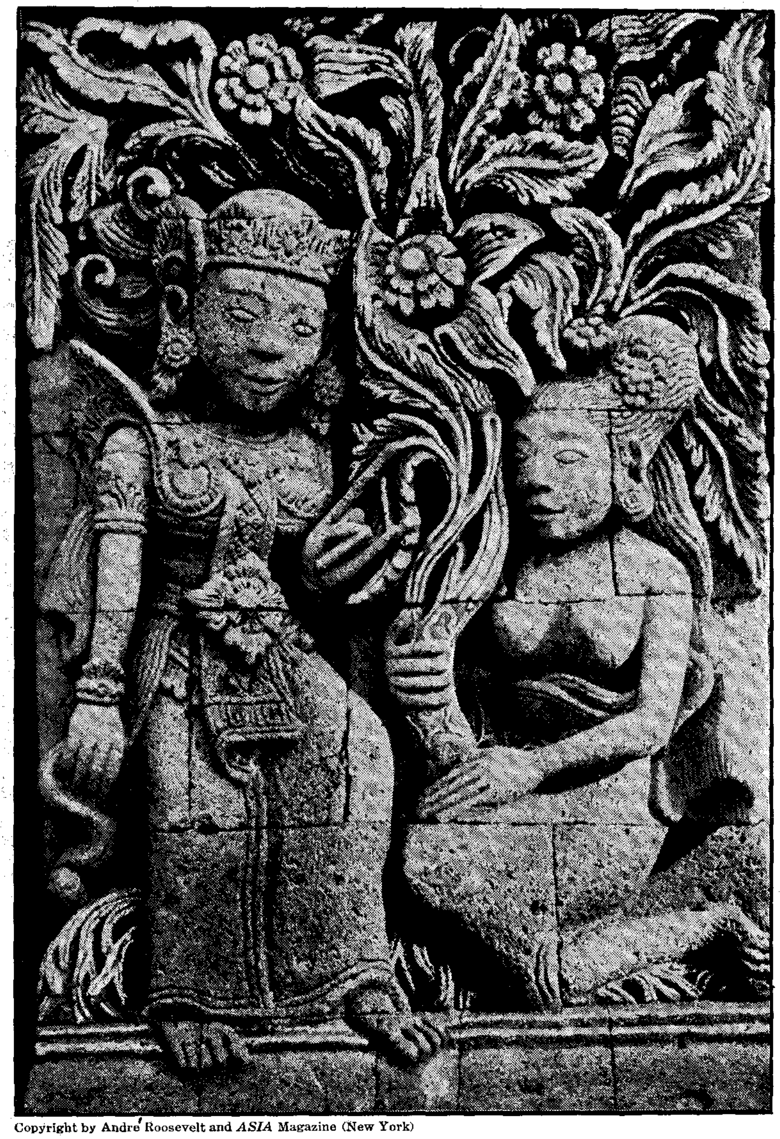
"It was in 1898 that I finished my first historical subject—'General Howe's Levee, 1777.' This was an extensive and elaborate composition of a year's work. I have not seen it since that time (it belongs to Mrs. Louis Laflin, of Princeton and Chicago), but I think it must contain some of the best technical work I have done—at any rate, it had the full enthusiasm and inspiration of mature youth.

"I soon saw that if I were to continue letting my pictures go into other hands that my dream of keeping together an epic series of painted events would end in a dream and nothing else. The problem was: How to keep on making costly pictures without selling them—I had only as much capital as most artists have at that time of life. Besides, I had already married the best woman in my world, and I did not feel that she should be a partner of my sorrows to that extent (she is laughing at me across the table at this moment). However, modern reproductive processes solved the problem, and publication of the pictures enabled me to go on and build up a series which now numbers over seventy. These were not painted in chronological sequence, but just as the subjects evolved themselves in the mind, one sometimes suggesting another. For example, the first picture finished was of an episode of the year 1777, and some of the very latest were of the dates 1600 to 1620.

"From the beginning, historical painting has been the ultimate ambition of our best figure painters in America; but the attendant difficulties have seemed insurmountable—chiefly a lack of patronage, that most essential thing. West painted a few, Trumbull, more; and since their time one artist after another has produced here and there a canvas of varying merit, but none in any sequence, nor had any one devoted his attention and labor solely to this inspiring material—in fact, the best subjects remained to be painted.

"Again, it was my theory that the best technique in the world, if expended on an indifferent subject, would in the course of events be forgotten; and, on the other hand, the most important subject would fail, did it lack the beauty of artistic selection and execution to fix the public attention for good.

"I have done what I could to combine the two; only the future can tell how far the effort has succeeded. As for the present, the people of America have been more than appreciative.



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A PRINCESS AND HER MAID

Carved in the Hindu-Javanese tradition on a Bali temple. Tho it has the look of age, it is the work of to-day and will crumble and be replaced.

"Some years ago the City of Philadelphia was good enough to arrange a gallery for my collection, in that room in the Independence Hall group of buildings where Washington was inaugurated (1793), and the pictures now hang there as a loan to the Museum. The series begins with the 'Ships of Columbus' and ends with 'Lincoln's Last Official Act' in 1865. I am still adding to the series, but more slowly than heretofore, the reasons being: sixty-four years, and the difficulty of obtaining good material to work with, either human or inorganic, in a day which seems to have forgotten everything but machinery. Many persons, prominent and otherwise, have remarked upon the great value of these pictures to the children of coming generations. I trust that they are right: Art can not be devoted to a better end."

Those who preserve these covers will have a gallery of American history that can not fail to furnish interest and instruction. If arranged in a portfolio specially designed for such a purpose, the pageant of public life in this country will serve to vivify the pages of history books.

WHEN NATURE GIVES HER CONCERTS

WHO FIRST USED THE EXPRESSION "the music of the spheres"? To learn this might uncover a faculty of the ancient world unknown to us more sublunary denizens. Modern writers since Byron and Moore seem to eschew the phrase, tho its ancestry goes back as far as Job, with intervening appropriators like Sir Thomas Browne, who wrote: "There is music wherever there is harmony, order or proportion; and thus far we may maintain the music of the spheres." Modern science has opened our ears to so much music created by inanimate objects that the conclusion may not be far-fetched that the spheres themselves create a melody audible to those who have or have had ears attuned to it. This may be a conclusion not too extravagant to some researches set forth in *Die Woche* (Berlin) on the subject of nature's music:

"We all know the properties of an Æolian harp. Its sound is of fairylike beauty, and its chords swell from the faintest *piano* to the mightiest *fortissimo*. These harps have been in existence for at least two thousand years, and they usually consist of narrow sound-boxes over which a number of gut strings have been stretched, from which the sound is produced by the wind. A similar principle, also due to the wind, is found in the sound produced by acacia trees. But in this case, the principle is much, much older, thousands and thousands of years old. It is as old as the insects which made flutes out of the white thorns of the acacias by hollowing them out and boring holes in them. We do not know why the insects prepared these playthings for the breezes. But we do know their effect, for they have always inspired the natives with renewed terror, and for this reason the acacia woods have been held to be the abode of evil spirits.

"Of course, science has made progress in these studies during the past half-century. Its measuring instruments have taught us that the singing bird which we can not hear is merely singing too high for our ears. We can not perceive more than 20,000 vibrations per second. The tones of some birds, however, vibrate more quickly, and for this reason we can not hear them. Professor Theremin, in his music made by moving the hands through space, has demonstrated higher and quicker sound vibrations. Some persons can not hear more than 16,000 vibrations per second, whereas the perception of others ceases at 20,000.

"Reason has triumphed over these 'secrets,' yet nevertheless the mysterious is always of peculiar attraction. Would it be otherwise possible that the 'singing trees' are still compared with the tones of violins? The trees do not sing. Their leaves rustle melodiously in the wind. We know that the contact and vibration of the leaves and thin twigs cause these sounds, and that various trees, leafy and needle trees, tone differently.

"But we have not yet discovered all of nature's musical secrets. For thousands of years, the pillars of Memnon in the desert of Thebes have remained a mystery. When the first rays of the rising sun strike the pillars, which are huge monuments, a soft singing tone emanates from the stone. The travelers of olden times who came to visit this wonder said it was Memnon, prince of the Ethiopians, greeting his mother, Eos. Alexander von Humboldt claimed that the air in the narrow crevices in the rock expanded, due to the warming action of the sun, and gave forth fine sounds like those from a flute. Other noted savants think the sun causes tiny particles of rock to chip off, and that each chip gives forth a minute sound, so that the combination of these tones are responsible for the audible sounds heard issuing from the pillars.

"We do not know which hypothesis is correct, whether it is the effect of the increasing daylight or the gradual warming of the air. But modern science has sponsored another possibility. The physicist, Arkadiew, has discovered that steel is not dead, that it is full of life and gives forth sound, just as in the case of tin. If one holds a piece of tin to the ear and bends it back, a clear sound will be audible. One might as well imagine that the Memnon pillars bend as the east, or warmer side, expands."

In Chile, we are told, there are sands which "sound":

"In climbing the El Bramador Mountain, called the 'crying one,' the quartz sand dislodged by the feet of the climbers is rubbed together, and the friction thus produced gives forth a sound similar to the tolling of bells. The same phenomenon has been noted on the Djebel Nakus, or bell mountain, on the peninsula of Sinai. A Bedouin myth relates that a Christian cloister was damned by Allah for its opposition to his power, and that it was magically sealed up in a mountain, but the monks still toll their bells to this day.

"In the Rhine region of Germany, there is the Singing Vale of Thronecken, near Honnef. Not only at night, but during the day as well, one can plainly hear the ringing of bells accompanied by song coming from the old castle ruins. No observers have yet been able to offer an explanation, altho a number of scientists believe that the wind, blowing through the narrow entrance to the valley, has the effect of an organ pipe.

"One of nature's most charming concerts is the pleasant murmur of the springs and the waterfalls. Tiny air bubbles rise to the surface of the spring and burst. As each bubble bursts, it gives forth a slight sound, either in the tone of C, E, or G, so that the entire stream resounds in the key of C-major. In the case of the waterfalls, an F is added, and the larger the falls, the more predominant the tone of F. In 'Rheingold,' Wagner made use of the chord, F-C-E-G, and created the motif of the Rhine.

"An unusual observation on the part of the Norwegian astronomers, A. and G. Jelstrup, has recently been communicated to the Paris Academy of Science. In the course of their researches, the astronomers were making measurements on the top of a mountain near Oslo. Suddenly the beautiful Northern Lights appeared on the horizon. Simultaneously with the appearance of the lights, piping tones were heard which sounded in close accord with the modulations of the lights. These related vibrations led the observers to conclude that there was a definite relationship between the lights and the tones produced, all the more as this phenomenon was repeated a few hours later."

CANTANKEROUS QUEENS OF THE OPERA

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN WAS SAID TO KNOW more about the tantrums of opera singers, and to be better able to meet them on equal ground, than any other impresario of recent days. It seems to be almost a part of the stock in trade of these great singers to "throw fits" on occasions of real or supposed slights, and the matter is never useless to a press agent. The most recent example is that reported of an internationally known prima donna, declaring she would sing no more in the city where her fame had been made, because a coveted decoration had been withheld. The prima donna's husband has denied the facts, but the story has gone its way in both the American and the foreign press, and one result has been the overhauling of old tales of prima-donna waspishness, by Erroll Sherson of the London *Daily Telegraph.* The history of opera in all countries, he tells us, is full of stories of how the ladies (and sometimes the gentlemen) of operatic troupes "have succeeded in causing the maximum of inconvenience to all concerned by exhibitions of temper and selfishness, and by assertions of outraged dignity." Here are some:

"I am afraid the ladies are the more frequent offenders. The artistic temperament is undoubtedly an excitable one, but what is set down to 'temperamental' natures is often a mere exhibition of temper only or a parade of excessive vanity. Giulia Grisi, in the days of the old opera-house of the Haymarket, loved to rule the roost, and was encouraged by the crowds of young bloods, headed by the Duke of Cambridge, and others, who adored her for the beauty of her person and her voice. She aspired to have the ordering of the operas (naturally those in which she especially shone), and refused to let Lumley, the manager, have any voice in the matter. He put his foot down, and she left the company, taking with her Mario, Tamburini, Persiani, and others, and thus was the opera permanently fixt at Covent Garden.

"Earlier in the century, the fascinating Eliza Vestris struck for more candles to dress by. As a 'donna seconda' she was entitled to only two wax candles in her room, whereas a prima donna had six. But Vestris got her way. She planted herself in the middle of the stage a few minutes before the curtain was due to rise, and declined even to go to dress till she was given the same number of lights as the prima donna.

"Gabrielli, a singer at the Haymarket house in 1775, gave many such evidences of the operatic temperament. She was called the 'most capricious member of the most capricious profession in the world.' Daughter of a Cardinal's cook—whence she got the nickname of 'La Cuochettina'—a pupil of the elder Garcia (called 'Lo Spagnoletto'), she rose to her exalted position on the stage by sheer merit, and gave herself the airs and graces of a fine lady. One of her oddest caprices was to have a so-called 'lover' sitting in the pit, to whom she could address her most fervent outpourings—singing 'at him,' so to speak, all the evening. But if the 'lover' wanted to be a lover in earnest, he was at once sent about his business and another one installed.

"At Palermo the Viceroy gave a great dinner and invited Gabrielli. She stayed in bed, and ignored the invitation. That night at the opera she sulked and sang sotto voce all the evening. She was threatened with prison, but replied they could send her to prison and make her cry, but they could not make her sing! Then she was sent to prison, and remained there for twelve days. Being a very rich woman she entertained lavishly while there, and paid the debts of all the poor prisoners."

It seems that the commands of royalty are nothing to the wilfulness of some queens of song, once their ire is aroused:

"Mara, a German artist, who sang in London in the last years of the eighteenth and the first years of the nineteenth century, was another self-willed, not to say obstinate, woman. Once in Berlin she was ordered to sing at a fête for the Cesarewitch. She went to bed, and said she was ill. But Prussian methods were in vogue. An officer with a military escort was sent with a carriage to fetch her, and she was informed that his Majesty had commanded her to be brought 'alive or dead.' 'But you see I am ill in bed,' she said. 'Then we must take the bed and all,' said the officer. She went.

"But we must go back to the days of Handel in the Haymarket for the most striking example of a prima donna's temperamental nature. This was exemplified in the rivalry of Faustina and Cuzzoni. On one occasion these two ladies had to sing not only in the same opera ('Astyanax' of Buononcini), but in the same scene. At the entrance of Faustina the followers of Cuzzoni among the audience tried to howl her down, and also fought among themselves. The fight spread to the stage, and then was seen the edifying spectacle of two prima donnas tearing each other's hair out in handfuls, while the audience leapt on to the stage to join in the fray.

"The quarrel became a political one. The ladies of the party, led by Sir Robert Walpole (Lady Burlington and Lady Delawarr), took the part of Faustina, and Lady Pembroke, of the opposite political party, espoused the cause of Cuzzoni. Lady Walpole tried to be a peacemaker. She invited both singers to a dinner party, but they quarreled at the dinner table, at first with words only, which were soon exchanged for scratchings and blows, during which a good deal of china got broken. It must have been a curious state of society which permitted such goings-on at the table of the wife of the Prime Minister.

"But some more modern instances, quite odd enough, are not wanting of these ebullitions of temperament. It is not so long ago that a charming lady and great singer is said to have spat at her rival standing in the wings because she thought she was criticizing her performance. Cerito was furious because Taglioni had, she fancied, a better box than hers for her friends. It was generally, in the old days, a case of unblushing blackmail.

"The ladies were also most insistent on the sumptuous nature of their appointments. Enormous sums have had to be squandered at various times for the leading operatic artists. When the Italian opera company was touring the States it was currently said that 'Patti was bringing her voice and Nordica her wardrobe,' alluding to the huge sums that the latter had spent in Paris upon her dresses. They also had weird ideas of what it was necessary to travel with. Ilma di Murska traveled with a large Newfoundland, a monkey, and several parrots, who all had their places laid for them at her table, and she generally went out accompanied by several of her pets, and with her 'golden hair a-hanging down her back.' It must be the nature of the operatic singer to be somewhat different to any one else. There is no accounting for it. We have to take these ladies as we find them."

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

DEFEAT OF THE "ROMAN" ANGLICAN PRAYER-BOOK

WHILE THE EIGHTY-YEAR-OLD ARCHBISHOP of Canterbury prayed in the Peers' Gallery that the proposed new version might be accepted and his life's work be crowned with success, while followers of all creeds prayed on the streets and in Westminster Abbey for and against acceptance, and while others, more worldly-minded, laid wagers on the result, the House of Commons rejected on June 14 the amended proposed revised version of the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England, and thus again attempted to defeat what many believe a definite trend to Rome. It was the second time that the Commons had rejected an attempt to revise the Prayer-Book. Coming after two days' debate, the vote the second time was 266 to 220. Last December, as told in these pages January 7, the majority against was thirty-three.

All the elements of drama entered into the struggle. Among the chief advocates of the revised Prayer-Book was Prime Minister Baldwin. Arrayed against him was Sir William Joynson-Hicks, Home Secretary, familiarly known as "Jix," friend and follower of the Prime Minister, and devoted follower in all things else of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who had labored with all his fragile strength to have the revised version accepted. It was a secular body that decided the result, including as it does, Jews, Roman Catholics, representatives of other Protestant faiths and agnostics, and in the last analysis, it was "the smell of Popery," we read, that decided the issue. Numerous Free Church bodies, we are told in a wireless dispatch to the New York *Times*, had exprest the view that revision of the Prayer-Book was as much their concern as that of the Anglicans. "The Baptist Union, the Congregationalist Union, and the Assemblies of the Primitive Methodist Church have all gone on record since the first rejection of the new book that they are still opposed to its adoption, deeming that it 'imperils the fruits of the Reformation.'" "There can be no doubt the result was due to the feeling of the country," writes John L. Balderston, staff correspondent, in the New York *World*. "The fear that the new book would pave the way to Catholicism prompted protests in unprecedented numbers from constituents."

All England is stirred by this clash between Church and State, and, as if he apprehended some rashness on the part of the Anglo-Catholics, the Archbishop of Canterbury, immediately after the result was announced, issued an appeal "for quietness, for a little patience, for abstention from any angry or unkindly words. The new responsibility laid upon the Bishops," he says, "is surely grave. They are fully alive to it and will with the least possible delay give such direction or counsel as is required." This, in turn, was followed by talk of disestablishment, of the Archbishop of Canterbury resigning, and of the Bishops defying Parliament and settling the question of orthodoxy for themselves. "Several Bishops," we read in a dispatch to the New York *Times*, "are reported to be advocating the use of the revised Prayer-Book as permissible 'under the law of the Church, tho outside the law of the nation,' thus putting it up to Parliament to decide what it would do to cope with a defiance based on scruples of conscience. But there is sure to be opposition to this course, which is urged principally by a minority of the clergy courting disestablishment as a way for the Church to gain the liberties denied it because of its national status."

It will be recalled that the revision of 1927 was rejected by Parliament because of its alleged "Romish" tendency in permitting reservation of the sacrament. The opposition holds that it encourages adoration of the consecrated bread and wine, and in fact recognizes the doctrine of transubstantiation, one of the rocks on which Christendom split four hundred years ago. The Roman Catholic Church holds to the doctrine of the real presence in the Eucharist. The other churches insist that the sacrament is simply a symbol. The Bishops attempted to meet the objection by amending the revised version. They printed in both forms of the Communion, the old and the revised version, the London *Times* informs us, the so-called "Black Rubric," which prohibits "adoration of any corporal presence." They translated from variable rules into permanent rubrics their proposals for restriction and safeguarding of the provision for communion of the sick. They were also at pains to emphasize that the consecrated elements are to be reserved "only for the communion of the sick and used for no other purpose whatsoever." Furthermore, it was written, the consecrated elements shall be reserved in an aumbry or safe set in the north or south wall of the sanctuary of the church or an approved chapel. But whereas the 1927 version added the words, "or wall of the vestry," these are omitted in the new version and provision is made that the elements shall not be preserved immediately behind or above the holy table. Thus it was hoped effectively to prevent any form of adoration. In this connection, the Archbishop of Canterbury issued a statement before the issue was presented in the Commons, in which he says: "The real presence of Christ is, as before, in the entire sacrament, not simply in any part of it alone. There is no transubstantiation either taught or implied."

For one explanation of the situation in which the Church of England now finds itself we may turn to an article by Dean W. R. Inge in *The Yale Review*. The present difficulty, he writes, arose largely as a matter of discipline within the Church. The so-called Anglo-Catholic party has, especially in the Diocese of London, come almost openly to defy the Bishops. It has introduced ritualistic services which are ecclesiastically illegal and which the Bishops have been unable to prevent, and Dean Inge remarks: "The lawbreakers manage to combine a theoretical reverence for the episcopal office with a readiness to snap their fingers in the face of the particular Bishop to whom they have promised canonical obedience." In this situation the Bishops hoped that if they could legalize some of the innovations of the Anglo-Catholics and forbid those most contrary to the tradition of the Church of England, they could satisfy both parties. They succeeded in satisfying neither. They did not go far enough to suit the Anglo-Catholics, and they went too far for the Liberal elements within the Church and for the great body of Nonconformists. Dean Inge predicted that the amended revision would be rejected by the House of Commons even more emphatically than the first. His general conclusion is:

> "The fact is that the Protestants of England, who have long been treated by the Bishops as almost a negligible quantity, have risen in revolt, encouraged beyond their expectation by the vote in the House of Commons. They have long watched with indignation the Romanizing of the services, and the ridiculous flirtation of some Anglo-Catholic leaders with a Belgian Cardinal, in the avowed hope of paving the way for reunion with Rome. They regard the total failure of the Bishops to make their authority obeyed as a mixture of contemptible weakness and downright treachery. They do not care much whether the Prayer-Book is changed or not; but they see clearly that if reservation is allowed, adoration of the elements can not be stopt; and perhaps above all, they wish to register a vote of No Confidence in the Bishops. I do not justify this attitude; but the provocation has been great. Some of the Bishops have lost their tempers, and have spoken contemptuously of the

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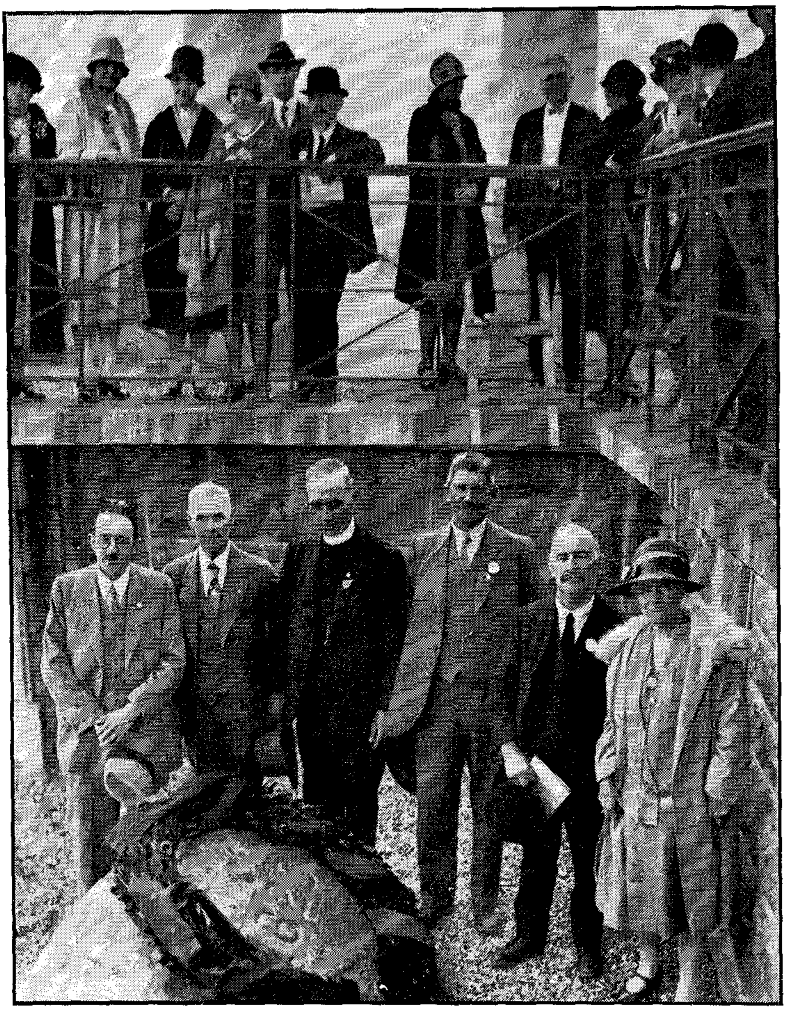
'Protestant underworld.' They will have to change their tone, for the country is still Protestant.

"Will the crisis end in the disruption of the Church and in disestablishment? Logically it ought to do so, but in dealing with Englishmen one can be sure of one thing only—that the logical solution will not be adopted. Again and again in English politics an *impasse* has been reached, and two irreconcilable parties stand face to face with each other. Then both sides begin to say, 'Hang it all, we *must* find some way out'; and some way out is found. Disestablishment would be a serious loss, both for Church and nation. . . .

"The Church of England, then, in my opinion, will not ask to be disestablished and disendowed. The Catholic reaction may be nearer its end than appearances at present suggest. If so, the most dangerous disintegrating force will be removed, and the Free Churches, which are already more friendly than they were fifty years ago, will be ready for any *rapprochement* short of absorption in the Anglican communion."

If disestablishment is the price for independence, the Baltimore *Evening Sun* thinks that the Church "will more likely yield to the will of Parliament and sacrifice its position on certain matters of religious dogma." As for the High Church party and its problems, the Baltimore paper notes that it "has thriven upon its grievances and might naturally expect to continue to do so. In fact, the very doubtful advantages to be gained from drastic action by any individual group seem to argue for a preservation of the *status quo*." But the Baltimore morning *Sun* thinks that the Church of England must soon or late face disestablishment. "Its weakness, its errors, its commercialism, its worldly-mindedness," says this Baltimore paper, "have sprung mainly from its connection with and dependence upon government and government favors. Disestablishment will not bring the downfall of the English Church, but a new day of hope and vigor, of regeneration and power." But in the opinion of the Springfield *Republican:*

> "A political demand to disestablish and disendow the Church would be illogical now that Parliament has seen fit to tell the Church the course it shall pursue. Also, the Non-conformist bodies will be more likely to treat the established Church fraternally, now that the drift 'toward Rome' has been checked by parliamentary fiat. Yet the disestablishment idea had taken root in the Church itself last winter, when the first Prayer-Book bill was rejected, and the national Church's future now depends somewhat on the strength of this independence movement.
>
> "The issue now to be met is that of a political body determining the character of religious worship, ritual, and doctrine. On this issue there is room and opportunity for a formidable revolt in the Anglican communion against political interference and in favor of complete Church autonomy."



By courtesy of the Boston *Globe*

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

Representatives of 1,200 visiting British Congregationalists, who came here on a mission of peace and good-will, laying a wreath on Plymouth Rock.

THE BRITISH ENVOYS' PLEDGE FOR PEACE

IF THE QUESTION OF WAR OR PEACE were left to British and American Congregationalists, we are led to believe, there would be no more war. For 1,200 visiting British Congregationalists, collateral spiritual descendants of that other band of Congregationalists who landed on Plymouth Rock 308 years ago, accepted the challenge and pledged themselves to work for peace. "If you down your big-navy program," said Dr. William Horace Day, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, to the visitors, as he is quoted in the press, "we will down ours." "I want to say to all Americans," replied Dr. John D. Jones, of Bournemouth, honorary secretary of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, "that the people of England, as a whole, are without reservation of any kind back of Mr. Kellogg's proposal for the renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy."

As told in these pages May 5, the British visitors came to bring a message of good-will, and to consecrate their purpose on Plymouth Rock. Peace and good fellowship formed the refrain of their welcome and their stay. They sailed on a chartered ship, the *Celtic*, of the White Star line, and landed in Boston, where they were welcomed by Alvan T. Fuller, Governor of the historic Commonwealth founded by the Pilgrim Fathers, and he told the visitors, we read in various press reports: "So long as English-speaking people collaborate to prevent wars and to make our governments instruments of service rather than agents of destruction, so long will the cause of peace among the nations of the world find strong support. I propose a pledge that we encourage by word, deed, and prayer the cooperation of our two nations toward that end." The attitude of the visitors was exprest in a formal statement, which we quote, in part, from *The Christian Science Monitor:*

> "We are convinced that war is unchristian and an open defiance of the law of human brotherhood laid down by Jesus Christ. And we share with you a deep sense of the duty laid upon all the churches of Christ to exert all their influence to promote international friendship and to exorcise war.
>
> "Equally with you we recognize that the fatherhood of God, and its corollary, the brotherhood of men, condemns the exploitation, military or economic, of subject peoples and weaker nations, and we draw satisfaction from the growing success attending the efforts of the League of Nations to shield the weaker peoples from the selfish designs of more powerful nations."

The visitors were entertained during their brief stay of six days at various shrines of interest in New England and New York, but their chief objective was Plymouth Rock, on which they laid a five-foot laurel wreath, brought from Covent Garden, London, with a simple dedication pronounced by Dr. Sidney M. Berry, secretary of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. Accepted everywhere as envoys of good-will, the visitors received also a message from President Coolidge, read to them at a banquet tendered them in the Hotel Astor, New York City:

> "Religion has been at the basis of all enduring achievements everywhere. I feel that its dominant note to-day is the bringing about of a closer religious fellowship among the nations, and a clearer apprehension of what makes for a happier, richer life among all peoples—a desire to make the world a better place to live in. I am confident that this pilgrimage of our fellow churchmen across the sea will be of great and permanent value in strengthening the ties already existing between Great Britain and America."

Words in kind were said by Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, President of the Federal Council of Churches, and by others, and it all moves *The Christian Science Monitor* to reflect that in spite of its bigness, its business expansion and vast productive enterprise:

> "Finally, will come the reassuring thought that, as they know who know the United States, beneath that expansive exterior still lie the humility, the gentleness, the simple faith and the simple tastes as they have lain for three centuries, undisturbed by outward changes in population and material surroundings.
>
> "It is this deeper, this more intimate side of the nation that the British pilgrims came to commune with, for it is on these qualities that its permanent progress must rest."

AGNOSTICISM IN THE COLLEGES

GIRLS' COLLEGES ARE MORE IRRELIGIOUS than men's, and in both there is an alarming spread of anti-Christian teaching and beliefs, both among faculties and students, asserts Dr. C. Leslie Glenn, Secretary for College Work of the Department of Education of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Dr. Glenn was speaking to the National Council of the Episcopal Church when he presented this picture, as he sees it, of college life. It is one of the "notes of alarm" usually heard during the commencement season, and, of course, Dr. Glenn presents only one side of the story. Coming from such a source, however, this view-point is perhaps worth giving to our readers, many of whom, probably, will hear the other side of the story from the lips of their own boys and girls.

According to Dr. Glenn, the tone in women's colleges is "more agnostic and more critical of religious institutions than it is in the men's colleges," and, as he is quoted in *The Reformed Church Messenger*, he goes on:

> "Whatever may have been the religious impulses that led to the founding of the great Eastern colleges, they have long ceased to play any part in the policy of these institutions. Faculties, for the most part, are apt to be anti-Christian in the fields of psychology, sociology, and philosophy. There is even at times a mild persecution, as, for example, the teacher of psychology who threatened with failure in his course any girl who 'cut' his class to go to a Good Friday three-hour service. Religious conditions in the American colleges are more alarming than most people suspect. Visitors to our colleges see them at commencement times, when an inspiring religious service, or at least an invocation and blessing, are part of the proper order of events. Bishops and prominent clergymen can always get a hearing and awaken student interest. Parents whose sons and daughters return for the brief holidays do not find any particular difficulty in taking them to church on Sunday mornings. College religion is sometimes judged by these occasions, and its more normal aspect is never studied. Rumors do occasionally reach the outside world of a complete absence of church attendance, except where it is compulsory, of a general lack of interest in the missionary enterprise, except in the less sophisticated colleges, and of an amazing idealism that scorns almost all forms of organized religion. In general, however, people are not alive to the seriousness of the problem. There is in many cases a conventional Christianity which never touches students' morals at such points as cheating in examinations, fraternity politics, and dirty athletics, as contrasted with intense moral earnestness that rather looks down on religion as being sentimental."

Some of the fault lies with the Church, thinks Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, of New York, who asserted to the graduating class of Bryn Mawr College that the Church is often "unchallenging, unexacting, and undemanding," so that modern youth, irrespective of creed, have found much in the Church of to-day to repel them. In spite of this, Rabbi Wise warned that "in rejecting the Church, you reject religion. If, because unholy hands have been laid upon the most high altar, you reject that altar, then even more unholy hands will profane it further. By rejecting it, you withdraw the life-blood from it, leaving it lifeless. In doing that you have sinned, and sinned deeply." Dr. Wise emphasized the alleged revolt of modern youth against the moral law and pointed out the danger of a Freudian pseudo-science, as applied to the popular cult of self-expression. For Almighty God's "Thou shalt," he said, it substitutes, "Thou mayest if thou wilt." "Who are the great among us?" he asked, as *The Messenger* quotes him further:

> "Are they not the mystics, those God-intoxicated people who know the companionship of the Spirit to the uttermost degree; the saints, who make their lives holy; and the servants, those who, combining the qualities of mystic and saint, minister to mankind? I am afraid that you will rationalize your own interpretation of life so much as to build up shrines of your own prejudices, opinions, expressions, and reactions; but moral chaos will come if you revolt against the shrine of God. Are you prepared to toil, endure, and sacrifice for your shrines as the mystics, the saints, and the servants of the race have done for theirs? I am fearful of what will happen if you put altars that are infinitely precious out of your life. To be shrineless is to be purposeless. There is no easy way through Egypt to Canaan. The Mount of Law ever must stand between the land of endeavor and the land of accomplishment. I implore you that you do not forsake the altars of the living God!"

Doubtless there is much justification for the concern of these prophetic leaders, comments *The Messenger*, observing further:

> "All is not well, and it is fatuous to close our eyes to the menace of contemporary attitudes that are badly mechanistic and cynical. We hope that it is not generally true that colleges for women are even more dangerously antagonistic to religion than colleges for men. Women have been so distinguished for helpful spiritual activities that the outlook would seem desolate indeed if they should forsake the altars. A generation of godless mothers can doom any land on earth, no matter how rich and powerful."

FEWER QUARRELS IN THE CHURCH—The fundamentalist-modernist controversy appears to be dying out, in the opinion of *The Baptist*, which notes that the issue did not disturb the Southern Baptist Convention, the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Presbyterian General Assembly. We read further that:

> "The Princeton case among the Presbyterians was referred to a committee for further study, but even there the war seems to be over. It is interesting to note that none of these bodies has attempted to define either Modernism or Fundamentalism. Neither has any group on either side given a final and fixt statement of its distinctive views. The only authoritative creed that has issued from the dispute is that of the International Christian Fundamentals Association, and this, it appears, has not been adopted as the basis of party fellowship by the Fundamentalist group as a whole in any denomination. Net gains apparent at this date are a better understanding of the essential character of Christianity, a better mutual understanding between parties, the gradual discovery by all parties of the deeper foundations of Christian faith and fellowship, and a growing willingness to cooperate in common tasks."

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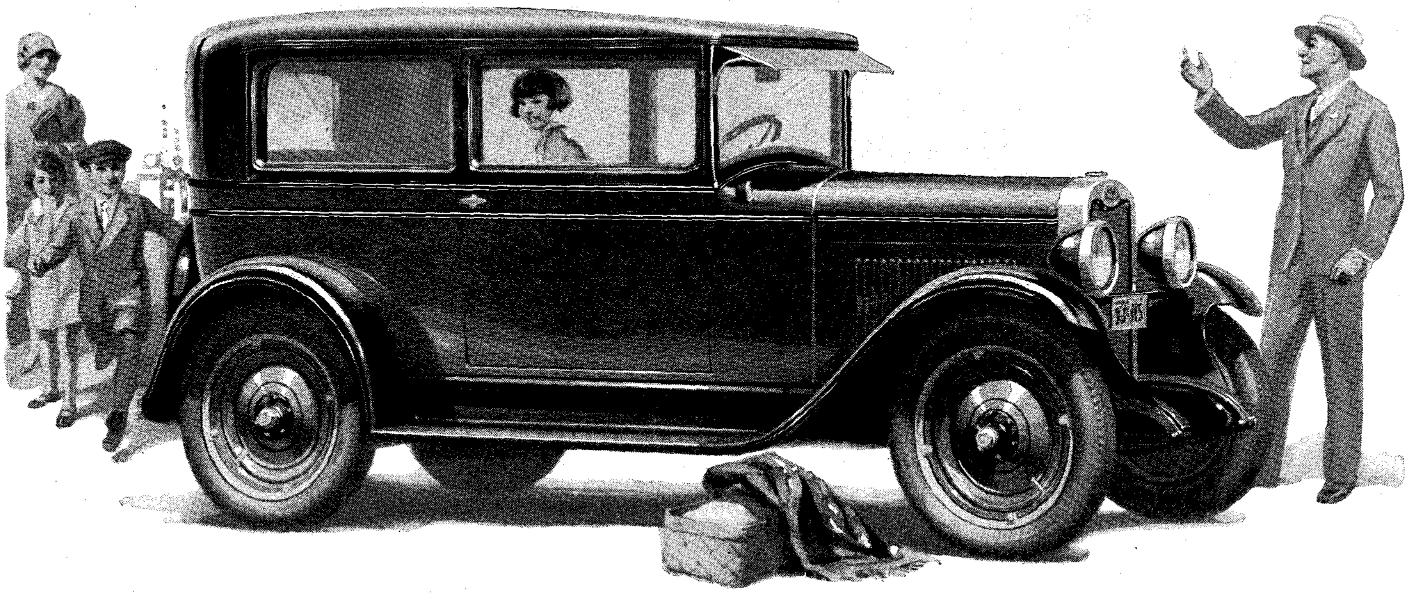

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THIS tribute to the stage, printed in the Boston *Transcript*, recited by Julia Marlowe, and broadcast by Otis Skinner, will be welcomed as a keepsake by those who heard:

JERICHO

(To the Stage—Samaritan of Our Zero Hours)

By Laura Simmons

Nor ever yet you passed us by upon the other side—
Nor spared your blessed wine and oil, when from the depths we cried;
Oh, we have fallen on evil things; beneath our masks we show
Such wounds, Samaritan; we, too—oh, Columbine—Pierrot!
Of your sweet pity, prithee lend your motley and your bells!
Peace for our petty agonies—our little, secret hells!
God, how the hounds of ill pursue! up to our doors they beat—
On with your heavenly make-believe! your dear, divine deceit;
Every beloved wile, and guile! who but yourselves can brew
Such Lethe for a soul athirst? the very gods make new?
One quaff—and Youth is ours again! Oh, Time—make way! make way
For spring—and April innocence—and lilac misted May!
The utter wonder that was Love—the jasmine drench of June—
The raptures, blind and breathless, of that blest, eternal rune.

Give of your fire to hearts ice-bound! Laughter for sting of tears—
Your ermine for our tattered dreams—the chill of phantom fears!
On with your swagger and your jest! Quick—unto ashes blow
The wasting passions and regrets—each grinning, nameless woe!
Poor welter of humanity! how, for us all, you spread
Your miracle of little fish—your loaves of barley bread!
A fresher page vouchsafe, Oh, Princes! undefiled and white—
Fragrant as nard, from mummies rolled back from their graves to-night;
To-morrow—embers, dead as moons, to mock us as before—
But now—O you who bring reprieve till dawn—
Bravo! Encore!

Envoi

And what of you, Samaritan? jocund and debonair—
Into the fearsome night alone, however do you fare?
Beyond the curtain's velvet fold, none tell us how you go—
Or if you fall, forspent, upon your road to Jericho?
Heartsick, despoiled, and left for dead—or does Love pass that way
With ointment and deliverance? Ah, we know not, to this day!
For all the rest was silence in the holy tale of old—
Your fate? your journey's ending? These we never have been told!

THIS is a little slice of life in its outward aspects; the key to be supplied out of any one's experience. It is in *The Nation and the Athenæum* (London):

AWAKENING

By Gertrude Woodthorpe

Through the drab blind and meager curtain creeps
The muffled light, approaching where she sleeps,
And calls her back from that strange other gloom—
The housemaid Light, constrained to that dimmed room!

On the crushed pillow, scarcely loosened hair
Is stirred, nor wholly is her spirit there,
But through vast oceans struggles, as her eyes
Are opened and persuade her where she lies,

And that another day begins, although
Yesterday all life died. It is even so.
She shrinks, and cowers back in the warm bed
Since day already mumbles, "Life is dead."

The flower-crossed walls are dyed in the slate morn
Come through dead window-hangings, and forlorn
Basin on marble slab, pitcher on floor
Abandoned, separate stand, and by the door

A coat hangs huddled. There are garments thrown
On the stiff bedside chair. Insistent grown
Familiar forms scream to her puzzled gaze,
"Though life is dead, a day succeeds the days."

WE count among our readers many old-fashioned lovers of poetry who will welcome this nature verse from *The Stepladder* (Chicago), untouched by modern ways of thought:

THE WANDERER

By Clinton Scollard

O I have journeyed fain and far
  Beyond the cliffs that ward the sea,
Have dipped and filled the water-jar
  In springs remote as Araby;
I who a wander-man have been
  Would be a wanderer again,
And tread a winding footway in
  The leafy depths of Kirkland Glen!

I know that ripened raspberries cling
  In crimson globes along its rim;
I know that hermit-thrushes sing
  In beechen copses dense and dim;
I know the stealthy walking-fern
  Tiptoes across the mosses there,
And that the bee-balm soon will burn
  Its torch above the maiden-hair.

In loamy hollows I would find
  The luscious mushroom gilled with pink;
There would be borne along the wind
  Delicious fragrances to drink;
So if you think of me at all
  Be it not in the haunts of men,
But, to the rover lure a thrall,
  A wanderer in Kirkland Glen!

MISS MILLAY, long unheard, gives an old theme new life, in *Harper's:*

DIRGE WITHOUT MUSIC

By Edna St. Vincent Millay

I am not resigned to the shutting away of loving hearts in the hard ground.
So it is, and so it will be, for so it has been time out of mind:
Into the darkness they go, the wise and the lovely; crowned
With lilies and with laurel they go; but I am not resigned.

Lovers and thinkers, into the earth with you.
Be one with the dull, the indiscriminate dust.
A fragment of what you felt, of what you knew,
A formula, a phrase remains—but the best is lost.

The answers quick and keen, the honest look, the laughter, the love,
They are gone; they are gone to feed the roses. Elegant and curled
Is the blossom; fragrant is the blossom. I know. But I do not approve.
More precious was the light in your eyes than all the roses of the world.

Down, down, down into the darkness of the grave
Gently they go, the beautiful, the tender, the kind;
Quietly they go, the intelligent, the witty, the brave.
I know. But I do not approve. And I am not resigned.

THE title is French, meaning the shop-girl, the habitat here is English, but the picture, given in *The London Mercury*, is reduplicated in every large city to-day:

THE MIDINETTES

By Lord Sandwich

  At eight an ominous
  Gray silence fills the street . . .
  At eight-fifteen from tube and 'bus
  Come pattering the feet
  Of shop-girls, "*midinettes,*"
  Pink-stockinged, buff or fawn,
In helmet, fur-lined coat, the pets
  Of fashion aped, outworn.
  Alone, linked twos or threes,
  From Clerkenwell, the Hams,
They patter on to Selfridge's,
  Or Marshall's, Debenham's,
  Some scarcely yet sixteen,
  Some happy maybe, kind
At home, and this one mildly keen—
  But all, alike, resigned.
  To pander to desire
  That tinsel, ribbon brings,
Or else appease a foreman's ire
  With sweet, unspoken things—
  This is the daily task—
  Others, to stitch and hem
Too often bend a sadder mask
  O'er toil or stratagem,
  To win approval's smile—
  A sour-faced termagant.
You, plying needle, dream awhile

  Of an escort, or its want
  Till seven, till the frocks
  Are folded for the night . . .
Outside again, the crowding mocks
  At loneliness, and light
  Enchants a boyish face
  Waiting, though not for you . . .
When on you patter, quickening pace,
  Toward the Bakerloo.

SOMETHING in the romantic vein of Rossetti from *G. K.'s Weekly* (London):

LILIA THE QUEEN

By Pamela Bullock

I go to Holy Bridal, said Lilia the Queen,
And stately silver clothes me, said Lilia the Queen.
  I take the golden sun,
  I break it into stars,
  And with them make a palisade
To guard my inmost mystery, said Lilia the Queen.

A green, green ladder holds me, said Lilia the Queen,
Erect, and heavenward soaring, said Lilia the Queen.
  From strange brown earth I raise me,
  And pierce the circling azure.
  I go to Holy Bridal
In dress of gold and silver, said Lilia the Queen.

The earth is not my dwelling, said Lilia the Queen,
I live in air and vapour, said Lilia the Queen.
  I draw my breath in heaven,
  I breathe it for your rapture.
  In dress of gold and silver
I go to Holy Bridal, said Lilia the Queen.

My golden perfume draws me, said Lilia the Queen,
To hearts astir with wonder, said Lilia the Queen.
  They cast away their idols,
  They climb the life-green ladder,
  They reach my snow-white bosom
And touch my golden heart, said Lilia the Queen.

I go to Holy Bridal, said Lilia the Queen:
The Moon my mystic Mother, said Lilia th Queen.
  The sunbright gold within me
  My radiant Bridegroom is.
  With butterflies for bridesmaids,
I go to Holy Bridal, said Lilia the Queen.

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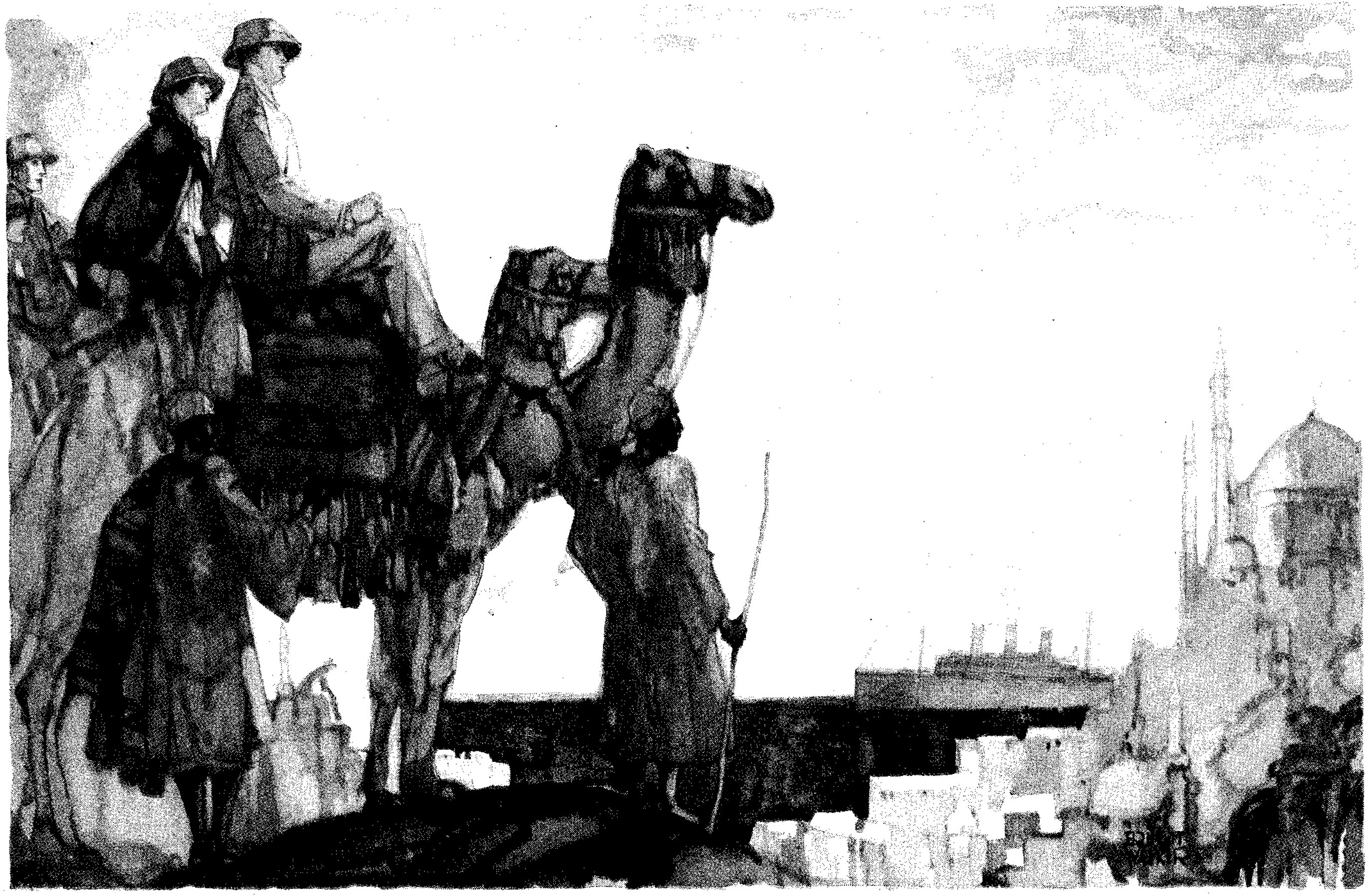

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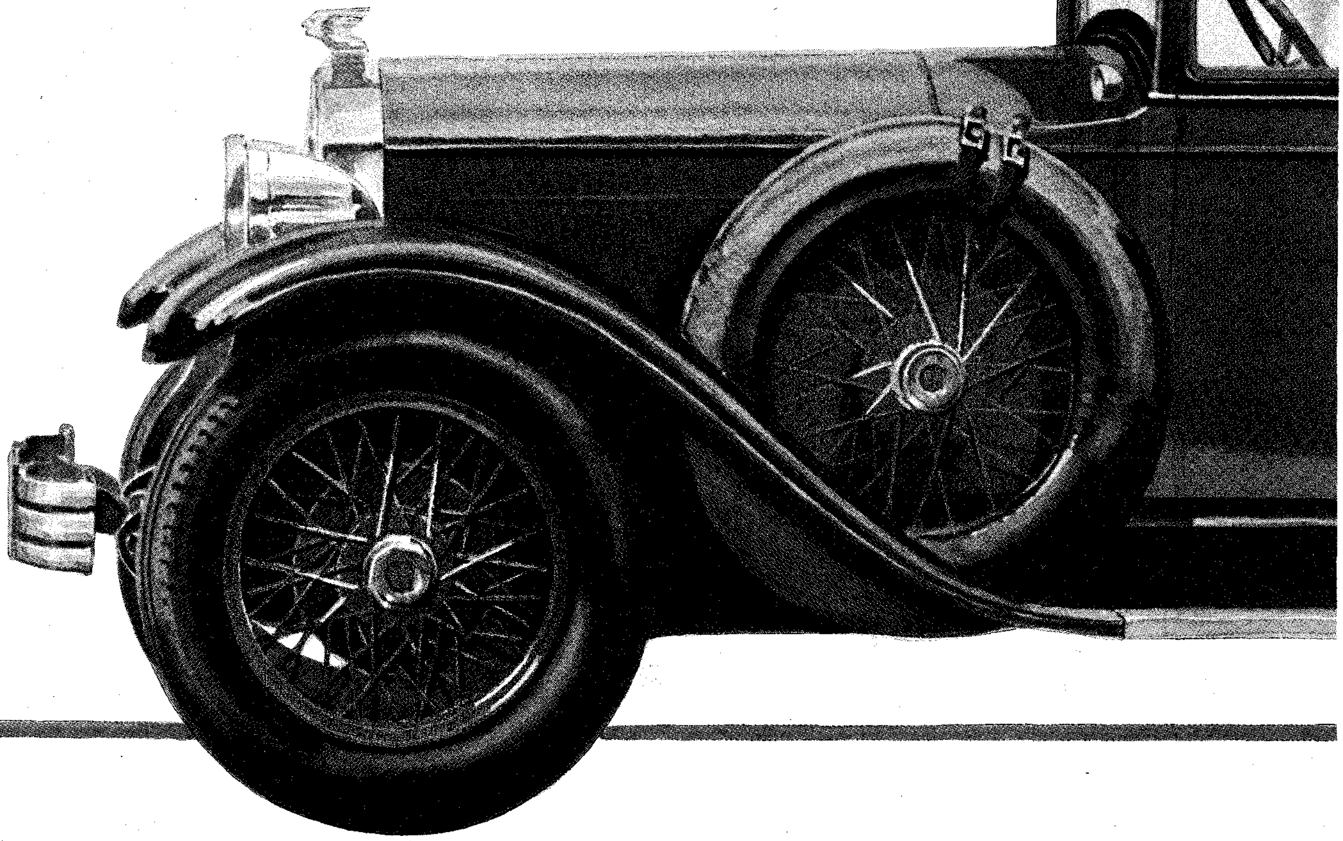

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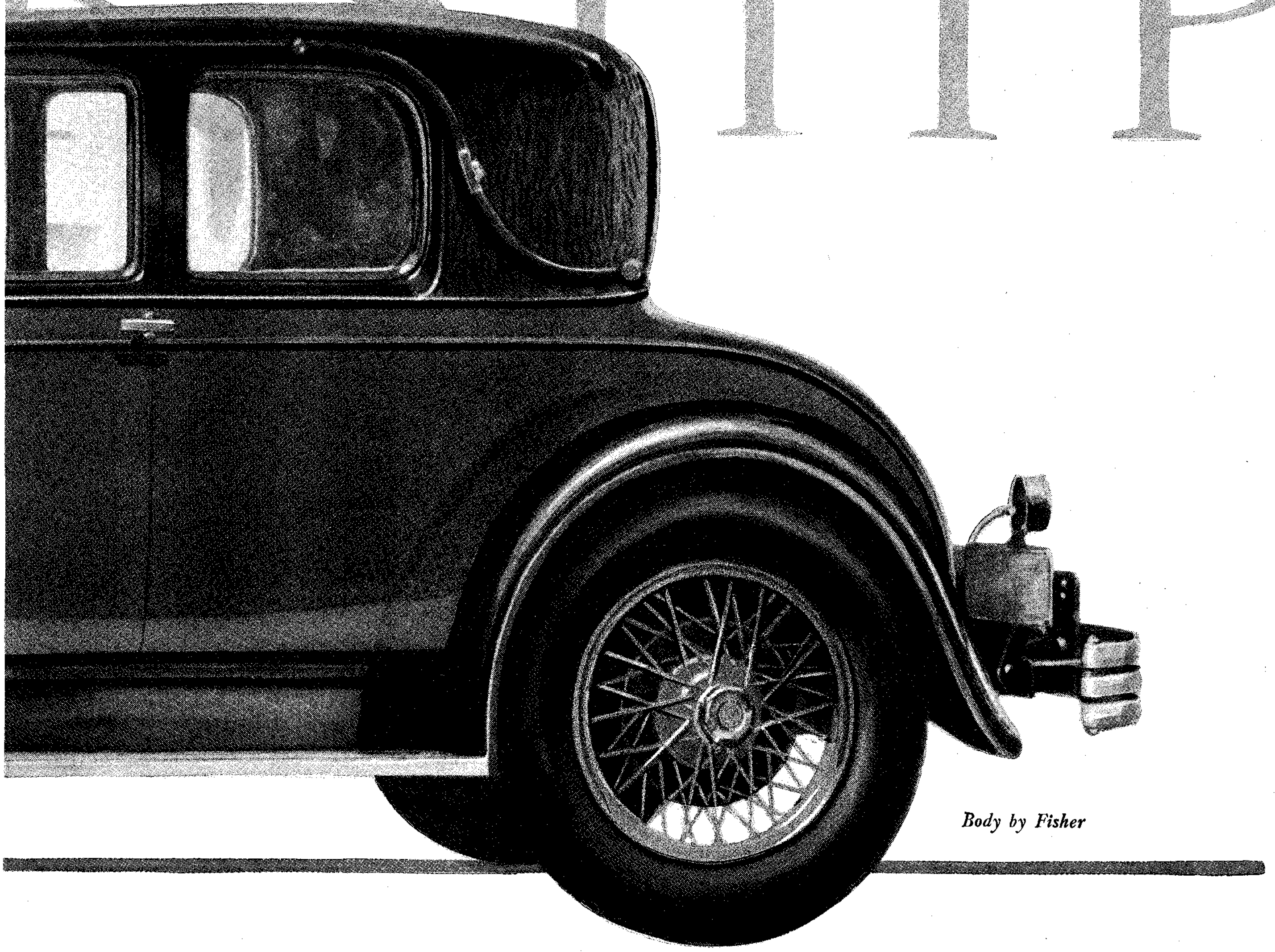

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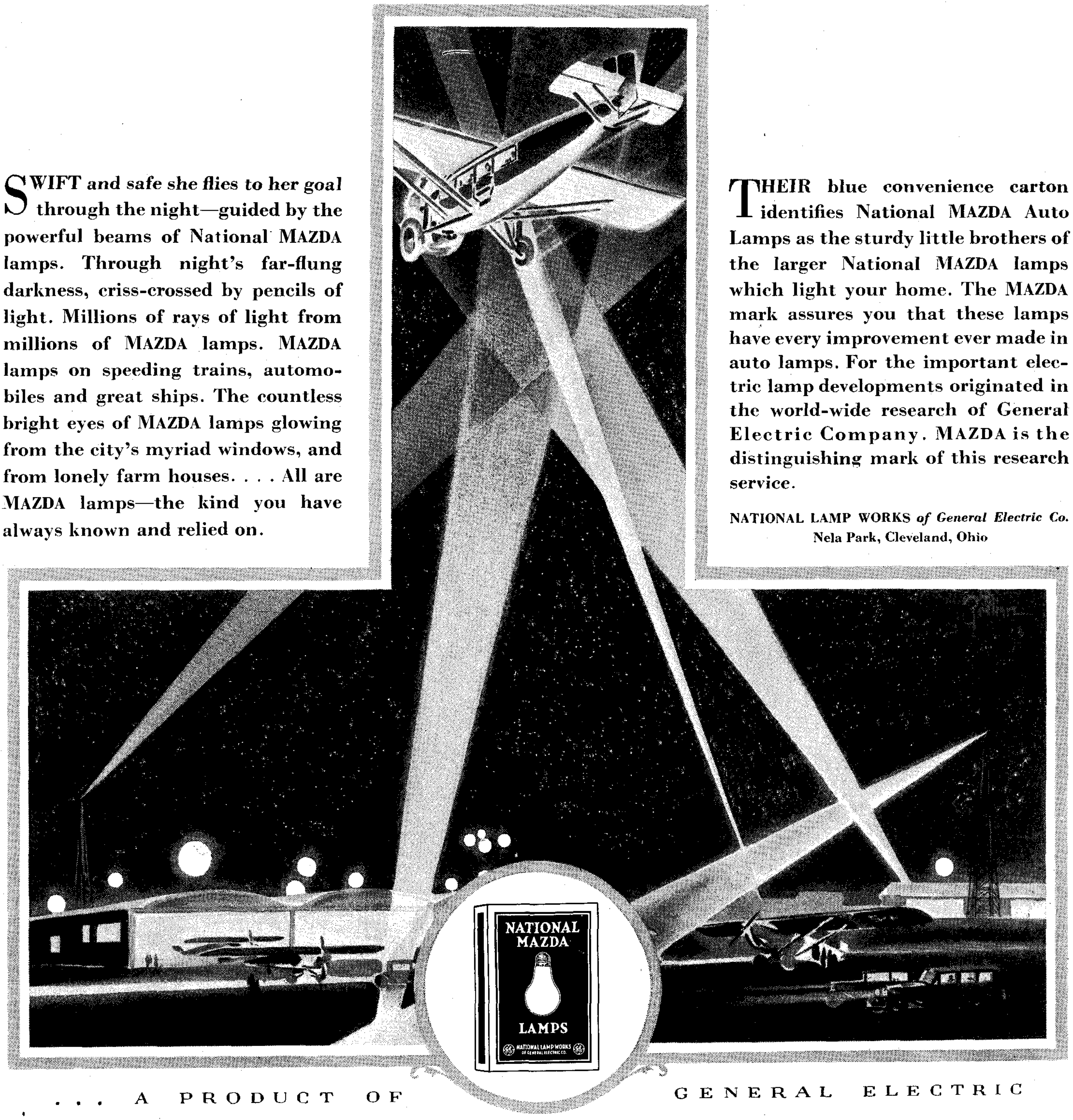

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"ANASTASIA"—ROMANOFF OR INSANE PEASANT?

THE EXILED AND DESTITUTE Russian nobles started suddenly and looked in wonder, first at the man who was speaking to them in Paris and then at each other. "Her spirit has returned to this world and incorporated itself in another body," said the Grand Duke Alexander, former chief of the Russian Air Service and brother-in-law of the dead Czar Nicholas II. "She knows so much about the intimate life of the Czar and his family that there is simply no other explanation for it," he continued, according to Julia McCarthy in the New York *World*, "and of course it wouldn't be the first time that a spirit has returned to earth in a new physical form."

Thus comes the first hint of the occult in the dispute over a young woman who may be Anastasia, daughter of the last Czar, and who may be an insane Polish peasant named Franziska Schanzkowski, posing with remarkable success as a Romanoff. Our readers may recall that in our issue for April 17, 1926, we told of the claims made on behalf of this young woman whose face and body are disfigured by wounds incurred, she says, when she miraculously escaped death in the general slaughter of the royal family by the Bolshevists at Ekaterinberg in 1918. Rescued, she related, by a red soldier who smuggled her away in a wagon and, after a long journey, settled down with her in married life, she turned up two years later in a Berlin hospital. We have received many letters on this subject, which remains unsettled. "Anastasia's" claims have repeatedly been "substantiated" and "demolished." Early this year the press chronicled the arrival of Madame Tschaikowsky, as she is known, in America to be the guest of Mrs. William B. Leeds, the former Princess Xenia of Russia. This arrival laid the foundation for conclusions which were to have their effect on the Russian nobles we have already seen in session in Paris to determine their attitude toward the possible princess. Of Mrs. Leeds, who is "ready to spend her entire fortune to prove the woman's claim genuine," we read further in Miss McCarthy's *World* account:

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

WHO?

It is at least Madame Tschaikowsky who is the guest of Mrs. Leeds in America. But is it Anastasia, daughter of Czar Nicholas, as well?

> While refusing to say a word to American newspapers regarding the carefully guarded young woman who has been denounced as "the greatest hoax in history," Mrs. Leeds has, *The World* is informed, written a letter to the Grand Duke Andrew in France in which she says that, after living with Madame Tschaikowsky, who has been called a deluded Polish farm girl, she is doubly positive that the woman is really her playmate of the old imperial palace days.
>
> At the same time, the reason for "Grand Duchess Anastasia's" visit to the United States remains obscure. The explanation that Mrs. Leeds was aiding her in establishing her identity so that she might claim the dead Czar's fortune on deposit here and in England does not stand up. *The World's* correspondents in Washington and London report that the American State Department knows of no money on deposit here to the Czar's account and that there is no evidence that the Czar had any money in England at the time of his death.
>
> But money or no money there remains the intangible but none the less valuable matter of prestige. Should Madame Tschaikowsky be accepted by the surviving Romanoff nobility as the Grand Duchess Anastasia, she would not only be a rallying point for Russian royalists, who still hope and plan a restoration, but her new social standing would open to her many doors now barred.
>
> Here is an excerpt from the letter *The World* has received as purporting to be from Mrs. Leeds to Grand Duke Andrew and which caused so much consternation among Romanoff exiles in Europe that a conference was called immediately in Paris:
>
> "I had often played with Anastasia, who was about my own age, and Madame Tschaikowsky absolutely astounded me by recalling where we had played, what we had played, and other incidents. I do not have the slightest doubt now about her identity, and I am willing to spend all the money I have to prove her claim."
>
> At the Paris conference Grand Duke Andrew pleaded Madame Tschaikowsky's case so effectively that the meeting, which had been called to dispose of her claims, broke up without taking action. It was Andrew who met the claimant in Paris on her way to New York and positively identified her as Anastasia.

"Anastasia's" story was that she had fainted when the first shots were fired at Ekaterinberg. When she became conscious she was jogging along in a peasant's cart beside a young soldier

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

DID ONE OF THESE SURVIVE THE RED MASSACRE?

The four Grand Duchesses, daughters of the late Czar. The real Anastasia stands in the center.

who told her the manner of her rescue. In the excitement that followed the killing and the packing up of twelve bodies—for servants as well as the master and mistresses had been slain—he nevertheless noticed that "Anastasia," tho wounded, was alive. The idea of saving her seized him. He threw a pile of rags about the limp form of the young Grand Duchess and threw her into his wagon.

For two months they traversed 2,000 miles to the Roumanian border. Later "Anastasia" married the rescuer and gave him a son. Her soldierly savior was later shot in Bucharest, whereupon she packed off her son to an orphanage and made the trip to Germany.

In 1922 Pierre Gillard, writing in *L'Illustration*, called Anastasia or Madame Tschaikowsky "the greatest hoax in history."

Photograph copyrighted by the Keystone View Company

ANASTASIA'S PLAYMATE

And the present claimant's champion. Mrs. William B. Leeds, the former Princess Xenia, of Russia, photographed about the time of her marriage to the son of the "tin-plate king."

After the "recognition" of "Anastasia" in Berlin, a series of inspections by Russian royalist leaders was begun. Of them we are told:

The Grand Duchess Olga arrived without warning, and poorly drest. "Sascha," an old nurse of Anastasia, had been brought along. The two entered the room where the girl lay ill.

"Zhura, oh, my Zhura," she cried. It was the pet name for the nurse. The visitors burst into tears. It was almost unbelievable. "Dear aunt," the girl went on, and leaned forward, nodding her head rapidly as Anastasia used to do. She also used a word, "Schwibsik," the name that her Aunt Olga had called her once upon a time. The identification then seemed complete. Anastasia talked of the circular staircase at the palace, of snapshots she used to take, of a spanking her father the Czar personally administered because she had made fun of a very stiff-mannered sailor on the royal yacht *Standart*—and this royal girl adrift had auburn hair and pale skin like her mother, Princess Alix of Hesse.

Her jaw, which seemed injured, had been struck by a Bolshevist rifle, Anastasia explained. To this a contradiction came up in the protest of a dentist, who said he had extracted a few bad teeth from the jaw of the Polish peasant Francisca.

A protruding bone in the real Anastasia's left foot was identical with one which slightly deformed the left foot of this mysterious young woman in Berlin. The doctor who had examined the Grand Duchess's foot back in Russia was summoned and said he believed the claim genuine.

Not long after the supposed Anastasia landed in this country rumors arose that she meant to put in a claim for the fortune of her "father." Altho every one who heard the story knew who was meant by her father, none knew what was meant by his "fortune."

The Czar, as regards his personal resources, was supposed to do his banking in England. That $40,000,000 piling up interest still remains in the Bank of England is one hardy report that can not be substantiated. Another rumor had it that vast holdings in America, both in banks and in investments, await a claimant.

Days of terror are past in Russia, but the various factions whose clashing created them still exist both in Europe, and even in this country. When they are approached for an opinion upon "Anastasia," the answer is invariably "a hoax," all agreeing, however, that Mrs. Leeds's part in the affair is innocent and well-intentioned.

But to learn something about the Czar's fortune is another matter. Information is forthcoming only upon pledges of protecting the source of supply, as far as facts go. Once given, both royalists and Soviet sympathizers will talk.

They agree that the Czar's personal fortune does not exist to-day anywhere either in England or here. A delightful individual of princely bearing who is in a position to possess accurate information said to the *World* reporter:

"In 1912 there was a kind of nationalist movement among the upper classes, a 'boost Russia' idea. Much money was transferred from the Bank of England back to Russia, including the Emperor's personal funds, because above all the Czar was a great patriot.

"There was no Russian money in England during the war. But at least there were rumors, if not money, accredited to the Czar in your country. You have no doubt heard the rumor that the Czar had fifty millions invested in Pennsylvania Railroad stock.

"I believe such rumors were begun even before the war to inflame the peasants, making them think their Emperor was trying to evade paying taxes to Russia."

Against Mrs. Leeds's conviction that "Anastasia" is truly Anastasia may be set the apparently equally firm conviction of Emery Deri, writing in *The World* Sunday magazine before the trip to America, that she is nothing of the sort. "'Madame Tschaikowsky,' as the mysterious patient of the Mommsen Sanitarium in Berlin called herself, is not the daughter of the late Nicholas II of Russia," he begins, and then points out what he considers the weaknesses in the arguments of the woman's proponents:

Nor is she an unfortunate descendant of an aristocratic Russian family, whose memory has been partly paralyzed as a result of the horrible experiences she went through in Russia. She has never been in Russia, she is not even a Russian. The "Czar's daughter" is exposed as a poor, uneducated, tuberculous, and hysterical German-Polish working girl, with the plebeian name of Franziska Schanzkowski.

If there is any mystery left in this celebrated case, it is this unanswered question: How was this simple, uneducated girl able to make even members of the Romanoff family believe that she was the unfortunate Grand Duchess Anastasia? The answer to that question is a fantastic story of strange coincidences and odd fortuities, a tragicomedy with a farcical plot and a grim background.

The girl, who was said to be identical in appearance with the Grand Duchess Anastasia, attempted suicide by jumping into the river at Berlin. That was on February 17, 1920. She was rescued and brought to the Elizabeth Hospital, where she was kept under observation for several weeks. During this time she refused to give her name or residence or any reason for her attempted suicide. The attending physician reported that she was suffering from hysteria, and suggested that she be removed to the insane asylum of Dalldorf. She was registered in the asylum as "Miss Unknown," and lived in a room with four other feeble-minded women. She never spoke to the doctors about her past, but to one of her roommates, a certain Mrs. Peutert, she confided that she was the Grand Duchess Anastasia.

In 1922 Mrs. Peutert was released from the asylum. She went to Baron von Kleist, descendant of a noble Baltic family, with the story about the Grand Duchess Anastasia being confined in the Dalldorf Asylum, and the Baron went to see the girl. He found a sick, suffering young person with many wounds and scars on her body, who spoke with difficulty and seemed to be very nervous.

Tho Baron von Kleist refused to believe her fantastic story, he was nevertheless imprest by Madame Tschaikowsky's narrative. He sent word to the Danish Ambassador Zahle, who was interested in the case, the Dowager Empress of Russia having been a member of the Danish dynasty. Zahle went to see the "Grand Duchess," asked her questions, and was surprized at the prompt and plausible answers the sick woman gave. He reported the case to Copenhagen.

Meanwhile Baron von Kleist received permission from the asylum to take the mysterious patient into his own home, where

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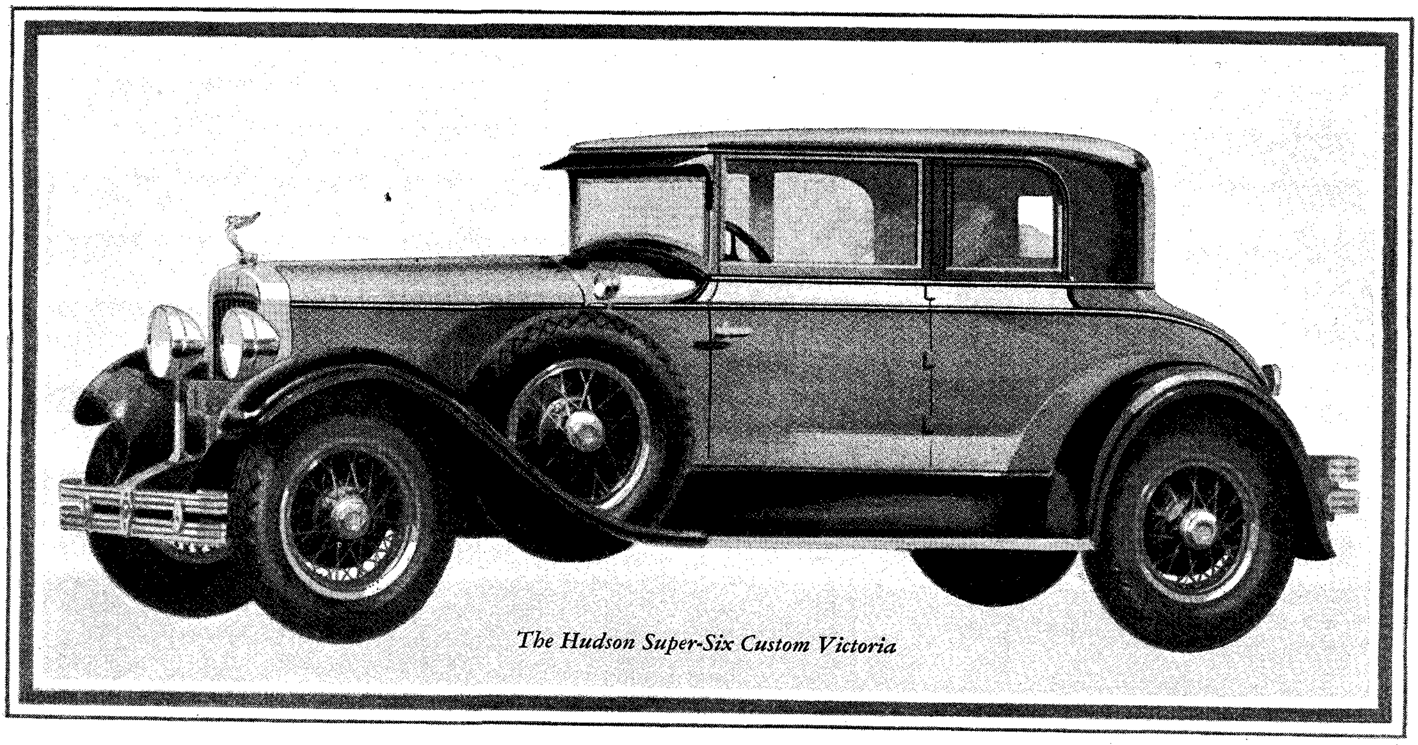
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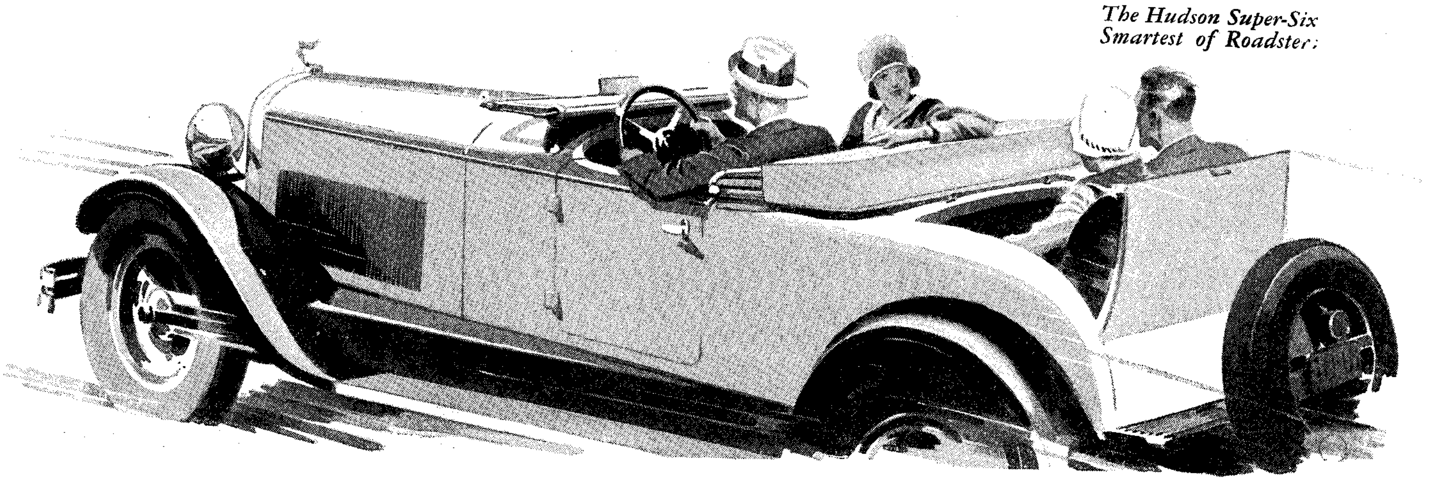
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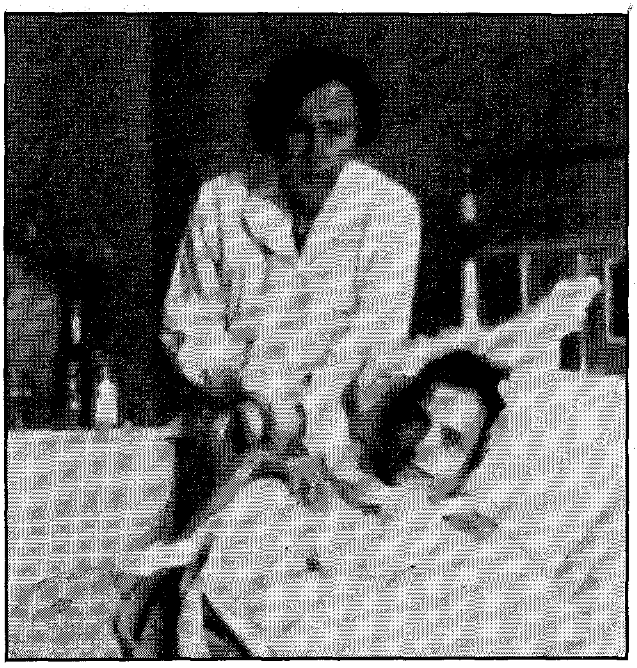
she remained for a few months. Once she disappeared for three days, but was found by Baron von Kleist in the apartment of Mrs. Peutert.

Why did so many people, especially those who had known the real Grand Duchess Anastasia, believe that the two persons were identical?

First of all there was a certain resemblance in the features. Age, height, weight, were almost the same. The difference in features was ascribed to scars, wounds, and suffering undergone by the alleged Anastasia in Ekaterinberg.

Her strongest argument was her astounding knowledge of certain facts and details, which seemingly only the real Anastasia could have known. She knew that members of the Romanoff family called her "darling," and that her Aunt Olga petted her by calling her "Schwibsik." She knew that the automobile of the Czar carried on its hood the sign of the swastika, which was an old Sanscrit symbol of good luck. She remembered the names of two Russian marines who had served on the private yacht of the Emperor, and often played with the younger Princesses, daughters of the Czar. She identified members of the Romanoff family from photos given to her, and she was able to tell the names of those persons who were in daily contact with the imperial family.



WHEN "ANASTASIA" FIRST APPEARED

One of the first photographs made of the "Mystery Woman," in a Berlin sanitarium, attended by a nurse.

Still opinions were divided. While the Grand Duchess Olga and some old servants of the late Czar swore that she was the real Anastasia, the Grand Duke Cyril declared that she must be a very shrewd impostor. Her contentions that she had married a man named Tschaikowsky in Bucharest and that the brother of this man brought her to Berlin were never proved. The Bucharest police did not know anything about a man Tschaikowsky having been shot in the Roumanian capital, nor had the Berlin police any knowledge of another Tschaikowsky who was supposed to have come to Berlin, tho there was at that time a very rigorous rule of registration of foreigners.

This girl, who could tell intimate details about members of the late Czar's family did not speak either Russian or English, the two languages ordinarily spoken in the Romanoff household. She understood Russian but could not speak it, and as to English, she did not even understand it. On the other hand, she spoke German well, tho with a Slav accent. The supporters of her claim said that her memory had become paralyzed in consequence of her horrible experiences.

Who are those persons that speak German with a Slav accent and understand but do not speak Russian? They are mostly Poles born in the Province of Posen. Investigators, searching the files of the Berlin police for persons of Polish origin who had arrived in Berlin, found a registration card written by a person called Franziska Schanzkowski, who came from Borowiehias to Berlin in 1915. The handwriting corresponded with that of Madame Tschaikowsky. A newspaper notice brought forth a young woman named Rosa Doris Wingender, who stated that Franziska Schanzkowski had lived with her family for a year, then disappeared on February 17, 1920, but came back two years later, August 12, 1922, stayed for three days and again disappeared. Photographs of Madame Tschaikowsky were shown to Miss Wingender, and she identified them as likenesses of Franziska Tschaikowsky.

The 12th day of August, 1922, was the day that Madame Tschaikowsky disappeared from the apartment of Baron von Kleist. Pieces of clothing left by Franziska Schanzkowski with the Wingender family were shown to the Baroness von Kleist, who immediately recognized them as those given by her to the alleged Madame Tschaikowsky and worn by the latter on the day of her disappearance. There were pieces of underclothing with the initials "A. R."—Anastasia Romanoff—made by the Baroness von Kleist for Madame Tschaikowsky. Photos established the fact that Madame Tschaikowsky, the alleged Anastasia Romanoff, and the working girl Franziska Schanzkowski, were one and the same person. The investigators then visited the family of the Schanzkowski woman in the village of Hygendorf and procured data which dispersed the last shade of mystery about the identity of the alleged Grand Duchess Anastasia.

One curious detail is to be cleared—how this simple working girl had been able to learn those intimate details about the life of the Russian imperial family.

In the insane asylum Madame Tschaikowsky never said that she was Madame Tschaikowsky or the Grand Duchess Anastasia until her roommate, Mrs. Peutert, had shown her an illustrated newspaper, describing the execution of the Romanoff family, with pictures of the Czar and his children, and mentioning the rumor that the Grand Duchess Anastasia might have escaped death. Mrs. Peutert, who always begged "Miss Unknown" to tell her "the secret of her life," looked at the pictures in the paper, then at "Miss Unknown" and exclaimed: "You are Anastasia! Tell me your secret and I will not tell it to anybody. . . ." Franziska, a diligent reader of mystery stories, agreed. Yes, she was Anastasia. Mrs. Peutert left the asylum a year later, went to Baron von Kleist with her story and the "Anastasia mystery" started.

Franziska Schanzkowski spent five years in constant intercourse with Russian emigrés who were interested in the mystery, and tried every way to refresh the memory of the "Grand Duchess." Photos were shown to her asking about this or that, and when she couldn't answer, they persisted: "Can't you remember . . . this is Grand Duke Michael . . . this is Grand Duchess Olga . . ." and so on. The story about the swastika on the hood of the Czar's automobile was told in a report which circulated among the Russian emigrés, and was shown to the Schanzkowski woman by one of them. Every source of her knowledge was similarly traced.

A pro-"Anastasia" contribution of some picturesqueness is made by Gleb Botkin, a Russian now living in this country. Mr. Botkin would seem to be in a position to speak with some authority. He traveled to Germany to see the alleged Grand Duchess in her then retreat in Leuchtenberg Castle, and since has written and been interviewed extensively on the subject. As for his credentials, his father was personal physician to the Czar and died with the royal family at Ekaterinberg in 1918. Mr. Botkin shared his exile, but escaped death, as he was separated from the rest before the end. But he was one of the last persons to see the Romanoffs alive. He played with Anastasia as a child, and knew her well up to the time of her death or escape from it. Of the results of his investigation, he writes in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

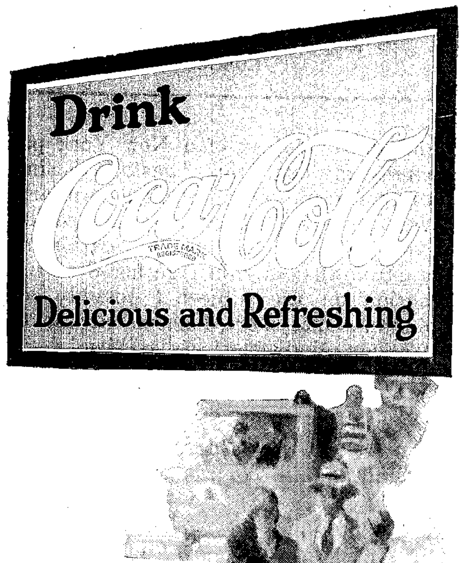
My father was appointed physician to the Russian Emperor when I was eight years old. It was then that I first met Grand Duchess Anastasia, who was then a girl of seven. Our house in Tsarskoe-Selo, the winter residence of the imperial family, was quite near the palace, and we met the grand duchesses on the street almost daily. In the Crimea, where the imperial family spent their autumns, my sister and I had often met and played with the grand duchesses and the heir to the throne.

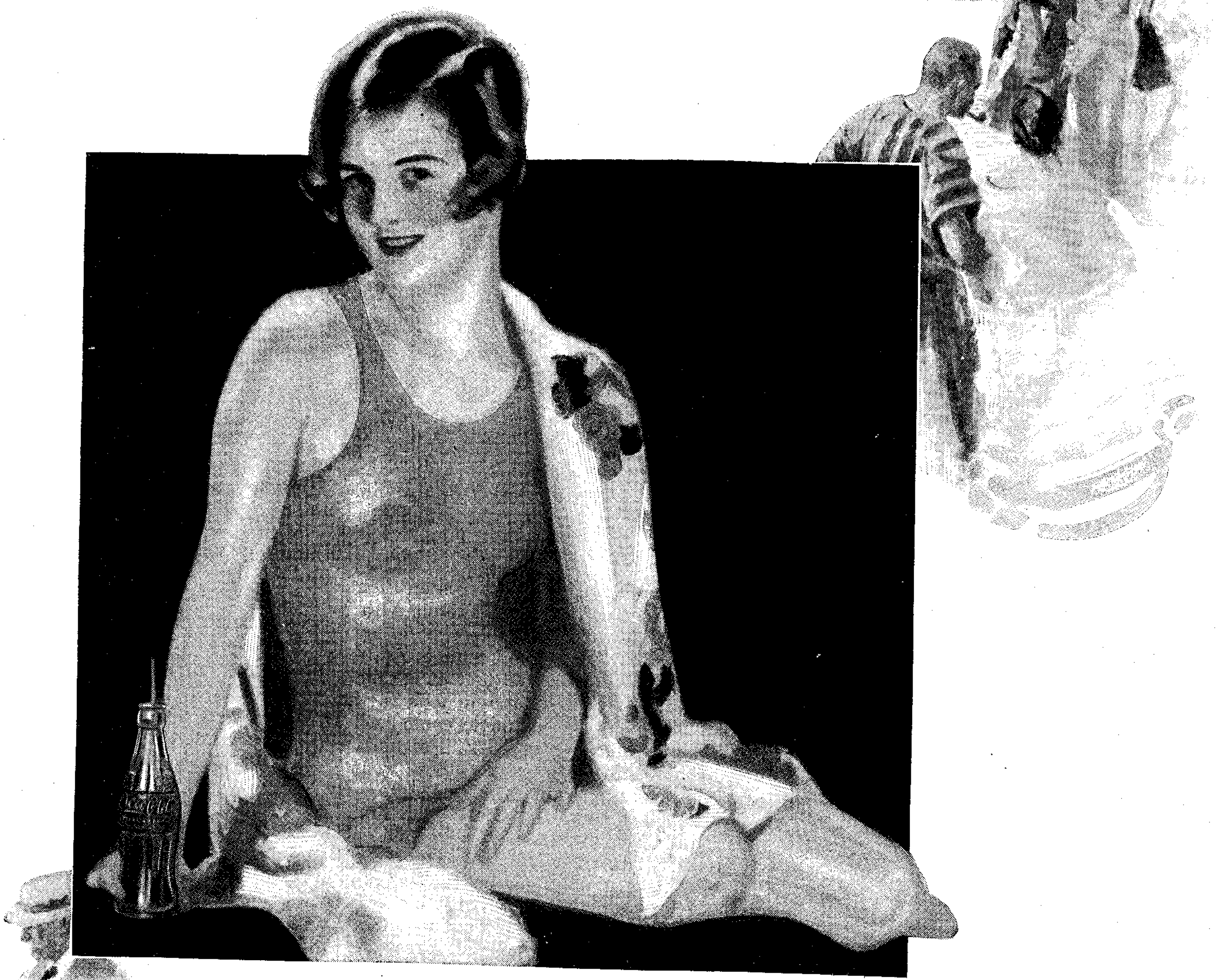
Aside from this we regularly exchanged presents and messages, and followed close each other's lives through my father, who spent most of his day at the palace. My sister and I accompanied the imperial family into exile to Siberia, and were separated from them by the Bolsheviks only three months before their tragic death.

I first heard about Anastasia Nikolavena's escape about three years ago, but refused to take that rumor seriously. In the last ten years I had met innumerable frauds who posed as this or that member of the Russian imperial family.

I was convinced that the whole imperial family had perished,

A pure drink of natural flavors





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IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

> and on the request of a New York paper exprest my belief that Anastasia is simply another fraud or a lunatic. An article which appeared some two years ago, however, made me consider the matter anew, and from that day on I gathered all information on the subject I possibly could obtain. Once more I dismissed the case from my mind after I had received a cable from Gillard, who in the strongest expressions assured me that Anastasia was an impostor, but somewhat later I received a letter from my sister, who, with equal conviction, assured me that she was the real Grand Duchess Anastasia.
>
> I arrived in Germany utterly confused by the conflicting rumors, but inclined to be skeptical. At first the Grand Duchess flatly refused to receive me, but I remained in the Leuchtenberg Castle until she finally agreed to grant me an audience. From the moment that I found myself in her presence, all my doubts were dispelled. Before me was Her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess Anastasia of Russia. She was miserable, nervous, her mouth disfigured by a bayonet wound and a blow of a rifle butt, her whole physical system undermined and exhausted, but in spite of all this so little changed that I could have no more doubts about her identity than I could have had about my own.
>
> All her little mannerisms, all her gestures, I recognized at once, but in her eyes I saw not only her eyes but the eyes of her father—the Emperor—as well. The features of the Grand Duchess are not very regular, but characteristically Romanoff. Her eyes, however, can be called by no other word but fascinating, and because of them one remains with the impression that she is very pretty. In spite of all the tortures she had gone through, Grand Duchess Anastasia preserved her charm, her grace, and even her sense of humor, which had always been one of her outstanding characteristics. In all her misery she can still laugh at times like a carefree child, and her courage and patience are perfectly amazing.
>
> It is impossible in such a short article to give a detailed account of the conversations I had with the Grand Duchess. I can only say that she recognized me at once, and that she talked to me in a manner which would completely convince me of her identity, even if her features and mannerisms had been changed beyond recognition.
>
> I feel justified in saying even more. For any person who had known Grand Duchess Anastasia, it is impossible not to recognize her.

But, altho photographs, measurements, language, and similar tests have failed to settle the question definitely, dolls may do it, we read in a copyrighted Paris dispatch to the New York *Evening Post*, which records the latest suggestion:

> A Philadelphian who has just returned from Leningrad says the Director of Historical Souvenirs has sent fifty more dolls that belonged to the Russian princesses to the museum at Tsarkoe-Selo.
>
> The dolls are carefully numbered with the names of princesses to whom they belonged. The Philadelphian inquires if the claimant could identify one, remarking that few women fail to identify the cherished belongings of their young days.

A $17 GRUBSTAKE THAT MADE A MINING MAGNATE

A SWIFT kick started it, and a charitable but preoccupied merchant helped it along. And before it was over various persons had found fortunes in the Leadville, Colorado, silver rush and the lucky merchant had skyrocketed to riches on a $17 grubstake. The swift kick was administered by George Freassle to the dog of August Rische, and the charitable merchant was none other than Horace A. W. Tabor, of Colorado fame. Freassle and Rische were partners, but when Freassle kicked Rische's dog, the two parted company, the latter setting out for Leadville, which he had not intended to visit. On the way, Robert L. Duffus tells us in *Collier's*, in an account of Horace A. W. Tabor and the Leadville rush, he met George T. Hook, who liked dogs, and together they proceeded to their destination. To Leadville, one day, his whiskers flying in the wind, came George H. Fryer, who had just discovered silver carbonate. He had "dug a hole in a spot where the Eastern experts said there could never, never be any paying ore. He found a lode which, with all its dips, angles, sinuosities, and ramifications, was to yield $150,000,000 within the next ten years. As it turned out, he even got $50,000 out of that lode for his very own. Every able-bodied citizen, not more profitably occupied, and able to get hold of a pick and shovel, dashed for Fryer Hill, as it was ever afterward called." So began the great Leadville rush. But Rische and Hook couldn't rush, Mr. Duffus explains:

> They were busted. They were on their uppers. They had no tools fit to dig with, no powder, and very little to eat. So they cast about for a nice, kind man to grubstake them. They applied first, it is said, to Edward Harrison. Harrison took their names and said that they might come back a little later and he would let them know if anything turned up. So they went down the street to Tabor's general store.
>
> Tabor had had an eventful history. Born in Orleans County, Vermont, on November 26, 1830, he had been first a stonecutter, then a school-teacher. In 1855 he trekked to Kansas with his wife and children. There he did well in politics, and was a member of the first Free Soil legislature, which was dispersed by Federal troops. But he must have been a poor farmer, for in 1859 he abandoned his Kansas land and joined in the rush to Pike's Peak.
>
> Next year, when gold discoveries were reported in California Gulch, below the site of what was to be Leadville, he hitched four oxen to a prairie schooner and moved over—a six weeks' journey! Arrived at the gulch, he not only prospected a little, but also started a store. The store paid better than the prospecting. When the placer mines began to peter out, about 1866, he followed his luck to the mining camp of Buckskin, but a few years later he was back in the gulch, which was now beginning to look up a little.
>
> For a time he was postmaster as well as storekeeper at Oro, two or three miles below where Leadville was to be. In the summer of 1877 he left Oro (following which the little town gave one gasp and died), and went up the creek to Leadville. Here he was popular enough and prominent enough to get himself elected as the first mayor of the new city. He sold, as one of his contemporaries has said, everything from a tin pan to a suit of clothes, and did a pretty good business. Still, there was nothing about him which hinted at a great future. One does not expect miracles to happen to country storekeepers in their late forties.
>
> Tabor was very busy on the April morning in 1878, a few days after Fryer's great discovery, when Hook and Rische approached his store. In fact, as he afterward said, that turned out to be the busiest year of his life. He listened rather impatiently. Finally he said: "Yes, yes, go and take what you want, but don't bother me now."
>
> With this he returned to the important business of selling somebody a pair of boots or a can of beans, while Rische and Hook, taking him at his word, went off with about $17 worth of supplies. It was understood that if they found any silver or gold lying around he was to have a third share in it. Otherwise he would be out exactly $17. Probably he set the transaction down to charity, for he was a good and kindly man, and never liked to have poor prospectors starving on his door-step.
>
> Meanwhile Rische and Hook went on up Fryer Hill, found a spot which nobody seemed to want, and set to work. It happens that the carbonate veins around Leadville do not come to the surface, but lie in great waves at varying distances down. There is—or was—no way of telling how deep down a vein was, except by digging for it. Some shafts went down 500 feet, which is a long way to go with pick and shovel to reach one's pay dirt.
>
> Rische and Hook spat on their hands and dug, and hoped everything would turn out all right. They dug for nine long days. On the ninth day they dug out a wagonload of dirt, took it down to Leadville, and sold it for $200. At a depth of only twenty-six feet they had struck what was to become famous as the Little Pittsburgh mine. By July they were taking out $8,000 worth of ore every week. And Horace Tabor was no longer too busy to pay attention to them. No, indeed.

By the middle of November the Little Pittsburgh had yielded $375,000—a very tidy return on $17 and a little work—and that was just the beginning, we learn as we read on:

> Hook, the least ambitious of the three, soon sold out to Tabor and Rische for $98,000, which, with what he had already received from the operation of the mine, gave him $150,000 for a pleasant summer's work.
>
> Rische held on a little longer, became a partner in some of Tabor's enterprises, built a big house in Denver, and finally sold out to Tabor for $262,500. Tabor bought several other claims on Fryer Hill with the profits of the Little Pittsburgh, and then disposed of the lot for a million dollars, a little more than a year after the discovery, to Daniel Moffatt and Jerome B. Chaffee.
>
> But he was not a man to be satisfied with a million. The genius and ambition which he had been keeping under his hat ever since he had first put on that useful article of wearing apparel suddenly boiled over. Everything he touched turned to gold. He bought the Matchless mine for $117,000, and soon it was turning out

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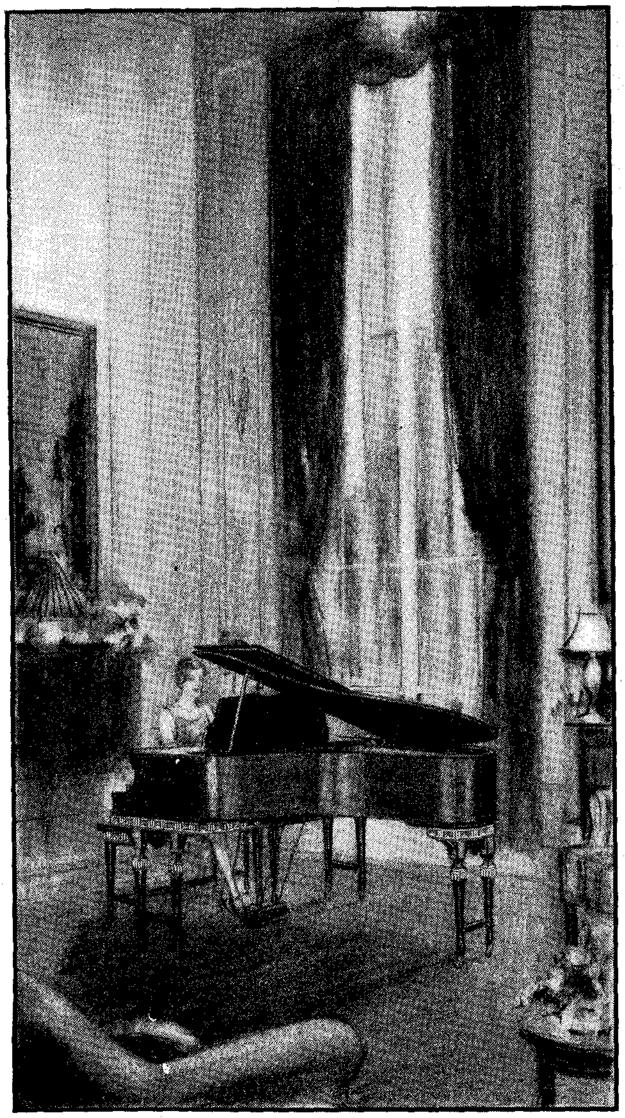

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CHEER up! Never again need you let the disagreeable after-taste of smoking or eating get the best of your temper and make you feel down-in-the-mouth.

Perfected by science to soothe sore, raw throat, and to relieve cold, Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant is also a refresher!

Quickly it *cuts and neutralizes the bad after-effect of tobacco or too rich foods* and leaves the mouth tingling with a delightful freshness that lingers for hours.

As you may know, off-color taste signals the presence of unpleasant breath. As Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant removes one it also removes the other.

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Morning . . . noon . . . and night, whenever necessary, use a dash of Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant in a glass of water.

Use it as a gargle when you feel a cold coming and your throat is sore or irritated.

Use it as a mouthwash to keep breath sweet always and taste clean, sparkling and wholesome.

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Everybody's enthusiastic about Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant. Men and women say there's nothing better. It has . . .

Power to protect oral passages from infection and remove (not cover up) bad breath

Persistence to safeguard delicate mouth and throat over a long period

Penetration to work into moist tissue and render harmless disease-breeding germs (excepting, of course, advanced focal infection).

And it is safe . . . pleasant to use . . . refreshing . . . without a tell-tale odor to tell the world of its embarrassing presence.

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FOR MOUTH, BREATH AND TASTE HYGIENE

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

$2,000 a day in net profits. He built a "wigwam" for political meetings, and when the rush hit Leadville in the summer of 1879 rented sleeping space in it every night to a thousand men at a dollar and a half apiece.

He rode on the top wave of a prosperity which increased the population of Leadville from 3,000 in 1877 to 35,000 in 1879. Overnight the little town became a roaring, rollicking city. There were 130 saloons, and almost as many gambling dens, but the great intoxicant was wealth, and the great gamble was in mining claims. If a prospector wanted money, all he had to do was to dig a hole and offer it for sale—he could sell it, no matter where it was or what was under it. One prospector salted his mine with carbonate and sold it for $2,000. While he was congratulating himself on his cleverness the supposed victims clawed a little deeper, found a vein of carbonate which nature herself had put there, and became millionaires.

Horace Tabor, school-teacher, stone-cutter, farmer, politician, storekeeper, gold hunter, was thoroughly at home in all this uproar. He put a small iron safe in a building next his store, hired one clerk, and started the first bank in Leadville. He organized the Leadville Stock Exchange, became president of the Tabor Smelter Supply Company, formed milling companies, street-construction companies, water and gas companies. He built the Leadville Opera House. He had a military company and a fire company named after him. He was Leadville's leading citizen; in fact he became near being all Leadville's leading citizens rolled into one.

But Leadville, even with 40,000 population, was too small to hold him, and he moved down to Denver, where he bought the finest residence in town, and set out, as a Denver historian puts it, "to transform Denver from a straggling village to a metropolis." He built two business blocks which bore his name. He built and gave to the city the Tabor Opera House, at a cost of $850,000. With its finish of solid cherry, its plush upholstery and its rich draperies, it was the best theater between St. Louis and San Francisco. He gave heavily to the campaign funds of the Republican party of Colorado, and after the death of Jerome Chaffee was generally considered its boss. He was lieutenant-governor of Colorado, and when Senator Teller died was chosen to fill out the remaining thirty days of his term.

But all bubbles have to burst, and all mines, it sometimes seems, have their revengeful demons. The time came when silver lost its hold on the markets of the world, mines were closed, and Colorado entered upon dark days. Tabor's investments collapsed when the United States Government suspended the coinage of silver. By 1893 his millions had vanished like a dream. He went about half dazed. There were no more fortunes to be had by removing a few feet of top soil, and he was too old to seek them if they had been there.

Yet, unlike Timon of Athens and a few other rich men, ancient and modern, Horace Tabor kept his friends after his dollars were gone. In 1898 men of all political faiths joined in a successful petition to President McKinley to have him made postmaster at Denver, and he passed his last days with dignity and without fear of want. He died on April 10, 1899.

THE BRAZILIAN RUSH FOR DIAMONDS OR DEATH

RAGGED, half-starved, but well armed, 5,000 lawless adventurers are hacking their way through the jungle in a race for riches. Gambling, dancing, and drinking are their only recreations, the six-shooter their only law. A modern El Dorado in the heart of the Brazilian jungle is their goal, and behind their stampede, Francis Gow Smith tells us in the New York *Herald Tribune* Magazine, "lies a story of hardship, adventure and bloody feuds more thrilling in many ways than the tales of Kimberley, the Klondike, or the Forty-niners." This new diamond rush was brought about indirectly, we learn further from Mr. Smith, who recently led an expedition to study the Indians of Brazil, by the revolt of 12,000 peons who worked in the Rio das Garcas section. The writer explains:

> Fleeing for their lives from these enraged laborers, loyal workmen beat their way through the jungle to the Araguaya River, where one of the fugitives stumbled upon a diamond. A search revealed others.
>
> Short of supplies, the men soon were forced to return to civilization. Efforts to keep their secret were vain. Word of their discovery was noised abroad, and reports flew about that a thirty-carat diamond, purplish black and of great brilliance—the only stone of its kind in the world—had been taken from the river. Immediately the shiftless thousands in that part of Brazil began to prepare for the long trek to the Araguaya.
>
> Only dreams of vast and sudden wealth could lure them on to dare the perils that await them where the blue Araguaya dashes northward through rocky gorges and uncharted wilderness—a thousand miles from the settlements of Matto Grosso to the Amazon.
>
> Where only a few weeks ago was nothing but jungle fastness, a teeming village has sprung into being almost overnight. Each day brings additional scores of diamond diggers and buyers, weary from their thousand-mile trip to the new El Dorado; each morning finds this mushroom town larger than it was the night before; each night brings a greater throng to the dance-hall gambling house. For this is the diamond boom town of Lageado.
>
> Southward and eastward it is three hundred miles to the nearest settlements, from which the merchants bring in their supplies by lumbering ox train. Northward and westward there is nothing but unmapped wilderness where warlike Indians poison their arrow-tips and treasure in their wigwams the dried heads of their enemies.
>
> The village huts of Lageado rise on each side of a broad, grass-grown "street." Their walls are made of roughly hewn saplings, stuck upright in the ground and chinked with clay. The roofs are thatched with grass. The floors are dirt. The furniture is a hammock and a block of wood.
>
> A motley throng they are—these *garimpeiros*, the diamond diggers, who are cutting their way through the dense tropical growth that so quickly closes the jungle trails. Negroes, Indians, whites, half-breeds, they travel in small groups. A tattered pair of trousers is their only bit of clothing, save a pair of home-made sandals, cut from a piece of cowhide and fastened about the ankle with leather thongs.
>
> Each of them carries a well-oiled rifle—

To wives and mothers

about husbands and children

Who will take care of this important matter if you don't? Husbands usually think about their hair only *after* it begins to thin, and children never.

Yet hair troubles are so much easier to prevent than to cure. And it is quite simple to *keep* the scalp healthy. Why not start the family (and yourself) on the way to healthy hair-habits now by providing, for regular use, one of these three Packer soaps: Packer's Tar Soap, or Packer's Tar Shampoo, or Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo.

Regular Packer shampoos are the safest, surest road we know to healthy hair—and we have been studying the care of the hair for 55 years. Into these soaps go ingredients especially selected for their benefits to the scalp—bland glycerine, stimulating pine tar, imported olive oil. Each ingredient is the finest and purest of its kind.

Outdoor health for a sleepy scalp

Men usually prefer the tar soap with its clean tang of pine woods. The generous snow-white lather encourages them to massage well into the scalp the outdoor health of pure pine tar which is so helpful in the treatment of dandruff.

They like the waked-up feeling, the glow of health a Packer shampoo gives. And who wouldn't?

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Let the children try one of the liquid shampoos. See how quickly they pile up billows of lather . . . that rinse away in a twinkling. Notice how soft and shining their hair becomes.

Even one shampoo with Packer's makes your hair more attractive. And regular Packer shampoos keep your hair healthy and bright and vital. Read the offer below and start your own and your family's hair off to healthier, better habits now.

Send for sample. Send 10c for sample of one of these three Packer Shampoos (specify which one) and our new 28-page book on hair health, the care of dry hair, oily hair, dandruff, etc. Address the Packer Mfg. Company, Inc., Dept. 4-G, P. O. Box 85, New York City.

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PACKER'S TAR SOAP
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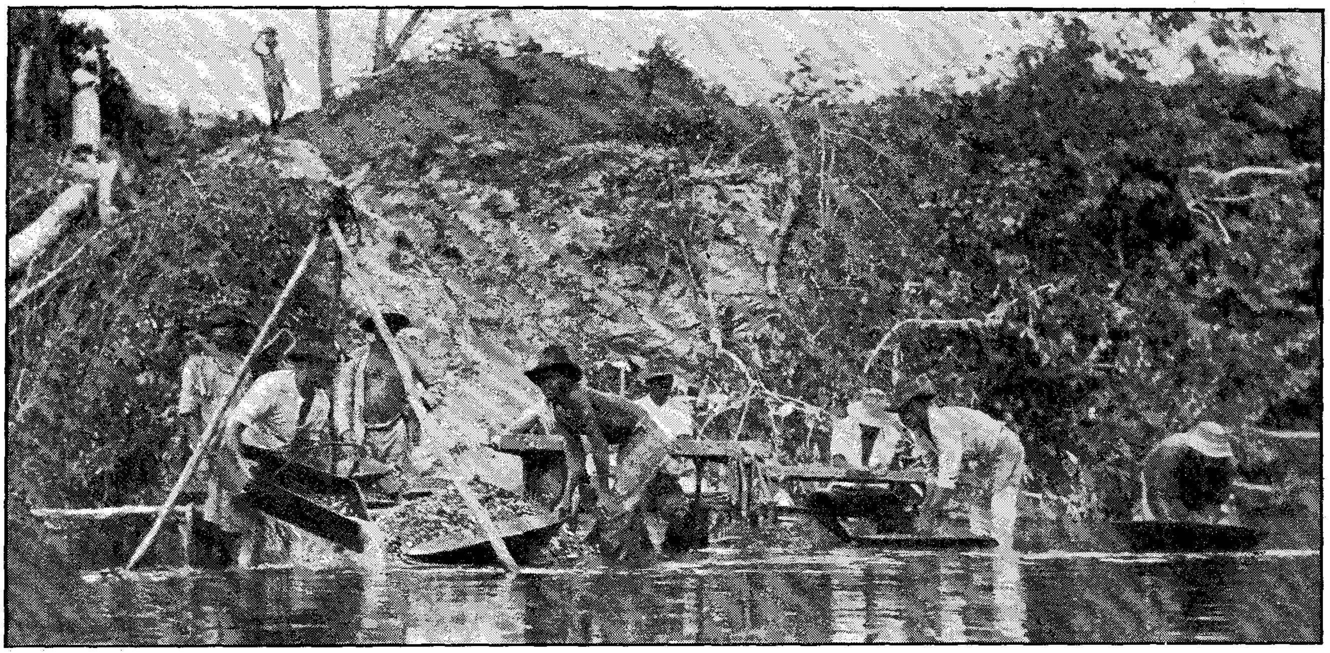


Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

HERE A DULL PEBBLE MAY BECOME THE PAVEMENT OF EASY STREET

Screening the diamond-bearing gravel of a Brazilian river, these grimy adventurers brave the tropical sun and a myriad discomforts and dangers.

for they must live chiefly off the country. And the only other supplies they are taking on their thousand-mile dash to the diamond fields are some *zarque*, strips of sun-dried beef, and *guarana*, a dried fruit, from which is made a stimulating drink that will sustain the traveler for days with little other food.

Free-lances all, are the *garimpeiros*—unyielding to authority and as ready to use their guns on humans as on animals. But regardless of how rich the stake may be—no matter how this new diamond field should turn out—they are almost sure to depart from the fields at the end of the dry season nearly as impoverished as when they entered. The diamonds that the diggers toiled for months in the water to uncover will be brought back to civilization next fall by the merchants and the diamond buyers, who already are trooping into the new Araguaya field behind the vanguard of *garimpeiros*.

By horse or muleback the diamond buyers travel. Many of them accomplish part of the journey by flivver from the railhead, along trails that are mere ruts. Streams are crossed on bridges that are nothing more than two logs cut to fit the wheels.

Turk, Armenian, Swiss, German, Spaniard, Portuguese, Dutch, and Belgian—the buyers are a rough, thick-skinned, cosmopolitan crew. They wear broad sombreros, checked shirts, and big boots. Rifles rest on their knees as they ride, and revolvers are conspicuous in their hand-tooled leather belts. Over the right shoulder is slung a leather pouch, or *capunga*, which gives the diamond buyers their name of *capungueiros*.

It is this straggling army of *garimpeiros* and *capungueiros* that has concentrated at Lageado along the shore of the Araguaya.

Lageado—the boom town of the jungle scene of what may turn out to be Brazil's greatest diamond rush—is the story of Cassununga all over again, Mr. Smith continues, adding, however, that this new center is on a far grander and more amazing scale. Two years, ago, he writes:

Cassununga had its day—two years ago Cassununga was the scene of another tropical diamond rush. I was there just as that rush was getting under way, and the scenes that I saw then are being duplicated in Lageado to-day.

Cassununga was barely beginning to take shape when I rode into town on muleback. Scattered irregularly over a grass-grown clearing were a few half-finished huts. Only one large structure had been finished—the dance-hall. A few diamond buyers were gathered there, but the rest of the town was deserted. Just another exaggerated boom story, I thought to myself, but that was before I had walked over to the bluff above the river. There, below me, the entire population of the new jungle metropolis was working feverishly—on the beaches and far out in the water—hunting diamonds. A rich strike had been made and every diamond digger was out to get his share as quickly as he could.

Along part of the river bed the water had receded. But most of them were waist-deep in water. Here and there the knots of diggers were much thicker than anywhere else—it was evident that these were the spots where recent lucky finds had been made, and the other diggers had gathered about as closely as their code permitted.

Scooping up the gravel in shovels, the *garimpeiros* put it in shallow wooden bowls about three feet in diameter. Resting the bowls on the water, they rotated them swiftly so that the worthless *cascalho* worked itself to the outer rim, whence deft fingers flipped it back into the river. Whatever diamonds there were remained in the center of the bowl—irregular-shaped, cloudy colored, uninteresting-looking little stones, sometimes with a greenish-blue coating that must be burned off before they are cut.

While I watched, an excited figure came scrambling up the bluff at my feet. He was naked to the waist; his ragged trousers were dripping wet. Under a floppy felt hat his unkempt hair fell forward over gleaming eyes. He had found a big diamond, of perhaps ten carats. It would pay all of his last year's debts and leave him wealthy—unless, as was likely, he should gamble this new fortune away that night at the dance-hall.

At dark the rest of the army of diggers came up from the river. Smoky fires sprang into life around the clearing—the men were cooking themselves meager suppers of beans and rice, drying out their soaking trousers and donning shirts.

Another hour, and many of them had made their way to the dance-hall. Its interior was illuminated with home-made lamps—dishes filled with oil from the castor bean and provided with crude cotton wicks that dangled over the side, flaring feebly. Around the walls were scattered rough tables, at which girls were drinking with bearded diamond buyers. On two blocks of wood in a corner sat the orchestra, one musician playing a home-made guitar, the other an accordion. Queerly matched couples were dancing the maxixe on the dirt floor in the center of the room. The girls were drest in colorful, chic costumes, but their partners, as often as not, were barefoot or shod in heavy boots. They wore their sombreros while they danced, and the revolvers in their belts added a touch of menace to the affair.

But lawless humanity is not the only hazard which the *garimpeiros* must face. Nature has provided a few choice dangers of her own, as Mr. Smith relates:

The unwary digger may be pulled down into swirling potholes, sucked under by quicksand, or caught in a swift current and swept against the rocks of the rapids. He braves the constant torment of mosquitoes, the danger of a gashed leg from treading on a stingray, the paralyzing shock of the electric eel, which abounds in the rocky stretches of the river. The Araguaya is alive with piranha fish, too, which nibble morsels from the wading digger's shins. The banks are infested with poisonous snakes, and the diggers especially dread the sucuru, a twenty-foot, constricting watersnake, powerful enough to crush a man like an eggshell.

ou wouldn't shoot .22 calibre bullets in a .38 calibre gun

Facts about "light," "medium," "heavy" oils

What is meant by the word, "light" or "medium" or "heavy" which is supposed to describe the body of the oil you buy for your automobile engine?

Of course you don't know. Nobody does.

Engineers recently tested 7 samples of oil—*all well-known brands*—which were selling as "medium." Tested at the same temperature, they showed viscosities ranging from 148° to 485°—a range all the way from what some people call "light" to what some call "heavy."

Similar tests on so-called "light," "heavy" and "extra-heavy" grades showed differences just as wide.

Such unsuitable oil makes your engine wear out much quicker than it should.

With Gargoyle Mobiloil there is not the slightest chance for you to make a mistake on "fit" or lubricating quality. The Mobiloil Board of Engineers has studied your particular make of car in every detail. Their recommendation for your engine in the Mobiloil Chart is based on engineering findings.

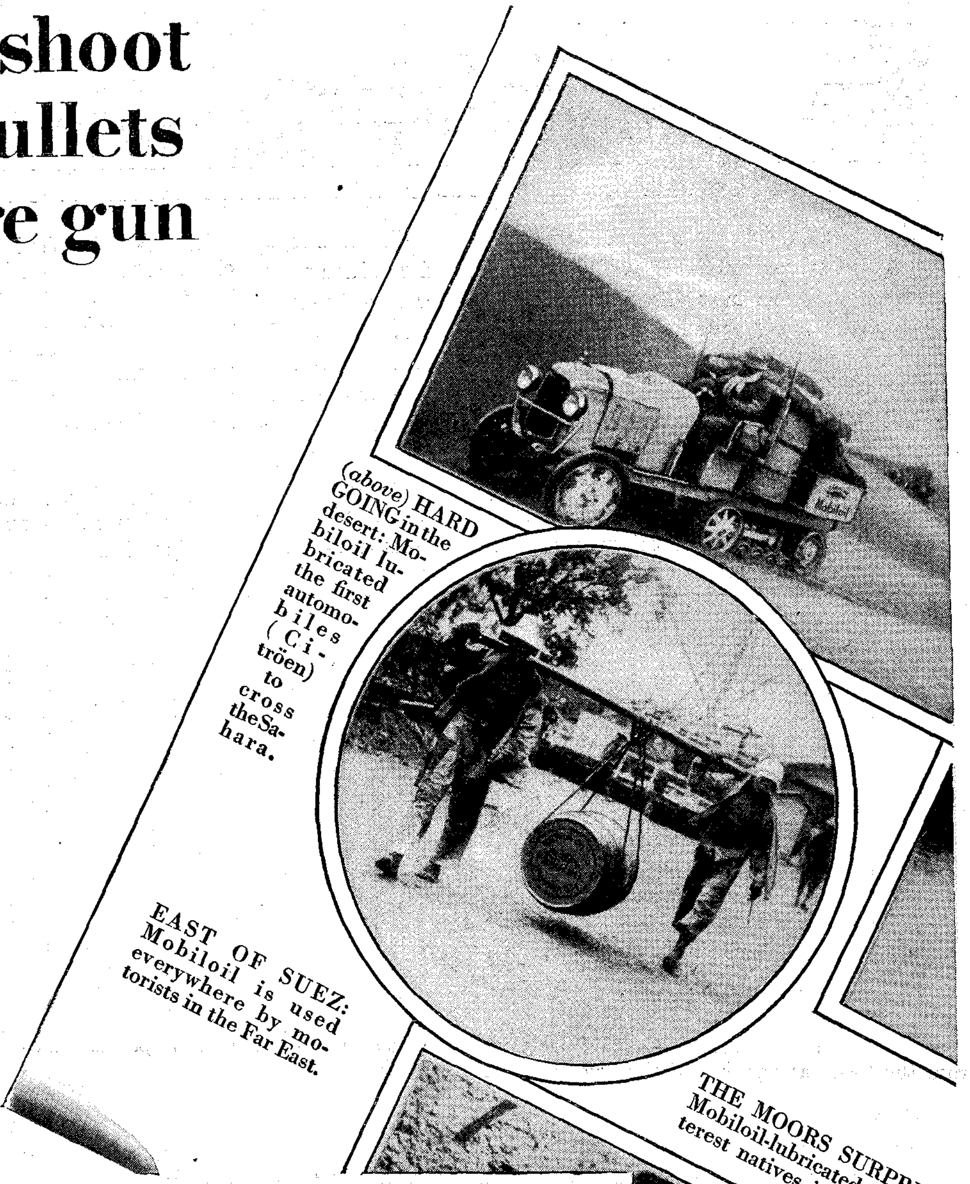
Grade for grade Mobiloil is distinctly richer than most oils on the market today.

Owing to a "stepping-up" of engine compressions you need now, more than ever, an oil of the very highest quality. For engineering exactness in lubrication you are always sure in using

The World's Quality Oil

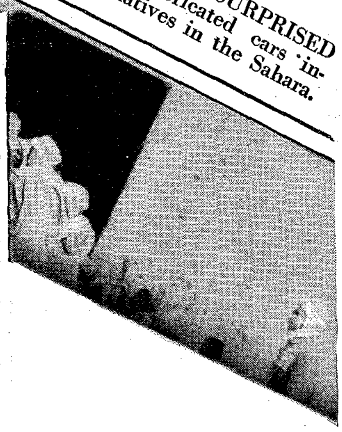
Mobiloil

VACUUM OIL COMPANY



(above) HARD GOING in the desert: Mobiloil lubricated the first automobiles (Citröen) to cross the Sahara.

EAST OF SUEZ: Mobiloil is used everywhere by motorists in the Far East.



THE MOORS SURPRISED Mobiloil-lubricated cars interest natives in the Sahara.

Make this chart your guide

It shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for certain prominent cars. If your car is not listed below, see complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1928		1927		1926		1925	
	Engine		Engine		Engine		Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn, 6-66	....	....	....	....	A	A	A	A
" 8-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chandler Special Six	A	Arc.	A	A	....	....	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler, 4-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" Imperial 80	BB	Arc.	A	A	A	A	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant	A	Arc.	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Flint	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Ford, Model A	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" Model T	....	....	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Gardner, 8-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	....	....	....	....	A	A	A	A
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A
Marmon, 8-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" *other models*	BB	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Overland *all models*	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Paige *all models*	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Peerless 90, 70, 72	BB	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Reo *all models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Star	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Velie	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight 4-cyl.	....	....	....	....	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
" " 6-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Look for the red Gargoyle trade-mark on the Mobiloil container

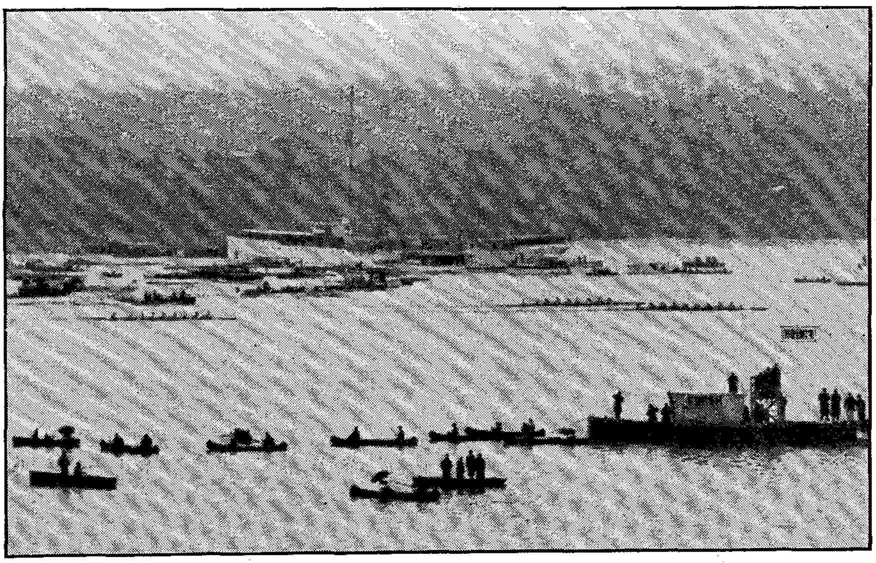
Fair retail price—30¢ a quart

from bulk, except "B" and "BB" which are 35¢ a quart. (Prices higher in Southwest and Far West.)

SPORTS • AND • ATHLETICS

YOUNG RIVER GODS IN RIVALRY FOR THE OLYMPICS

A HUMAN WAVE FROM THE GOLDEN GATE swept down four miles of the Hudson River under sodden gray skies that dript with rain; and a classic record of twenty-seven years' standing fell. Eight men in their frail shell worked at their oars as one man. They led by a quarter length, a half length, by three-quarters. They swept over the finish line smoothly, their oars working rhythmically. And then, writes W. O. McGeehan in the New York *Herald Tribune*, waxing enthusiastic over the climax of the spectacle, "as they rested on their oars, relaxed, they looked like so many young river gods with the water and perspiration dripping from their bronzed backs."



Wide World photograph

WHEN THREE CREWS BROKE THE POUGHKEEPSIE RECORD

California winning the inter-varsity regatta on the Hudson River, closely followed by Columbia, then Washington, all bettering the previous best time over the course.

Sports writers have excelled themselves in praising this year's regatta, the intercollegiate four-mile rowing race at Poughkeepsie, New York. Praise has not been stinted for the manner in which California, Columbia, Washington, Cornell, Syracuse, Navy, and Pennsylvania battled for mastery. "One of the most dramatic races ever rowed" over the historic Hudson River course, is Mr. McGeehan's verdict.

It was the breaking of the record by California, Columbia, and Washington, the first three in, that furnished the day's thrill. In 1901 Cornell set up the mark of 18 minutes, $53\frac{3}{5}$ seconds. But this year California's time was $18{:}35\frac{4}{5}$, Columbia's 18:38, and Washington's 18:46.

Added interest is given to the race this year, and to Yale's nine-length victory over Harvard a few days later, by the looming of the Olympic games in Amsterdam. At about the time this issue reaches our readers, the survivors of these two races will be contesting on the Schuylkill River at Philadelphia for the honor of representing America in the rowing events in Holland.

Nor was the varsity record the only one to fall at Poughkeepsie. In the Junior varsity three-mile race, the Navy, winning in $14{:}18\frac{1}{5}$, lowered by about a minute and a half the record Washington made two years ago, according to William Abbott in the New York *Evening World*.

Columbia, last year's winner, went down like a champion. "Fighting back with desperate courage" against a crew which set a blistering pace, Robert F. Kelley reports in the New York *Times*, as he tells the story of the four-mile contest:

This regatta, the latest of the long list of pageants which the old cliffs of Highland have looked upon, took its place high in the procession for drama, and it is doubtful that two finer crews ever fought it out with each other at the finish of a varsity race.

There were good conditions for the oarsmen. The rain flattened down the water until it looked innocent enough from shore to shore. But beneath that surface was a strong current, aided by a fair breeze down the course.

Conditions have their share in making records, but it would be the worst sort of injustice to give them too much credit here. To the men who manned the sweeps for California and Columbia must go the tribute that is reserved for the great in any line of sport.

Columbia rowed a great race. The Blue and White youngsters finished well, but they were chasing, all through that last mile, an aroused giant that turned and snarled at them every time they made a bid—for all the world like the bear which is California's mascot.

Strung out behind were Washington, Cornell, Navy, Syracuse, and Pennsylvania in that order. Washington had fought hard and clung to the amazing crews which were blazing the trail, but it faded at the end.

Cornell sprang the surprize of the regatta by going out in front and staying out there for two miles. Navy stayed in the procession for the first half, but fell back rapidly at the end, and Pennsylvania was the upset which these races seem always to need. The Red and Blue varsity which had built such hopes for Pennsylvania never was a factor.

They train great crews in the West. This race, we read in the New York *Evening Post*, was the eighth consecutive one in which a Pacific coast crew has either won or been second. This record is outlined as follows:

In 1921 California was second to the Navy, and in 1922 Washington was the runner-up, also to the Navy. In 1923, Callow's first year at Washington, the Huskies won, with Navy second, and in 1924, with Navy out, Washington was the winner, while Wisconsin was second.

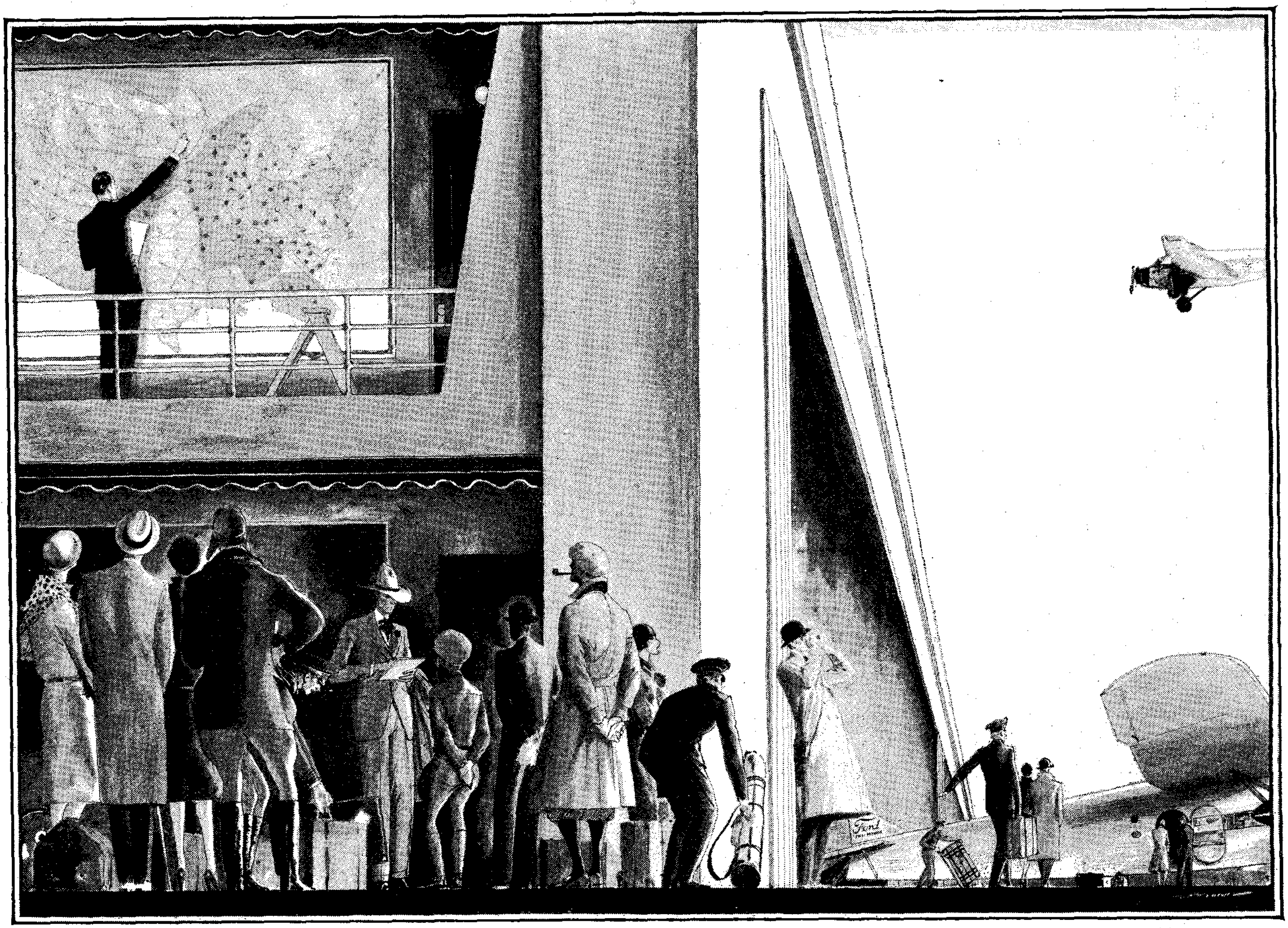
In 1925 Navy won again, but Washington was second, and Washington came back in 1926 to win with Navy second. In 1927 Columbia won, but Washington was second, and this year California won, with Washington worse than second for the first time since 1914.

California has been second, sixth, and third in post-war races.

But this year the regatta and the Harvard-Yale race are not the end for the college oarsmen, for the Olympics and their try-outs are on the way. And the Olympic races are something different, as Mr. Kelley points out in *The Sportsman*, because the American teams must drop from efforts calculated for four miles to those for 2,000 meters, about a mile and a quarter. Under any circumstances, crew races are more difficult to prognosticate than horse races, says the writer, adding, "the distance rowed in the Olympics makes the tossing of a coin about the best method of making a choice." Says Mr. Kelley further:

This distance seems to the more or less casual observer just a bit silly for eight-oared shells. It is the same distance as that rowed by the rest of the Olympic oarsmen, the single scullers, the pair oars, the double sculls, and the fours. It seems almost as unjust to ask eights to stay down to the level of these crews in distance as it would be to ask these crews to come up to three or four miles. A mile and a quarter race for eights is a merry scramble from start to finish; the best test of an eight lies in distances of from three to four miles.

Horace Davenport, the No. 7 of Columbia's crew that last



HARBORS AND PHANTOM PORTS

WHILE Chambers of Commerce labor earnestly for deeper channels to bring them closer to the seaboard, and political wars are waged bitterly over preferential railroad rates that may jeopardize the markets of inland and isolated towns, *a thousand dry-land ports have suddenly appeared with wharves open to business from all the world!*

A thousand communities have at least sensed the opportunity for a place of importance upon the new map being drawn of channels and harbors that open to the sky. It is significant that upon these charts many great coastal harbors are absent. For the ships of the air, following laws that have always governed the development of permanent transportation systems, *are being drawn only to the most efficient terminals.*

At whatever hour of the day or night this message reaches your eyes, somewhere above the United States planes are carrying commercial cargo at a hundred miles an hour to scheduled destinations. *These planes must have suitable landing fields.*

In the early days of automobiles, the stigma "bad roads" stuck to communities that failed to grasp the need for better roads to smooth the way for the new machine. "Bad harbor facilities" have ruined many a promising seaport town. "Inefficient railway service" has hampered the development of cities that might have become important commercial centers. And now that a new and revolutionary leap forward is being taken in transportation, the towns and cities of today are going to be powerfully influenced by the degree of attention they pay to air-ports.

There are still less than 250 municipal air-ports worthy of the name. There are almost as many commercial and private ports. There are somewhat less than a hundred maintained by the Army and Navy. *More than* 3000 *"phantom ports," improperly equipped, are of use only as emergency landing fields.*

Few American air-ports can yet compare to the European "world-ports" of Croydon, LeBourget, Tempelhof. Great cities like New York are awakening to the full significance of this; though it still takes as long to get from a New York flying-field to the heart of the city as it does to fly from New York to Philadelphia. The really notable American air-ports are being built by inland cities such as Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Paul, Salt Lake City, Wichita and Cheyenne.

What does all this mean to you? If you are a man of broad industrial and commercial interests, your traffic managers, forwarding departments and general sales managers can answer you best. *It is of vital importance in American business to promote and maintain efficient municipal air-ports!*

When the New York-Atlanta Air Mail was inaugurated in May, instead of one, two ships were required to take 32,000 pieces of mail from New York and Philadelphia. New York business men had realized at once the value of a night mail service that would insure delivery in Atlanta at the same time in the morning as in New York.

Those who hesitate to employ the airplane will do well to recall that there are still many old-timers who refuse to ride in automobiles!

The great Ford all-metal, tri-motored planes, carrying millions of pounds of freight, transporting scores of thousands of passengers, flying on extended missions from the tropics to Arctic seas, *have known no accidents to passengers.*

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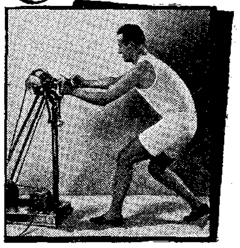
This Enjoyable New Way

KEEP physically fit—radiantly healthy! You can now exercise and massage your whole body in this surprisingly simple new way right in your home—*without any effort.* Thousands are doing it.



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Posed By Miss Dorothy Knapp acclaimed the world's most beautiful girl—who uses the "Health Builder" daily, in her home.

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Send for "Keeping Fit In Fifteen Minutes a Day"—a valuable Free Book showing the "Battle Creek Health Builder" in operation—with complete series of home exercises.

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

year gave the New York institution its first victory on the Hudson in a great many years, says, "I would rather row four miles on the Poughkeepsie course any day in the week than row these early season short races. There you have a chance to settle down and get your second wind; it's good fun, and a chance to do some rowing. At these short distances you just stick 'em in until you get red in the face, and then you keep on sticking 'em in."

But all of this is slightly beside the point. It is doubtful that, even after reading this, the officials will change the Olympic distance. So the winner will be a sprint crew.

In the past, the Olympic trials have been held so close to the climax events of the college season—both four-mile events—as to work a real hardship on the crews aiming at both. In 1920, the United States Naval Academy solved this end of the problem by staying away from Poughkeepsie and concentrating on the shorter distance; it was said in those days to be absolutely impossible for a crew to go both distances properly within a short space of time. In 1924, Capt. J. S. Rockefeller and his crew mates of Yale packed up their things at Gales Ferry, where they were training for Harvard, and took a quick trip to Philadelphia; then, after winning the trial, they came back to New London to beat Harvard before catching the boat for Paris and the Seine. So that leaves you with your own choice to make. Either you can do it or you can not.

In the Olympic Games, rowing is comparatively recent. It was not until 1908 that the sport was added to the program. That year the Leander Boat Club of England won the eights, and Blackstaffe the sculls. In 1912, Leander again won the event for eights, and Kinnear won the sculls. There were no games, of course, in 1916, the countries being otherwise engaged, but the revival of them in 1920 saw the United States much interested in the rowing end of them. In 1908 a plan to select the best oarsmen from the college crews rowing at Poughkeepsie and New London and put them in one boat for the Olympics had fallen through from lack of funds, and in 1912 a plan for the New York Athletic Club to send over a four-oar had also failed. But in 1920, with the organization and the successful holding of the first Olympic trials regatta, America took her place definitely in the rowing events.

On July 23 and 24, 1920, the national regatta was held at Worcester, Massachusetts, when the winners not only became the national champions, but also qualified as the Olympic entry. The success of this regatta is still talked of among rowing people. Every event started on time, and the entire regatta ran through without a bad spot. The Naval Academy won the eight-oared event in 6:20, a record for the course. Syracuse was second, the Navy Juniors third, and the Duluth Boat Club fourth.

Two days later the Navy eight embarked for Belgium. They arrived on August 6 and rowed from the Royal Nautique Boat House at Antwerp, or four miles out, Mr. Kelley continues his reminiscent account, according us a brief glimpse of the havoc wrought by the war in Belgium:

Tho this was the King's own boathouse, it was not in the best of condition, for the Germans had occupied it during the war, and the same was true of the crew's living quarters—an inn that had been partly demolished in the war. However, the Americans faced nothing more in the way of hardships than did any of the others and, on August 27, the regatta started off. On a Sunday afternoon two days later, the Navy, captained by Eddie Graves and stroked by Clyde King, two names famous in intercollegiate rowing, lined up at the start with a Leander eight considered by many as the best crew sent out of England in modern history. Leander had defeated Switzerland and Norway; the Navy had defeated Belgium and France. The result was the most thrilling eight race that the Olympics have had. Leander proved itself to be a great crew, but it was up against a combination with the strength and skill to break it just before the end of the short course and go away from it at the finish, victor by three-fourths of a length.

In support of the statement made above that the short-distance race is as hard as, if not harder than, the long race, there is the evidence of so good a judge of rowing as Dick Glendon, who coached that Navy crew, that Leander rowed most of the course at the terrific rate of forty strokes to the minute or better and the Navy was not much below it. The crews got away to a good start, with the Navy slightly in advance, but that early lead was short lived. Half-way over the course, Leander was leading by a half-length. During the first part, Leander had been stroking at forty with the Navy down close to thirty-seven. Here at the half-way mark, Leander jumped to forty-two, and tried to add to its lead to settle the race there. But King jumped his beat to answer, and the Navy stayed with them. Even so, it was not until 300 yards from the finish that the Navy, up at last to forty, began to overtake the others. And here the plan of action clung to by King and the Navy boatload proved itself. Leander had shot its bolt, and there was nothing left with which to answer that last bid of the Navy.

The Olympic record had been set by a Leander crew in 1912 at 6:10 seconds. Both crews beat it this time, Navy rowing in 6:02$^{3}/_{5}$ and Leander in 6:05.

In 1924 most of the fireworks were set off on this side of the water. The victory of Yale in the trials was scored only by the closest of margins over the naval officers' crew. This crew consisted largely of the men who had been in the 1920 Olympic boat or among the 1922 Poughkeepsie record holders. The Schuylkill was the course for this regatta, and in the heats Yale started off by breaking the record only to have the officers win their heat a few moments later on, breaking Yale's new record. The final provided a finish which remains as one of the most dramatic in the history of the sport, with Yale just managing to stand off the officers and gain the right to cross to Paris.

There, on the Seine, the race took on a college aspect, the banks of the course lined with Yale men, their friends and relatives; it was very much a Yale affair. The Yale crew, stroked by Al Lindley with the remarkable Ben Spock and Kingsbury behind him at No. 7 and No. 6—perhaps as fine an "engine room" as any shell has ever had—won as it pleased by four lengths.

It is in the eight-oared events that our most spectacular work has been accomplished. But Paul Costello and his cousin, Jack Kelly, won the double sculls in 1920, and repeated again in 1924.

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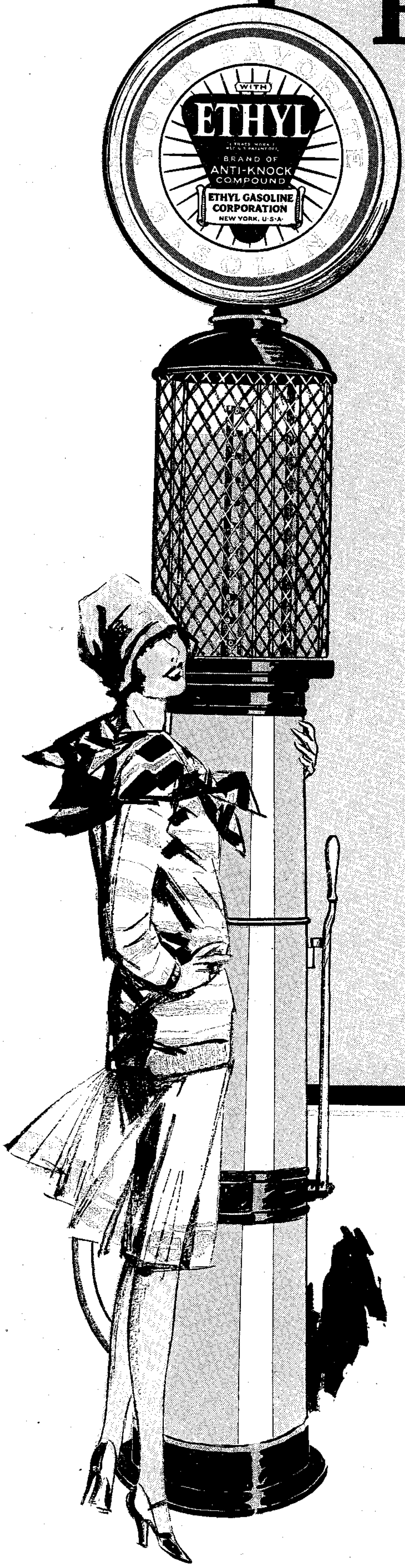
—the motor fuel that knocks out that "knock" and gives high compression performance



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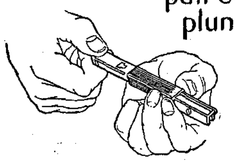
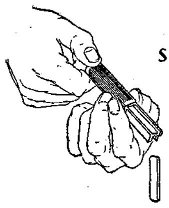
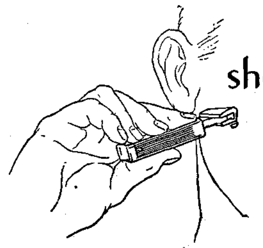



snap it back
(old blade drops out—new blade slides in)



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No other razor works like the Schick.
No other razor shaves like the Schick.
Schick Blades are thicker and keener.
There are 20 blades in the handle.
Schick saves time changing blades and cleaning.
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Changing blades is as simple as A B C.
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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

PAR WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH WHEN FARRELL BEAT BOBBY FOR THE OPEN

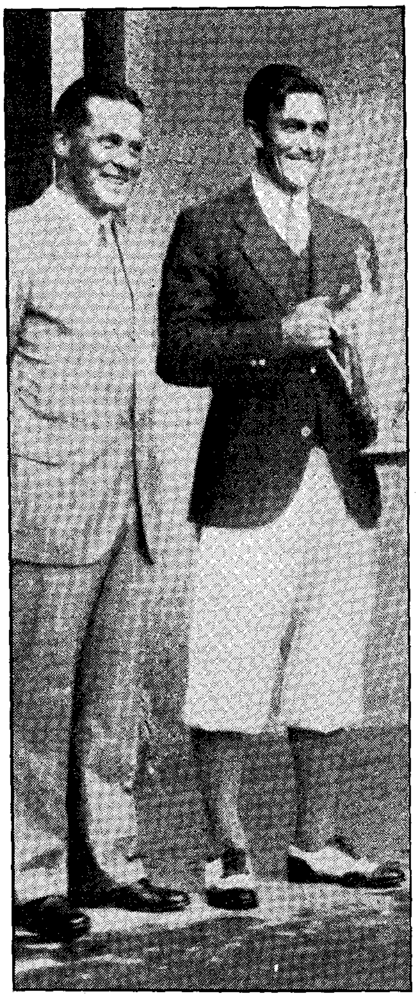
A FLASH of lightning streaked through the oaks and a crash of thunder sounded the coming of another storm. A slender, black-haired young man, who has been called a "form and fashion model," stepped up to his golf ball, lying on the eighteenth green at the Olympia Fields Country Club near Chicago, for a slippery, nerve-wracking, seven-foot putt, and sent the ball home, ending a golf duel which, we read, has never been equaled on an American course. "There has never been another golf competition," writes Grantland Rice in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "where the drama held its place so long, and the tide of battle swung back and forth with such startling rapidity." And at the end, Johnny Farrell, "pro" of the Quaker Ridge Club of Mamaroneck, New York, had won the national open championship, beating Bobby Jones of Atlanta, Georgia, the hero of American golf, in a match which brought glory to both players. That final putt, Mr. Rice reports further, left Farrell just one stroke ahead of Jones. After seven years of defeat and disappointment it brought him to a long-envisioned goal. We have all read of how the two tied at 294 in the seventy-two-hole finals. Then, in a thirty-six-hole playoff in the rain, Farrell finished in 143 and Jones in 144—a difference of just one stroke for 108 holes. It was a magnificent battle for Farrell to win, we read on in Mr. Rice's graphic account. But, he continues:

> It was just as great a triumph in many ways for Jones, for when he faced the last two holes, trailing by a stroke, the remarkable Georgian, against these odds, finished with two birdies. And Johnny Farrell had to get two birdies as he came tearing down the stretch in order to hold his narrow lead. As Farrell's last putt rolled into the cup with Jones close against the pin, the roar that broke from the big crowd drowned out the thunder.
>
> This battle was a test of skill and courage on both sides to such a marked degree that it was almost a pity to see either man win. I have never seen two golfers so physically and mentally weary and worn down after the strain of the championship, play such stout-hearted golf against all the handicaps that golf brings.
>
> When you consider the fact that after the all-day struggle both men beat par on the last two testing holes, when every nerve in their systems was jumping sideways, you have part of the answer. But only a part. You had to be here and follow the charge and counter-charge of the all-day duel to collect the drama of this fight.
>
> For fourteen holes in the forenoon, Farrell and Jones ran neck and neck. And then as they entered the forenoon stretch the dapper young professional came swinging along like a man o' war to finish with four birdies on the last four holes. Jones played these last four holes in one under, and yet dropt three strokes. Farrell, after a poor

start, finished with a 70. And Jones, after a rickety start, finished at 73.

It was the afternoon war that stirred 8,000 or more spectators into something approaching an emotional debauch. Even in the big gallery nerves were tense and jumpy as the crowd rushed and stampeded through groves and ravines, over hills and ditches in a mad swirl of almost unbroken excitement.

Nip and tuck it was all the way along. At the ninth hole on the last time round the course it seemed as tho Jones had been dealt a killing stroke. But he tied the tally again at the eleventh, coming from behind to square the match for the third time, we discover, as we continue Mr. Rice's narrative:



International Newsreel photograph

BOBBY'S SMILE WONT COME OFF

Farrell himself (on the right) doesn't look more pleased at getting the Cup than Jones does after missing it.

> And when Farrell pitched over the green at the twelfth hole to take another 5, Jones for the first time since the second hole in the morning round took the lead. "That ends Farrell," was a gallery comment. "No one can stand up under a blow like that." And when Bobby Jones stuck his pitch within twelve feet of the cup on the short thirteenth, it looked to be all.
>
> Then came the shot that showed not only Johnny Farrell's skill, but in addition Johnny Farrell's gameness under fire. He had just tossed off three strokes on three successive holes to par golf. But facing the shadows of another defeat after seven years, Farrell stept up and hit his

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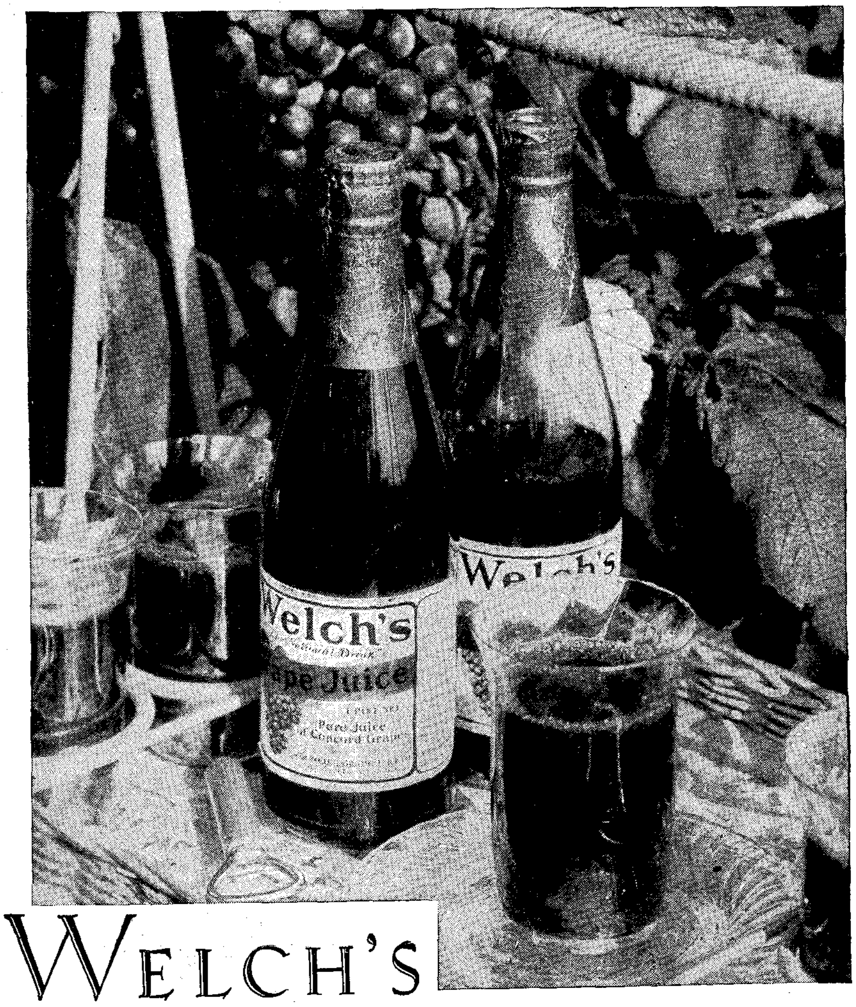

WELCH'S

Once you've tasted Welch's no other Grape Juice will do

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

tee shot just two feet from the cup. A wild type of scream came up from the feminine members of the gallery as the ball struck close on a dead line and bounded for the cup. For a moment it looked to be a hole in one.

Acme News picture

JOHNNY SWINGS A MEAN CLUB

The new National open golf champion is also noted as a fancy dresser, both on and off the course.

"That was the shot," Farrell said later, "that saved me. I had just thrown away my lead, and I was trailing by a stroke. I knew if I failed here I was gone. In my opinion it was the most important shot for me in the entire day's work. For it had a big psychological help that I needed badly just then. I didn't want to face that long and killing fourteenth hole with Jones in front."

It was the short sixteenth that decided the issue, as things turned out. They had been even for seventy-two holes in the championship proper. They were still even for thirty-three holes of the play-off—even in skill and even in courage and nerve-control. At the sixteenth, over a ravine, Farrell's pitch caught the green and stopt fifteen feet from the cup. Jones cracked his pitch shot straight for the pin near the back of the green, but the ball sailed on beyond to the edge of a sloping bank at the rear.

There was tense silence as 8,000 spectators watched the next shot. Jones had a ticklish approach to make, and he stopt six feet short. Farrell got his three and then Jones's putt, starting straight for the cup, wavered to the right two inches, flirted with the lip and moved on two inches past the hole.

As it turned out, this was the putt that decided the Open Golf Championship and gave Johnny Farrell a much-deserved crown, a crown he has earned before. It was a matter of less than half an inch, a finger-nail of green carpet, but it was enough.

And then, when the last hole had been played, Farrell had captured the coveted national open, won a year ago by Tommy Armour, who this year finished at 301. But Jones, we are assured, shone in defeat. He lost nothing from his reputation, Mr. Rice tells us, continuing:

> He played with skill and gameness, with a cool head, a rare touch, and a stout heart. But Bobby had already won two open championships. Farrell had never won. And you will find no finer entry in competitive sport than Johnny Farrell. Modest, nice-looking, a skilled and game performer, popular with all who know him, he deserved a championship.
>
> He had to face the greatest golfer in the world over thirty-six holes. He had to ward off three counter-attacks that almost swept him from his feet. He had no chance to face a breathing spell. He had no chance to win by his opponent's lapses. He had to win by great golf. He was called on to earn his laurels.
>
> In both the forenoon and the afternoon, with rain falling and a storm threatening at any moment, with excited thousands milling and rushing and careening over the course, with every nerve tense and jumpy under a week's strain, he did something more than play par golf. Nearing the finish par golf would have cost him the championship. It wasn't good enough to win.
>
> For he had against him not only a great golfer, but one of the greatest competitors in the run of any game, a determined fighter dangerous to his last thrust. Johnny Farrell could not play the card. He could not play against par.
>
> He had to play against Bobby Jones, a genius who happens to combine rare skill with great courage, and a determination unexcelled in sport. Farrell knew this. He went out to play Bobby Jones. He had to. And while Jones wavered just once in the stretch, Farrell never wavered for a second. The putt that Bobby Jones holed on the seventeenth in the afternoon, when he was facing defeat, was a masterpiece of skill and courage and iron nerve. The putt that Farrell holed to win the title on the home green was almost its equal. Here at last was one championship where the victor had to win through superlative skill. He couldn't win through any lapse on his opponent's part.

Later, in the club house, there was an exchange of compliments all round, while the new champion remarked that "it gives any one a great thrill to be a champion of anything." Later, when he was presented with the gold medal, $500, and custody of

Careful boy!—It's spread thick—that Heinz Peanut Butter. Moist and creamy. And what a flavor. All those little Spanish peanuts—all those big Virginia nuts—that's what gives it that wonderful taste—rich and sweet and yummy for all the folks who like peanut butter with a fresh roasted flavor.

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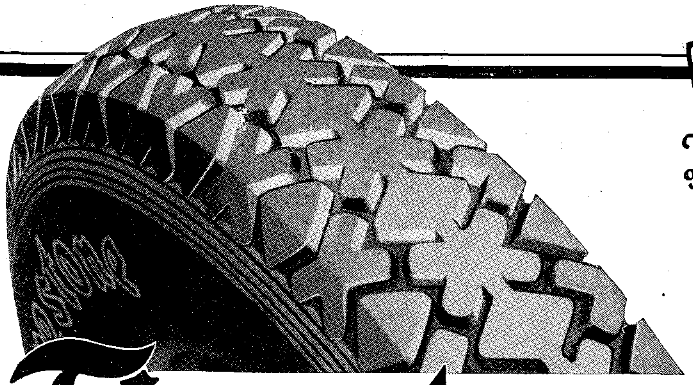

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AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER ... Harvey S. Firestone

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

the trophy, he said further, according to the New York *Times:*

> "This is without doubt the happiest moment of my life, for I have always had the ambition to be open champion, and I hope to carry it with the proper dignity."
>
> H. H. Ramsay, Vice-President of the United States Golf Association introduced Farrell amid a tremendous demonstration, as hundreds crowded about to witness the ceremony.
>
> "I am giving you this championship cup," said Ramsay, "with the realization that it is going to a fine man and a great golfer."
>
> Bobby Jones, who in turn received a medal for his play, gave Johnny the ball with which he had captured the title, for Bobby had picked it out of the cup at the eighteenth green.
>
> "It has a green spot on it," said Bobby, smiling, "for I have always admired Johnny as one of the best-drest golfers, and the green spot matches his sweater."

"A small-tournament winner" is what the golf world used to say of Farrell, we read on in *The Times*. But now there must be a change. Farrell is a product of the golf clubs in the metropolitan district about New York. He received his first experience at the Fairview Country Club, says *The Times*, continuing:

> Among those for whom he toted bags in those apprenticeship days was Jerry Travers, from whom he got his first ideas in putting. He learned from a good preceptor, for to-day there is no finer golfer playing the game, excepting, perhaps, Jones. His putting style is one that is peculiar to him, and not used by any other player of prominence.
>
> After some years at Fairview, Johnny was hired as caddie master at Siwanoy, and it was there that he went through the intermediate steps that led him to become a full-fledged golf professional. It was under Tommy Kerrigan, who is still professional at Siwanoy, that Johnny served.
>
> In 1922 Johnny made his first bid for fame. He was only nineteen then, and he won the Shawnee open with a score of 288. Between then and now he has played in a great many tournaments, but to-day's victory was the first really big one of his career.
>
> For the last three or four years, during which time Farrell was gaining the experience that proved so helpful to him, whenever an open championship was mentioned, Farrell's name was among the possible winners. But except at Worcester, in 1925, when he finished a stroke behind MacFarlane and Jones, who tied, he never fulfilled the promises made for him.
>
> During those years of failure, Johnny had the reputation of being a great putter, but that let him out. And, in a sense, that is the reason why he didn't win. He wasn't well-rounded in his game. But all the time he was improving his weakness with the irons, and his iron play to-day is the equal of any of them. With his superb putting touch, his long, straight driving, and his present game with the irons, Farrell is likely to prove himself a factor that will have to be dealt with in many an open championship from now on.

INDIANS WHO SPURN THE OLYMPICS FOR THEIR TRIBAL FAITH

HE ran a race. His baby died. He ran another race. His wife died. So Chimoney refuses to run in the Long Beach, California, marathon, the New Mexico *State Tribune* of Albuquerque reports. And Lutci and Leekahteeh have joined with Chimoney. These Zuni and Hopi Indian runners believe that the Great Spirit will not have them run in white men's races, and they are turning down a chance that might take them to Amsterdam and the Olympic games, toward which victory in the Long Beach race would aid them. The story of their withdrawal is conveyed in a letter from their trainer, Mike Kirk, and is reported by *The State Tribune* thus:

> Kirk writes that he has done all that is humanly possible to change the Indian's attitude, but that his arguments have no weight opposed to the tribal superstitions.
>
> Even tho the Indians were persuaded to enter the Long Beach Marathon, which is sponsored by the Lions Club of that city, who had already raised the money to bring the Indians east, it is doubtful if they ever could have been persuaded to enter the Olympics at Amsterdam.
>
> Only recently, it is said, the Zuni runners learned from the young bucks who had attended school that Amsterdam lay across the "big water."
>
> The desert Indians have an instinctive dread of water, and the idea of being on the ocean a week was too appalling to be considered. But the first and real reason of their withdrawal is the deaths of Chimoney's wife and daughter.
>
> Chimoney is probably one of the best long-distance runners in the world to-day; and many critics regard him without a peer.
>
> He won the Regulation Marathon Race at Phoenix in two hours and forty-seven minutes, and loafed the last five miles. This time is only ten minutes slower than the new American record set by De Mar at Boston recently.
>
> Kirk states that he has timed Chimoney over the full Marathon distance of twenty-six miles 385 yards in two hours and thirty minutes, which is world-record time. He was one of America's greatest hopes in the distance runs, and his withdrawal is a severe blow to the chances of the American team breaking their long losing streak in this event.

The world of sport has lost a king in the retirement of Chimoney, the same journal says editorially, continuing:

> He appeared destined to become the most famous long-distance runner in the world. It is related of him that he ran twenty-six miles at record time. Within two minutes his pulse was normal. Such was the physique of Chimoney that he could have conquered athletes; could have become famous; could have signed cigaret ads; could have appeared in the movies; could have drawn crowds of small boys; could, in short, have had everything the white man calls success, fame. But this means little to Chimoney.
>
> We regret the loss of the three tribesmen to the realm of sport. Here was America's chance to show what the First American could do. He decided otherwise. Perhaps he has truly evaluated the white man's idea of fame.

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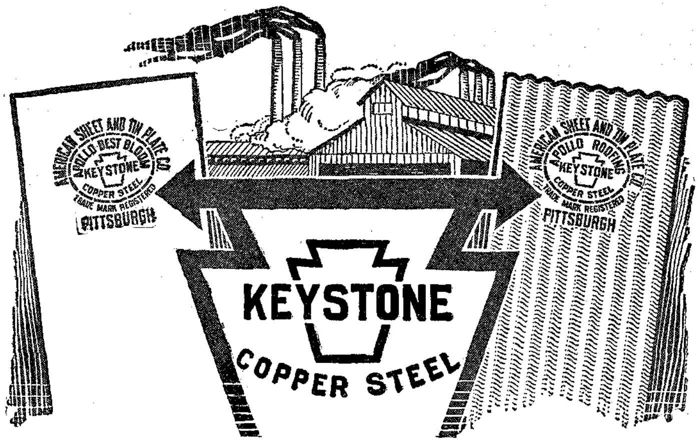

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INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

INSTALMENT SELLING ABROAD

NATURALLY THE SUCCESS of instalment selling in the United States has been attended by its gradual tho less extensive adoption in Europe, we read in *The Index*, published by the New York Trust Company, which believes it to be generally admitted that this particular device is one of the important factors in accelerating Europe's industrial reconstruction. So to-day instalment selling is becoming a practically universal, world-wide, economic practise, altho there are fundamental variations in technique. Instalment selling, we are told, is developing most notably in Great Britain, Germany, and Australia. In this country, out of $38,000,000,000 of retail sales in 1926, four and a half billion dollars, or about 12 per cent. of the whole, were on "time." It is noted that the experience of finance companies in connection with such depressions as those caused by the anthracite strike and Western hurricanes, "indicated that the system of instalment payments could withstand an industrial depression as well as, if not better than, any other method of credit extension." Turning to the development of instalment selling abroad, the writer for the New York bank takes Great Britain first:

> In Great Britain the Hire Traders' Protective Association, recently estimated that from 50 to 80 per cent. of the motor-cars, 70 per cent. of the sewing-machines, 70 per cent. of the pianos and talking-machines, 50 per cent. of the furniture, and 10 per cent. of the jewelry are sold on the instalment, or, as it is called in Great Britain, the "hire-purchase" plan.
>
> Between the American instalment system and the British method of hire purchase, there is one important distinction. In this country the article becomes the property of the buyer as soon as the down payment is made, with the seller or the finance company retaining a claim over it; in Great Britain the article generally remains the property of the seller until the last payment has been made—altho, of course, the buyer has the use of it. Nominally, therefore, the British buyer rents the property with the option of buying the article outright at the end of the period for payment of the final sum.
>
> Interest charges and instalment periods show a considerable variation. This lack of standardization may be due partly to the fact that there are fewer companies in Great Britain whose main concern is the financing of instalment sales. In Great Britain the credit accommodation is frequently extended by the selling house itself, altho sometimes a group of firms will form a subsidiary company for the purpose of financing their hire-purchase business. The net effect of this process is that the selling company must borrow more frequently from the banks in order to finance the larger stock of goods on its own premises and in the possession of its clients.
>
> In Great Britain it is estimated that the loss by default on contracts is about the same as in this country—around one-half of one per cent. In its monthly review for March, 1928, the Midland Bank, Ltd., of London, states in this connection:
>
> "The system has made enormous strides in recent years, and has become an increasingly important feature of retail trade. Seemingly beginning, as in America, with the sewing-machine, it has broadened its field of operation to cover a wide diversity of objects—motor-cars, wireless sets, agricultural machinery and implements, furniture, bicycles, airplanes, jewelry, pianos, books, clothing, gramophones—until one begins to wonder what possible further delights may not become procurable under this system."

The instalment plan, it seems, is widely used in Germany:

> At the present time about 75 per cent. of the automobiles and 75 per cent. of the furniture sold in Germany are marketed on the instalment plan, in addition to a wide variety of other commodities. As in the United States, the finance company plays a very important part in Germany in discounting the dealer's instalment paper, and the system is now closely similar to that adopted by this country. A form of "consumption financing" originally existed in Germany, but has since been practically eliminated. Under this system the finance company issued a "credit check" for which the customer made a down-payment and agreed to pay certain instalments over a fixt period. The credit check was then used to purchase at specified stores almost any commodity except food.

"While consumption financing by the use of the credit check has been checked in Germany, it has," we read in *The Index*, "been widely adopted in Australia, along with a large expansion in the more legitimate instalment business":

> For a cash order of £20, a typical down-payment is £1 with twenty weekly instalments of £1 each, making the total payments £21. The Midland Bank, Ltd., reports, for example, that the system in Australia now covers so wide a field that it is a literal possibility to have one's hair cut on the instalment plan. This apparent overextension of the instalment system in Australia has caused some uneasiness on the part of both the banks and the Government, and it is believed that the system must adopt more conservative principles.

It is not surprizing to hear that the most extensive use of the instalment plan takes place in connection with automobiles—"wherever automobiles are sold, the instalment method prevails." *The Index* collects some interesting facts on instalment selling of automobiles in Europe from a recent Department of Commerce bulletin. It is estimated that last year about 61 per cent. of the motor-cars sold in Europe were sold on this plan, as contrasted with 64 per cent. in the United States. Indeed, "instalment selling was given most of the credit for the remarkable increase of approximately 300 per cent. in automotive registrations in Europe in the period 1920-1928." The Department of Commerce bulletin is quoted:

> In the percentage of motor-vehicles sold on time, Finland, Poland, and Roumania lead, each with an estimated 90 per cent. Next in order come Turkey, with 80 to 90 per cent.; Greece, with 80 per cent. of cars, 95 per cent. of trucks, and 100 per cent. of buses and taxis; Denmark, with 80 to 85 per cent. of all types; Germany, with 75 per cent. of cars and 100 per cent. of commercial vehicles. Austria, France, Italy, the Netherlands, Sweden, and Czechoslovakia all have 50 to 75 per cent. of cars, and even larger percentages of commercial vehicles sold on the instalment plan. The percentage for the United Kingdom is 60 per cent. for cars, 75 per cent. for taxis, 50 per cent. for trucks, and 40 per cent. for buses; for Belgium, 30 per cent. for cars, 60 per cent. for trucks, buses, and taxis. Spain is the only country that has not, to any great extent, taken advantage of the more convenient instalment-purchase method; only 15 per cent. of its vehicles are sold on time. An estimate for Switzerland has not been furnished.

Further facts are summarized from the government statistics:

> The credit period usually extends from twelve to eighteen months. Terms are particularly liberal in the United Kingdom, Germany, Holland, Spain, and Switzerland, where an initial payment of 25 per cent. is generally required. In Australia, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, France, Greece, and Italy, the down-payment varies from 25 per cent. to 33 per cent.; in Turkey from 10 per cent. to 50 per cent.; in Finland and Sweden, 33 1-3 per cent.; in Poland, 40 per cent.; and in Roumania, 50 per cent.
>
> The financing charge for the privilege of instalment buying varies very greatly in the different countries. In Austria, Italy, and Roumania it consists of a monthly interest charge running for the period of the instalment; in Roumania this varies from 18 per cent. to 24 per cent., in Austria from 12 per cent. to 24 per cent., and in Italy from 7 per cent. to 8 per cent. In nine countries there is a flat charge based on a percentage of the total amount outstanding after the down payment.

And to quote the Commerce Department report again:

> Purchasers in the United Kingdom and the Netherlands pay probably the lowest flat rates—approximately 5 to 7 per cent.; in Switzerland, Denmark, and Sweden the charge varies from 6

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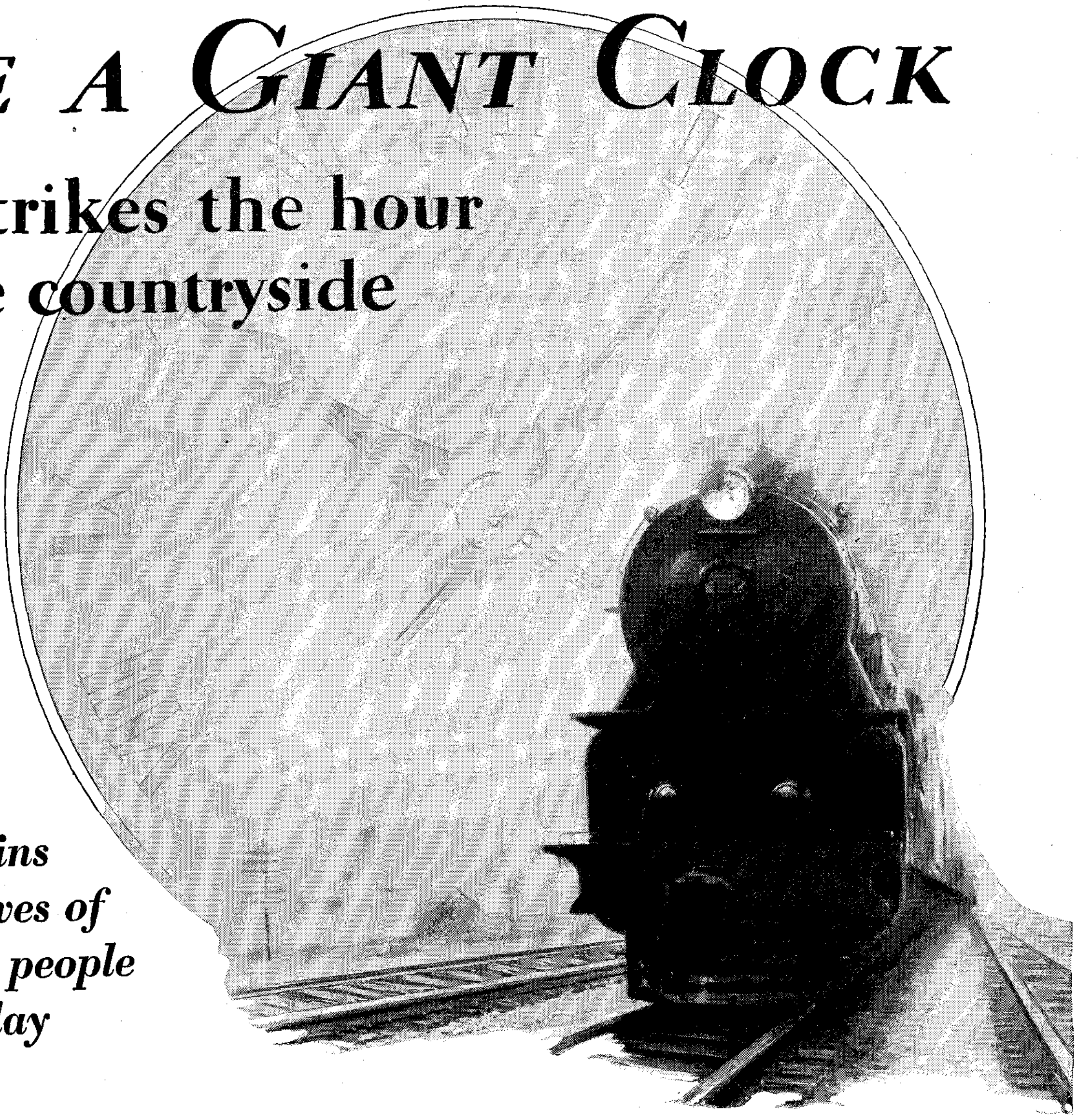

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

to 8 per cent.; Belgium reports a usual charge of 8 per cent., and Germany 9 per cent. The rate for France is not shown. Czechoslovak rates, varying from 7½ to 11 per cent., are among the highest charged in all Europe.

A combination flat rate and interest are customary in Finland, Poland, and Spain. In the last-named country both the flat rate and the interest are usually included in the down payment instead of being spread over the instalment period. Finland's interest charge consists of about 10½ or 11 per cent., together with a flat rate of 2 per cent. for the first year. Poland's customary charge is about 12 per cent. interest plus a flat charge of 5 per cent.

"The soundness of automobile merchandizing on the instalment plan in Europe is indicated by the fact that repossessions have amounted to less than 1 per cent., which is about the proportion of repossessions in this country," we read in *The Index*, which concludes that: "as the practise of instalment selling in Europe follows the conservative standards that prevail in this country, it may take its place as a normal and stimulating feature in Continental merchandising."

BIG BUSINESS MORE POPULAR

LARGE-SCALE operation of industry, whether through mergers or alliances, seems to be winning popular approval in these after-war years, both in Europe and the United States, it is remarked in a recent bulletin of the Stock Exchange house of Dominick and Dominick. "By making possible a higher standard of living the economies of large-scale operation have definitely won the approval of the public; and industry has contributed to its new prestige by regarding combination not as a method of raising prices, but of reducing costs." The movement, of course, has been developing along two lines: "Closer co-operation within entire industries has been accomplished by the cartel in Europe and by the industrial institute in this country; and the building of large individual units has proceeded from the policy now known as rationalization—a program of economical quantity production under unified control." Abroad, where regulative laws are more liberal, the cartel, both national and international, is becoming almost universal. "In Germany, for example, there are between 2,000 and 3,000 national cartels, and in Europe as a whole the Department of Commerce reports 100 international agreements, of which thirteen are conspicuously active." This kind of development has been proceeding more cautiously in the United States, where it is represented by the trade association or industrial institutes, of which there are some 275 with offices in New York City alone. But at the same time the tendency

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for the individual corporation to grow by means of merger or consolidation proceeds apace:

> In two of the country's largest industries, for example—soft-coal and oil—both government officials and business men have recently been urging a more liberal interpretation of the antitrust law in order to permit consolidation and large scale operation. Among other industries where mergers and consolidations are imminent and believed to be particularly necessary, might be mentioned boots and shoes, leather, textiles, newsprint, lumber, and sugar.
>
> We have to-day in this country some fifteen corporations with working capital of over $100,000,000 and more than 100 with working capital of over $10,000,000. In large measure it is these corporations which have been responsible for the major part of the industrial profits in the past several years. The figures from the Federal corporation-tax returns for 1925 offer a familiar illustration. On the basis of these figures, not only did 41 per cent. of American corporations fail to show a profit in 1925, but one-tenth of 1 per cent. of the total number of corporations earned 44½ per cent. of the total manufacturing income. The American Bankers Association recently gave a summary of the earnings of 380 industrial companies in 1927. With General Motors Corporation included, these companies showed an increase of 1.7 per cent. in earnings over 1926. Excluding General Motors, there was a decline of 3.1 per cent.

This Wall Street writer thinks there is good reason for the public to look upon this development of big and bigger business with complacency if not open approval:

> It is rarely disputed that the success of these larger companies to-day has been for the public benefit. It is only on the basis of large-scale operation that the average American can buy the radio, the automobile and the washing-machine which are contributing to the ease and comfort of living.
>
> For all except certain specialized commodities, therefore, large corporate production has been successful, not only from the standpoint of the manufacturer, but from the standpoint of the public. A number of industrial leaders have pointed out, however, that the antitrust laws have placed these corporations at a disadvantage by lessening the possibility of coordination within an industry. This makes it more difficult to compete with foreign interests, and also makes it more difficult for industry to prevent blind increases in production which might be out of proportion to demand.
>
> In addition, the antitrust laws have had the effect of making the small producer afraid of cooperating with some of his compatriots. Except by consolidation, the smaller units have no way of arriving at agreements which would adjust output to the probable public demand. From an increasing number of sources the plea is heard, that the antitrust laws should be definitely based on the public interest, and that they should not prevent those industrial developments which are believed to be contributory to public welfare.

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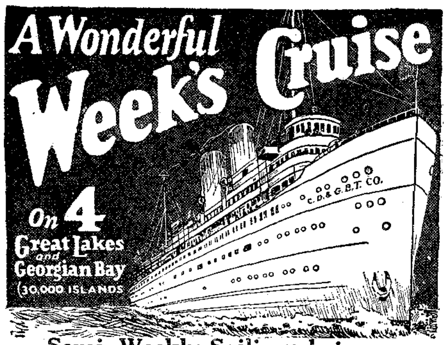

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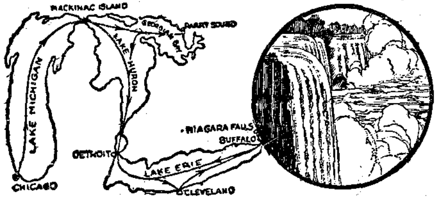

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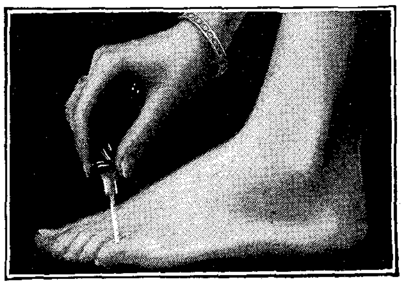

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

June 20.—Capt. E. A. Fitzroy, Conservative member of the House of Commons for twenty-four years, is unanimously elected Speaker of the House, to succeed J. H. Whitley, retired.

A treaty of arbitration between Denmark and the United States is signed at Copenhagen.

Two deputies of the Jugoslav Parliament are killed and four wounded by Deputy Tuisha Rachitech, of the radical party, angered by a filibuster against a convention with Italy.

June 21.—A despatch from Mukden announces the death of Marshal Chang Tso-lin and the accession of his son, Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang, to the control of Manchuria.

The French Government dispatches two war-ships to the Arctic to search for Lieut. René Guilbaud, French flyer, who with Roald Amundsen, Norwegian explorer, is reported lost in a search for the crew of the *Italia*.

Three people are killed, seven seriously wounded and scores injured in riotings in Zagreb, following the shooting in the Jugoslav Parliament.

Princess Helen of Greece receives a divorce from Prince Carol of Roumania.

June 23.—The French Chamber of Deputies ratifies stabilization of the franc at 25.52 to the dollar and 124.21 to the pound.

The Russian ice-breaker, *Malyghin*, reports receiving weak wireless signals, believed to have come from Amundsen.

The registered American mail brought by the S. S. *Leviathan* to England is reported to have been robbed of jewels, cash, and negotiable securities, estimated at $500,000.

June 24.—Lieut. Einar-Poal Lundborg, Swedish flyer, rescues Gen. Umberto Nobile, commander of the crew of the wrecked *Italia*, and is stranded in a second attempt at rescue.

The French Senate passes the stabilization bill by an overwhelming majority.

Joaquin Gonzales Pachecho and Fritz Bieler complete the first Canada-to-Mexico flight, and are royally greeted in Mexico City.

June 25.—Lieutenant Lundborg, who rescued General Nobile, is stranded in an attempt to rescue the others.

DOMESTIC

June 20.—Mayor William Hale Thompson and six of his political associates are found guilty of having entered into a conspiracy to defraud the City of Chicago of $1,732,279.23 in real-estate expert fees, and are ordered to make restitution.

Six miners are killed by an explosion in the National Fuel Company coal-mine near Morgantown, West Virginia.

Robert Powell, a negro charged with murder, is lynched in Houston, Texas, and the city appropriates $10,000 for an investigation into the mob violence.

June 21.—The Northern Baptist Convention in session at Detroit demands that

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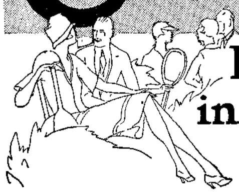

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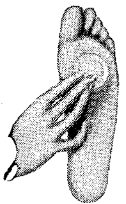
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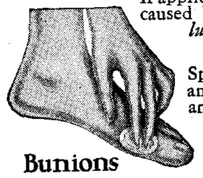
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both political parties commit themselves to enforce the Prohibition law.

June 22.—The Yale crew defeats Harvard by more than nine lengths in their annual race on the Thames River, Connecticut.

It is announced that Mrs. Helen Tufts Bailie, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, has been expelled by the National Board of Management of the D. A. R. on charges of injuring the good name of the society by giving out statements concerning the so-called black list on speakers who were to be barred from the organization's platform. It is denied that the national society ever authorized a black list.

Six men are indicted on a charge of lynching Robert Powell, negro, at Houston, Texas.

William Henry King, known as Basil King, noted novelist, dies at his home in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He was sixty-nine.

June 23.—Maj. Charles A. Lutz, speed champion of the Navy, and two of his three aids are killed when his plane, on a flight to Nicaragua, crashes near File, Virginia.

Mrs. Charles Tillotson, Nebraska's first woman flyer, is killed in a crash at Norfolk, that State.

Arthur B. Frost, noted illustrator, dies at Pasadena, California. He was seventy-seven.

Mrs. Helen Tufts Bailie announces that she will appeal to the next Continental Congress of the D. A. R. against her expulsion from the society.

Secretary of State Kellogg makes public the new draft treaty for the renunciation of war sent to fourteen nations, showing that the right of self-defense is not infringed upon, and that the proposed treaty does not conflict with the Locarno treaties.

Johnny Farrell defeats Bobby Jones in the open golf championship of the United States, 143 to 144, over a thirty-six-hole course at the Olympia Fields Country Club, Matteson, Illinois.

Senator Frank Gooding, of Idaho, dies at Gooding, that State. He was sixty-nine.

Holbrook Blinn, noted American actor, dies at his home at Croton-on-Hudson, New York. He was fifty-six.

June 25.—Col. Robert W. Stewart, Chairman of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, is indicted by a grand jury in the District of Columbia on charges of perjury in connection with his testimony before the Senate Committee investigating the Continental Trading Company's profits out of oil.

June 26.—The National Democratic Convention begins at Houston, Texas, with the key-note speech delivered by Claude G. Bowers of New York.

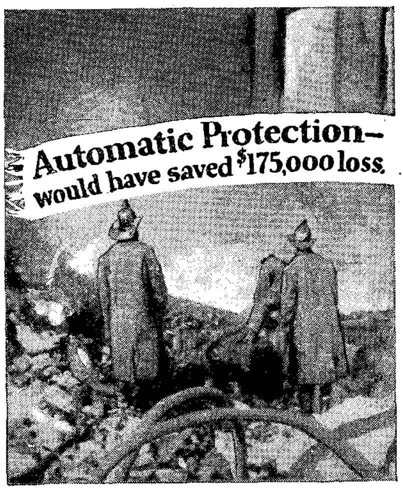
Four persons, three of them children, are killed in an explosion at the New England Fireworks Manufacturing Company at Thompsonville, Connecticut.

Wow!—LADY POLITICIAN—"What is home without a mother?"

MALE VOICE IN AUDIENCE—"Your baby!"—*Judge*.

Desert Rat.—FIRST STUDENT—"That girl you've started going with is a smart li'l gold-digger."

SECOND PAUPER—"Then all I've got to say is, she's a darn poor geologist.—*Colorado Do Do*.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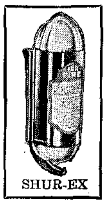
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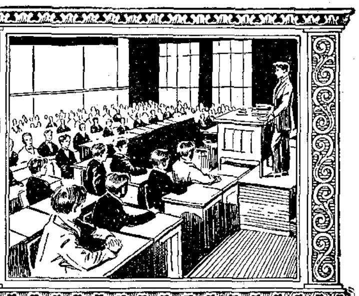

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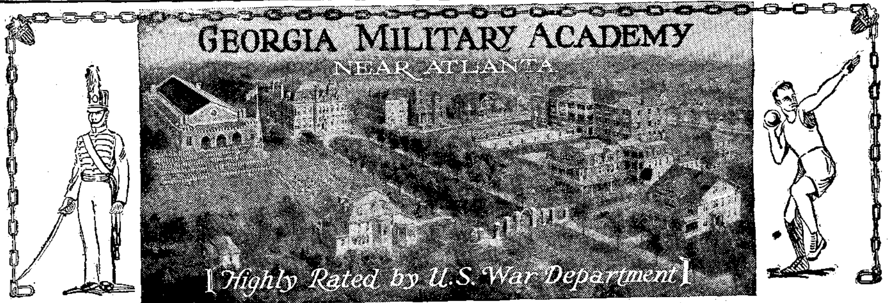

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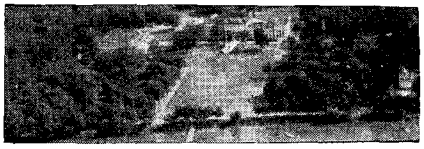

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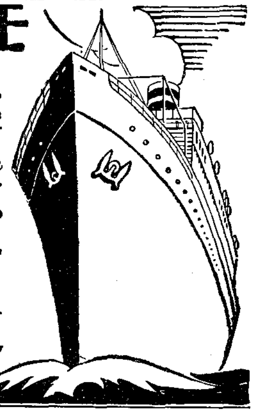

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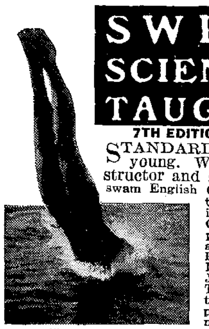

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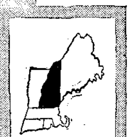

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New Model.—Lost—Fox Terrier; rough coat; black on head, side tail.—*Ad in a California paper.*

Two Hands Free.—Girl—"Let's drive in the park."

Boy—"Naw, let's park in the drive."—*Ghost.*

Slight Exaggeration.—Greenwalt later staggered into a roadhouse near by with a story of having been attacked and killed by bandits.—*Pennsylvania paper.*

Shake, Brother!—Reading that tigers can climb trees makes us more firmly resolved than ever never to do any tiger-hunting. — *Albany Knickerbocker Press.*

Straddling the Issue.—What is needed now worse than anything else is a warm dry rain.—*New York Daily News Record.*

Mutual Protection. — Woman (to tramp)—"Go away or I'll call my husband."

Tramp—"Oh, I know 'im. 'E's the little feller who told me to go away yesterday or 'e'd call 'is wife."—*Epworth Herald.*

Appetizer.—The young people of the First Baptist Church will have a little pet-together at the church parlors on Friday evening. A light lunch will be served afterwards.—*Iowa paper.*

Desk Cure.—Doctor (to wealthy patient)—"Yes, you're all run down. I suggest that you lay off golf for a while, return to business, and get a good rest at your office."—*London Calling.*

Food for Heroes.—Women from the endangered communities matched the heroic work of the men, serving coffee and sandwiches under great handicaps, and even sandbags.—*New York Times.*

Safety First.—"Offisher, you'd better lock me up. Jush hit my wife over the head wish a club."

"Did you kill her?"

"Don't think sho. Thash why I want to be locked up."—*America's Humor.*

Hands Up!—Miss Statia Watkins will entertain the members of the pan-hellenic association with a bridge party at her home on Woodford avenue on Saturday afternoon. She wil be arrested by Mrs. John Hilliard and Miss Frances Hinson.—*Fort Myers (Fla.) paper.*

Back with the Duds.—Boss—"Well, did you read the letter I sent you?"

Office Boy—"Yes, sir; I read it inside and outside. On the inside it said, 'You are fired,' and on the outside it said, 'Return in five days,' so here I am."—*Junior Achievement Magazine.*

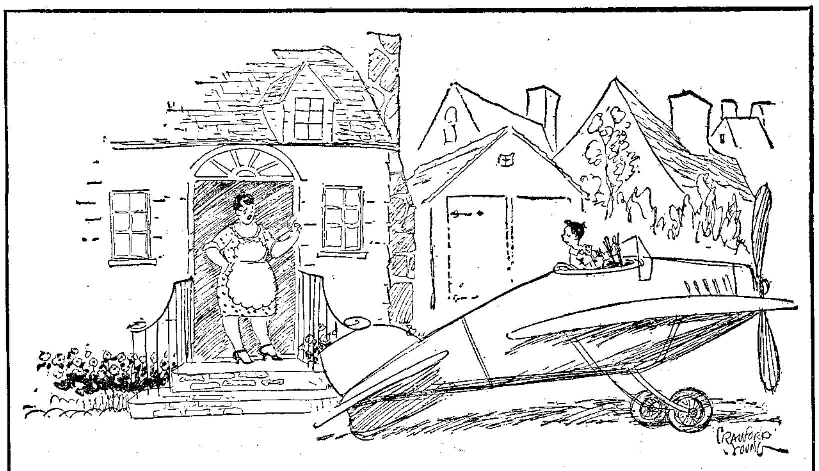
Cut Rate.—Adult with bath, $5.00; Adult without bath, $4.50.—*Hotel folder in North Carolina.*

Not too Fussy.—MIDDLE-AGED lady wishes housekeeping in gentleman's or bachelor's home.—*Seattle Daily Times.*

For Private Consumption.—Cannibal King's Daughter—"Say, Pa, there ain't going to be any dinner. Cook's eloped with him."—*Humorist (London).*

Proof of Valor.—Wife—"When we were married, I thought you were a brave man."

Husband—"So did a good many other people."—*Kansas City Times.*



"Don't go farther than Buffalo, Willie; lunch is nearly ready." —*Judge.*

Honey Bandit?—
MAN HELD IN
MIAMI AFTER
SHOOTING BEE
—*Florida Times-Union.*

Detour Makes Difference.—She—"Men are all alike—whatever you say to them goes in one ear and out the other."

He—"And what is said to a woman goes in one ear and out at the mouth."—*Buen Humor (Madrid).*

No Hurry.—Berlin, May 25.—The Tyrolean inventor, Vallier, originator of the rocket automobile, declared in an interview to-day that an airplane propelled with incredible speed by rockets would land in New York within one or two years.—*New York Times.*

Knows His Janes.—Wife—"Remember now, meet me at the Biltmore for lunch, at twelve."

Lawyer—"Very well, dear, but please be there by one, as I have an appointment with a woman client at three and can't wait any longer than two, if I am to meet her at four."—*Judge.*

Hard Luck All Around.—Stanley Taylor, of Colgate College, came home unexpected by a short time ago, only to find his sister ill with scarlet fever and the home guarantined. However, he spent several days visiting his grandfather and while here took the evil service examinations at the post-office.—*Danbury (Conn.) paper.*

Or What Have You?—Room for gentlemen or legislators.—*Ad in the Baton Rouge (La.) State Times.*

Rigorous Training.—"It's so difficult to do what's right all the time."

"Cheer up—the first ten commandments are the hardest."—*M. I. T. Voo Doo.*

Job for a Virtuoso.—An evangelist and violinist wishes a position as caretaker for a city party. Poultry my delight. Wife will do housework.—*Ravena (N. Y.) paper.*

Southwest Corner.—Attorney—"Where was the defendant milking the cow?"

Witness—"It's hard to describe, Judge, but if you'll bring in a cow, I'll show you the exact place." — *Whirlwind.*

Jack and the Bean Stalk?—The stalk left a little baby boy at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Mayberry on Sunday. — *Lynchburg (Va.) paper.*

Probably Bacchus.—Stage Hand — "Shall I lower the curtain?"

Manager—"Why?"

Stage Hand — "One of the livin' statues has the hiccups."—*Old Maid.*

Firsts and Seconds.—Agents of good character and above the average in ability, to sell an entirely new and most liberal line of life-insurance policies for children between ages one and sixty-five years.—*Ad in an Arkansas paper.*

Martyr to Duty.—Professor Father—"Jane, it seems to me that young man should be more conscientious."

Jane—"Conscientious! Why, he just sits and worries himself sick because he doesn't go home and study!"—*Judge.*

More Homes Than Homer.—Johnson said he had just returned from a trip to his home State of Washington, Oregon, California, Arizona, Kansas, Missouri, and Illinois, and that "the sentiment in all these States was overwhelmingly for Hoover."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

King of the Highway.—"My father's Mayor," bragged a small boy, "and when he rides in a parade the motor cops go ahead and he doesn't have to pay any attention to any traffic rules."

"That's nothing," sniffed his friend. "My father's a truck driver."—*American Legion Monthly.*

Decline the Verb "To Cuss."—The other man had darted to the door and with his pistol was gesturing the manager, John H. Cussen to a chair. . . .

As Cusser burst yelling from the door opposite them they leaped up and the four sped after the fugitives. . . . At police headquarters Cussed identified both men, as did Miss Reardon.—*New York Times.*